



M<sup>r</sup>: Samuel Butler.

Printed  
B.Z.



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3 H.a

# HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS. 24

Written in the Time of the  
LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH *Butler's* ADDITIONS.

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• which is added  
Annotations to the Third PART,  
With an Exact  
INDEX to the Whole;  
Never before PRINTED.

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Adorn'd with CUTS.

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LONDON:

Printed for T. Horne, J. Walsh, J. Nicholson,  
B. Took, D. Midwinter, J. Tenson, B. Cowse,  
and M. Wellington. MDCCXVI.

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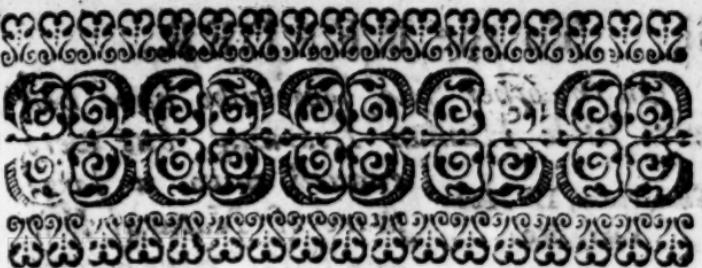


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## TO THE READER.



OPERA nascitur non fit,  
is a Sentence of as great  
Truth as Antiquity; it  
being most certain, that  
all the acquir'd Learning  
imaginable is insufficient  
to compleat a Poet, with-  
out a Natural Genius and Propensity to  
so Noble and Sublime an Art. And we  
may without Offence observe, that many  
very Learned Men, who have been ambi-  
tious to be thought Poets, have only ren-  
der'd themselves obnoxious to that Saty-  
rical Inspiration, our Author wittily in-  
vokes;

Which made them, tho' it were in spight  
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

## ii To the READER.

On the other Side, some who have had very little Human Learning, but were endued with a large Share of Natural Wit and Parts, have become the most Celebrated Poets of the Age they liv'd in. But as these last are, Rare Aves in terris; so when the Muses have not disdain'd the Assistances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bless'd with those lasting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may justly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author had his Modesty permitted him, might with Horace have said,

Exegi Monumentum Aere perennius;  
Or with Ovid,  
Jamque opus Exegi, quod nec Jovis  
ira, nec Ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere  
Vernitas.

The Author of this Celebrated Poem, was of this last Composition: for altho' he had not the Happiness of an Academical Education, as some affirm, it may be perceiv'd, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplish'd in the most useful Parts of Human Learning.

Rapin

TO THE READER. iii

Rapin (*in his Reflections*) speaking of the necessary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us; he must have a Genius extraordinary; great Natural Gifts; a Wit, just, fruitful, piercing, solid and universal; an Understanding, clear and distinct; an Imagination, neat and pleasant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely a Gift of Heaven, which must be sustain'd by a lively Sense and Vivacity; Judgment to consider wisely of Things, and Vivacity for the beautiful Expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the Impartial Reader, and those of nicer Judgments, who had the Happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this Incomparable Poem, is so strongly establis'd in the World, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a Sovereign Judge of Wit, was so great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his Conversation: However, since most Men have a Curiosity to have some Ac-

iv To the READER.

count of such Anonymous Authors, whose Compositions have been Eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been desired to oblige them with such Informations, as I could receive from those who had the Happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectifie the Mistakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienses, concerning him.



THE



THE  
*AUTHOR'S*  
L I F E.



*Amuel Butler*, the Author of this Excellent Poem, was Born in the Parish of Strensham, in the County of Worcester, and Baptiz'd there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the same Name, was an honest Country Farmer, who had some small Estate of his own, but Rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he liv'd. However, perceiving in this Son of his an early Inclination to Learning, he made a shift to have him Educated in the Free-School at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright; where having past the usual Time, and being become an excellent

School-Scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author return'd soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Earls-Croom, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some Years in an easie and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfie the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art; for which also he was afterwards entirely belov'd by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

He was after this recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, Elizabeth Countess of Kent, where he had not

not only the Opportunity to consult all manner of learned Books, but to converse also with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. Selden.

Our Author liv'd some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient Family in Bedfordshire; but, to his Honour, an Eminent Commander under the Usurper Oliver Cromwell, and then it was, as I am inform'd, he composed this Loyal Poem. For tho' Fate, more than Choice, seems to have plac'd him in the Service of a Knight so Notorious, both in his Person and Politicks, yet by the Rule of Contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most Orthodox; both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induc'd to believe he wrote it about that Time, because he had then the Opportunity to converse with those living Characters of Rebellion, Nonsense, and Hypocrisie, which he so Lively and Pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the Restauration of King Charles II. those who were at the Helm minding Mony more than Merit, our Author found that Verse of *Juvenal* to be exactly verify'd in himself;

School-Scholar, he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University; his Father's Abilities not being sufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; so that our Author return'd soon into his Native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. Jefferys of Eark-Croom, an Eminent Justice of the Peace for that County, with whom he liv'd some Years in an easie and no contemp-tible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Master, he had sufficient Leisure to apply himself to whatsoever Learning his Inclinations led him to, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his Diversion, he joined Musick and Painting; and I have seen some Pictures, said to be of his Drawing, which remain'd in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to satisfie the Reader of his early Inclinations to that Noble Art; for which also he was afterwards entire-ly. belov'd by Mr. Samuel Cooper, one of the most Eminent Painters of his Time.

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Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat,  
Res angusta Domi:

And being endued with that innate Modesty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to *Richard Earl of Carbury*, Lord President of the Principality of *Wales*, who made him Steward of *Ludlow Castle*, when the Court there was reviv'd. About this Time he Married one Mrs. *Herbert*, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our *Oxford Antiquary* has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill Securities, so that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our *Antiquary* to have been Secretary to his Grace *George Duke of Buckingham*, when he was Chancellor to the University of *Cambridge*; but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain, the Duke had a great Kindness for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that *Mecenas* of all Learned and Witty Men, *Charles Lord Buckhurst*, the late Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, who being himself an excel-

excellent Poet, knew how to set a just Value upon the Ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and supply the Necessities of those, whose Modesty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a signal Instance, as several others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteness of his Wit, and Easiness of his Conversation, had render'd him most acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wisely chose such only whom his discerning Judgment could distinguish, (as Mr. Gowley expresseth it).

From the Great Vulgar or the Small.

And having thus liv'd to a good old Age, admir'd by all, tho' personally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. L...zil of the T...le, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, at the West End of the said Yard, on the North-side under the Wall of the said Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common High-way.

And

## The Author's Life.

And since he has no Monument yet set up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of *Michael Drayton* the Poet, as the Author of Mr. *Cowley's* has partly done before me.

And tho' no Monument can claim,  
To be the Treasurer of thy Name;  
*This Work*, which ne'er will die, shall be  
An Everlasting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the most part obvious, even to the meanest Pretenders to Learning or History; nor can scarce any one be so Ignorant, as not to know, that the chief Design thereof, is a Satyr against those Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murdered the best of Kings, to introduce the worst of Governments; destroy'd the best of Churches, that Hypocrisie, Novelty and Nonsense, might be predominant amongst us; and overthrew our wholsome Laws and Constitutions, to make way for their *Blessed Anarchy* and Confusion, which at last ended in Tyranny. But since, according to the Proverb, *None are so Blind as they that will not See*; so those who are not resolv'd

to be invincibly Ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Histories of Mr. *Fowlis* of Presbytery, Mr. *Walker* of Independency; but more especially to that incomparable History lately publish'd, wrote by *Edward*, late Earl of *Clarendon*, which are sufficient to satisfie any unbias'd Person, that his general Characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wish, these Times were so reformed, that they were not applicable to some even now living. However, there being several particular Persons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and some old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and for the better Information of the less learned Readers, to explain them in some additional Annotations at the End of this and the Second Part.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Success, I leave the Readers to judge: In the Year 63 there came out a spurious Book, called, *The Second Part of Hudibras*; which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of *Whacum*, towards the latter End of his  
Second

**xii**      *The Author's Life.*

Second Part: Afterwards came out the *Duseband Scatch Hudibras*, *Butler's Ghost*, the *Occasional Hypocrite*, and some others of the same Nature, which, compar'd with this, (*Virgil, Inavestry excepted*) deserve only to be condemn'd, *ad Ficum & Piperem*; or if you please, to more base and servile Offices.

Some vain Attempts have been likewise made to translate some Parts of it into *Latin*, but how far they fall short of that Spirit of the English Wit, I leave the meanest Capacity, that understands them, to judge. The following Similes I have heard were done by the Learned Dr. *Harmer*, once Greek Professor at *Oxon*.

*So learned Taliacotius from, &c.*

Sic adscitios nasos de clune torosi  
Vectoris, doctâ secuit *Taliacotius* Arte;  
Qui portuere patem durando æquare Parentem  
At postquam fato Clunis computruit, ipsam  
Una sympatheticum cœpit tabescere Rostum.

*So Wind in the Hypocondres pent, &c.*

Sic Hypocondriacus inclusa meatibus Aura  
Desingat in crepitum, si ferrur prona per alvum,  
Sed si summa petat, montisq; invaserit arcem  
Divinus furor est, & conscia Flamma futuri.

*So*

So Lawyers, left the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic Legum mystæ, ne forsan Pax foret, Urnam  
Inter furantem se se, Actoremq; Molossum;  
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentisque refingunt.  
Luctantesq; canes coxis, femorisq; revellunt.  
Errores justasque moras obtendere certis,  
Judiciumq; prius revocare ut prorsus iniquum.  
Tandem post aliquod breve respiramen utrumque,  
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent.  
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumq; in prælia tradant.

There are some Verses, which, for Reason of State, easie to be guess'd at, were thought fit to be omitted in the first Impression, as these which follow:

Did not the Learned Glyn and Maynard,  
To make good Subjects Traitors, strain hard?  
Was not the King, by Proclamation,  
Declar'd a Traitor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wish I could gratifie your farther Curiosity with some of those *Golden Remains*, which are in the Custody of Mr. L----vil; but not having the Happiness to be very well acquainted with him, nor Interest to procure them, I desire you will be content with the following Copy, which the Ingenious Mr. Aubrey assures he had from the Author himself.

No

NO Jesuit e'er took in Hand,  
To plant a Church in barren Land;  
Nor ever thought it worth the while,  
A *Swede* or *Russ* to reconcile.  
For where there is no store of Wealth,  
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health;  
*Spain* in *America* had two Designs,  
To sell their Gospel for their Mines.  
For had the *Mexicans* been poor,  
No *Spaniard* twice had landed on their Shore.  
'Twas Gold the Catholick Religion planted,  
Which had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

The *Oxford Antiquary* ascribes to our Author two Pamphlets, supposed falsely, as he says, to be *William Pryn's*. The one entitled, *Mola Afinaria*: Or, *The Unreasonable and insupportable Burthen, presi'd upon the Shoulders of this Groaning Nation*, &c. London, 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from *John Audland*, a Quaker, to *Will. Pryn*; the other, *Pryn's Answer*; in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have also seen a small Poem of one Sheet in Quarto, on *Du Vall*, a Notorious High-way-man, said to be wrote by our Author; but how truly, I knew not.

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HUDI

Men

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400 H



# HUDIBRAS.

---

## The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

---

Sir Hudibras his passing Worth,  
The manner how he sally'd forth ;  
His Arms and Equipage are shown ;  
His Horse's Virtues, and his own.  
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the Middle.

---

## CANTO I.

---

WHEN civil Dudgeon first grew high,  
And Men fell out they knew not why ;  
When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for Punk :  
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore :

## CANTO I. PART I.

When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded  
With long-ear'd Reut, to Battel sounded,  
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick:  
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon Dwelling,  
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd  
Entitle him, *Mirror of Kighthood*:  
That never bow'd his stubborn Knee  
To any thing but Chivalry;  
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid  
Right-Worshipful on Shoulder-blade:  
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,  
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:  
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,  
That cou'd as well bind o'er, as swaddle;

Mighty he was at both of these,  
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.  
(So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,  
Are either for the Land or Water.)  
But here our Authors make a Doubt,  
Whether he were more Wise, or Stout.  
Some hold the one, and some the other;  
But howsoe'er they make a Pother,  
The diff'rence was so small, his Brain  
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;

Which made some take him for a Teol  
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
For't has been held by many, that  
As *Montaigne*, playing with his Cat,  
Complains she thought him but an *Afs*,

Much more she wou'd Sir *Hudibras*;  
(For that's the Name our valiant *Knight*  
To all his Challenges did write.)

PART I. CANTO I.

3

But they're mistaken very much,  
'Tis plain enough he was no such:  
45 We grant, altho' he had much Wit,  
H'was very shie of using it;  
As being lboth to weat it out,  
And therefore bore it not about;  
Unless on Holy-Days, or so,  
50 As Men their best Apparel do.  
Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak *Greek*  
As naturally as Pigs squeek:  
That *Latin* was no more difficult,  
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:  
55 Being rich in both, he never scanted  
His Bounty unto such as wanted;  
But much of either wou'd afford  
To many, that had not one Word.  
For *Hebrew Roots*, altho' they're found  
60 To flourish most in barren Ground,  
He had such Plenty, as suffic'd  
To make some think him Circumcis'd;  
And truly so he was, perhaps,  
Not as a Profelyte, but for Claps.  
65 He was in *Logick* a great Critick,  
Profoundly skill'd in *Analytick*;  
He could distinguish, and divide  
A Hair 'twixt South and South-West sides,  
On either which he would dispute,  
70 Confute, change Hands, and still confute;  
He'd undertake to prove by force  
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse;  
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,  
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;  
75 A Calf an *Alderman*, a Goose a *Judge*,  
And Rooks committee-Men and *Trustees*,

## CANTO I PART I

He'd run in Debt by Disputation,  
And pay with Ratiocination.  
All this by Syllogism, true  
80 In Mood and Figure, he wou'd do.  
For Rhetorick, he could not ope  
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:  
And when he hap'ned to break off  
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,  
85 H' had hard Words, ready to shew why,  
And tell what Rules, he did it by.  
Else when with greatest Art he spoke,  
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.  
For all a Rhetorician's Rules  
90 Teach nothing but to name his Tools:  
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his Speech  
In loftiness of Sound was rich;  
A Babylonish Dialect,  
Which learned Pedants much affect;  
95 It was a Party-colour'd Dress  
Of patch'd and py-ball'd Languages:  
Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like Fustian heretofore on Sattin.  
It had an odd promiscuous Tone,  
100 As if h'had talk'd three parts in one;  
Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three Labourers of Babel;  
Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A Leash of Languages at once.  
105 This he as volubly would vent,  
As if his Stock would ne'er be spent:  
And truly, to support that Charge,  
He had Supplies as vast and large.  
For he could Coin or Counterfeit  
110 New Words, with little or no Wit;

# PART I. CANTO I.

5

Words so debas'd and hard, no Stone  
Was Hard enough to touch them on.  
And when with hasty Noise he spoke' em,  
The Ignorant for current took 'em,

115 That had the Orator, who once  
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones  
When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,  
He would have us'd no other ways.

In Mathematicks he was greater

120 Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:  
For he by Geometrick Scale  
Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;  
Resolve by Signs and Tangents straight,  
If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;

125 And wisely tell what Hour o' th' Day  
The Clock does strike, by Algebra.

Befide, he was a shrewd Philosopher,  
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over:  
Whate'er the crabbed' st Author hath,

130 He understood b' implicit Faith:  
Whatever Sceptick cou'd enquire for,  
For every why, he had a wherefore:  
Knew more than Forty of them do,  
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.

135 All which he understood by Rote,  
And as occasion serv'd would quote;  
No matter whether right or wrong,  
They might be either said, or sung.  
His Notions fitted Things so well,

140 That which was which he cou'd not tell;  
But oftentimes mistook the one  
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.  
He cou'd reduce all Things to Acts,  
And knew their Natures by Abst'rac'ts.

## 6 CANTO I. PART I.

145 Where Entity and Quiddity,  
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly;  
Where Truth in Person does appear,  
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.  
He knew what's what, and that's as high

150 As Metaphysick Wit can fly.  
In School Divinity as able  
As he that height Irrefragable;  
A second Thomas, or at once,  
To name them all, another *Dunce*:

155 Profound in all the Nominal  
And Real ways beyond them all;  
For he a Rope of Sand could twist  
As tough as Learned Sorbonist;  
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull.

160 That's empty when the Moon is full;  
Such as take Lodgings in a Head  
That's to be let unfurnished.  
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice,

165 As if Divinity had catch'd  
The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;  
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound  
And stab her self with Doubts profound,  
Only to shew with how small Pain.

170 The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;  
Altho' by woful Proof we find,  
They always leave a Scar behind.  
He knew the Seat of Paradise,  
Could tell in what Degree it lies:

175 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it,  
Below the Moon, or else above it.  
What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride  
Came from her Closet in his Side:

# PART I CANTO I.

7

Whether the Devil tempted her

180 By a High-Dutch Interpreter :  
If either of them had a Navel ;  
Who first made Musick malleable :  
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,  
Had Cloven Feet, or none at all.  
185 All this without a Gloss, or Comment,  
He would unriddle in a Moment,  
In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,  
When they throw out and miss the Matter.  
For his Religion, it was fit  
190 To match his Learning and his Wit :  
'Twas Presbyterian true Blue,  
For he was of that stubborn Crew  
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant  
To be the true Church Militant :  
195 Such as do build their Faith upon  
The holy Text of Pike and Gun ;  
Decide all Controversie by  
Infallible Artillery ;  
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox  
200 By Apostolick Blows and Knocks ;  
Call Fire, and Sword, and Desolations,  
A godly-thorough-Reformation,  
Which always must be carry'd on,  
And still be doing, never done :  
205 As if Religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies  
In odd perverse Antipathies :  
In falling out with that or this,  
210 And finding somewhat still amiss :  
More peevish, cross, and splenatick,  
Than Dog distaff, or Monkey sick.

## CANTO D BARTA

That with more Care keep Holy Day,  
The wrong, than others the right Way?  
215 Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,  
By damning those they have no mind to  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worship'd God for spight,  
The self-same thing they will abhor.  
220 One way, and long another for  
Free-will they one may disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow,  
All Piety consists therein  
In them, in other Men all Sin.  
225 Rather than fail, they will desir  
That which they love most tenderly;  
Quarrel with *Minc'd Pies*, and disparage  
Their best and dearest Friend *Plum-Porridge*;  
Fat *Pig* and *Goose* it self oppose,  
230 And Blaspheme *Custard* thro' the Nose.  
Th' Apostles of this fierce Religion,  
Like *Mahomet's*, were *Ass* and *Widgeon*.  
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct  
Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,  
235 As if Hypocrisie and Nonsense,  
Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.  
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
We mean on th' inside, not the outward,  
That next of all we shall discuss;  
240 Then listen, Sirs, it follows, thus on told  
His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace  
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;  
In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile:  
245 The upper part thereof was Whity,  
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.



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PA

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280

## FAIRFAIR GARDEN

9

This hairy Meteor did denounce  
The Fall of Sopters and of Crowns;  
With grisly Type did represent  
250 Declining Age of Government,  
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,  
Its own Grave and the State's were made:  
Like Sampson's Heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a Nation rue; REV. 880. 880.

255 Tho' it contributed its own Fall,  
To wait upon the publick Downfal,  
It was Monastick, and did grow  
In holy Orders by strict Vow;  
Of Rule as sullen and severe,

260 As that of rigid Cordeliere:  
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution,  
And Martyrdom with Resolution;  
To oppose it self against the Hate  
And Vengeance of th' incensed State:

265 In whose defiance it was worn,  
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,  
Revil'd, and spit upon, and Martyr'd.  
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,

270 As long as Monarchy should last,  
But when the State should hap to Reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,  
And fall, as it was consecrate,  
A Sacrifice to Fall of State;

275 Whose Thread of Life the fatal Sisters  
Did twist together with its Whiskers,  
And twine so close, that Time should never,  
In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever;  
But with his rusty Sickle mow

280 Both down together at a Blow.

So learned Taliacotius from  
 The brawny part of Porter's Bum,  
 Cut supplemental Noses, which,  
 Would last as long as Parent Breech ;

285 But when the Date of Nock was out,  
 Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.  
 His Back, or rather Burthen, show'd,  
 As if it stoopt with its own Load.  
 For as Aneas bore his Sire

290 Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire;  
 Our Knight did bear no less a Pack  
 Of his own Buttocks on his Back :  
 Which now had almost got the Upper-  
 Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper,

295 To poise this equally, he bore  
 A Paunch of the same Bulk before :  
 Which still he had a special Care  
 To keep well-cram'd with thrifty Fare;  
 As White-pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,

300 Such as a Country House affords ;  
 With other Victual, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon,  
 When of his Hose we come to treat,  
 The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

305 His Doublet was of sturdy Buff,  
 And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof ;  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his Use  
 Who fear'd no Blows but such as bruise.  
 His Breeches were of rugged Woollen,

310 And had been at the Siege of Bullen ;  
 To old King Harry so well known,  
 Some Writers held they were his own.  
 Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece  
 Of Ammunition Bread and Cheese,

## PART I. CANTO I.

11

315 And fat Black-Bettings, proper Food  
For Warriors that delight in Blood.  
For, as we said, he always chose  
To carry Vittle in his Hose,  
That often tempted Rats and Mice;

320 The Ammunition to surprise:  
And when he put a Hand but in  
The one or t'other Magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood.

325 And 'till th' were storm'd and beaten out,  
Ne'er left the fortify'd Redoubt;  
And tho' Knights Errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither Eat nor Drink,  
Because when thorough Desarts vast

330 And Regions desolate they past,  
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,  
Or under, was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd, there's not one Word  
Of their Provision on Record:

335 Which made some confidently write,  
They had no Stomachs, but to fight.  
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in Hall  
Round Table like a Farthingal,  
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,

340 And eke before, his good Knights din'd.  
Tho' 'twas no Table some suppose,  
But a huge Pair of round Trunk-Hose:  
In which he carry'd as much Mear  
As he and all the Knights cou'd Eat,

345 When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,  
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nunchacons,  
But let that pass at present, lest  
We should forget where we digress.

As Learned Authors use, to whom  
350 We leave it, and to th' purpose come.  
His puissant *Sword* unto his Side,  
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd:  
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,  
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.  
355 In it he melted Lead for Bullets,  
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Puffets;  
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
He ne'er gave Quarter to any such.  
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,  
360 For want of Fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into it self, for lack  
Of some Body to hew and hack.  
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,  
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:  
365 For of the lower End two Handful  
It had devoured, 'twas so Manful,  
And so much scorn'd to lurk in Case,  
As if it durst not shew its Face.  
In many desperate Attempts,  
370 Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,  
It had appear'd with Courage bolder  
Than Serjeant *Bum* invading Shoulder,  
Oft had he ta'en Possession,  
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.  
375 This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,  
That was but little for his Age:  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.  
It was a Serviceable Dudgeon,  
380 Either for Fighting or for Drudging.  
When it had stab'd, or broke a Head,  
It would scrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,

## PART II CANTO NO. 2

Toast Cheese or Bacon, though it were  
To bait a Mouse-trap, 'twould not care,  
385 'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth  
Set Leeks and Onions, and so forth.  
It had been Prentice to a Brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure;  
But left the Trade, as many more  
399 Have lately done on the same Score.

I' th' Holsters of the Saddle-bow,  
Two aged Pistols he did stow.  
Among the Surplus of such Meat  
As in his Hose he could not get,  
395 These would inveigle Rats with th' Scent,  
To forage when the Cocks were bent;  
And sometimes catch 'em with a Snap,  
As cleverly as th' ablest Trap.  
They were upon hard Duty still,  
400 And every Night stood Centinel,  
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hose  
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd Foes,  
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,  
From peaceful Home set forth to fight.  
405 But first with nimble active Force  
He got on th' outside of his Horse,  
For having but one Stirrup ty'd  
T' his Saddle, on the further side,  
It was so short, h'had much ado  
410 To reach it with his desp'reate Toe.  
But after many strains and heaves,  
He got up to his Saddle Eaves.  
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,  
With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,  
415 That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own Weight, but did recover,

By laying hold on Tail and Main; 400  
 Which oft he us'd instead of Rein.

But now we talk of mounting Steed,

420 Before we further do proceed,  
 It doth behove us to say something  
 Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.  
 The Beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With Mouth of Meath, and Eyes of Wall;

425 I would say Eye, for he had but one,  
 As most agree, though some say none.  
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gare  
 Preserv'd a Grave, Majestick State.  
 At Spur or Switch no more he skippt;

430 Or mended Pace, than Spaniard whipt;  
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,  
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:  
 That Cesar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,  
 435 Was not by half so tender hoof'd,  
 Nor tread upon the Ground so soft.  
 And as that Beast would kneel and stoop,  
 (Some write) to take his Rider up:  
 So Hudibras his (tis well known)

440 Would often do to set him down.  
 We shall not need to say what lack  
 Of Leather was upon his Back:  
 For that was hiddeas under Pad,  
 And Breech of Knight full gall'd as bad.  
 445 His strutting Ribs on both sides show'd  
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd:  
 For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,  
 'Twixt every two there was a Channel,  
 His dragling Tail hung in the Ditt,  
 450 Which on his Rider he would flit;

PART II CANTO II

Still as his tender Side he prickt,  
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;  
For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,  
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir  
To active Trot one side of's Horse;  
The other would not hang an Arse.

A Squire he had, whose Name was *Ralph*,  
That in th' Adventure went his half.  
Though Writers, for more starey Tone,  
455 Do call him *Ralph*, 'tis all one:  
And when we can with Meter safe,  
We'll call him so; if not, plain *Ralph*:  
(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Veres,  
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.)

An equal stock of Wit and Valour  
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.  
The mighty *Tyrian Queen*, that gain'd  
With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land,  
Did leave it with a Castle fair

To his great Ancestor, her Heir,  
From him descended crofs-legg'd Knights,  
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights  
Against the bloody Canibal,  
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.

This sturdy Squire, he had; as well  
475 As the bold *Trojan Knight*, seen Hell,  
Not with a counterfeited Pass  
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.  
His Knowledge was not far behind

The Knight's, but of another kind,  
480 And he another way came by't:  
Some call it *Gifts*, and some *New-Light*,  
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains  
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.

485 His Wit was sent him for a Token,  
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.  
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt  
With to and from my Love, it lookt.  
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth

490 To look a Gift-Horse in the Mouth;  
And very wisely would lay forth  
No more upon it than 'twas worth,  
But as he got it freely, so  
He spent it frank and freely too.

495 For Saints themselves will sometimes be,  
Of Gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,  
Prolongers to enlighten Stuff,  
He could deep Mysteries unriddle,

500 As easily as thread a Needle;  
For as of Vagabonds we say,  
That they are ne'er beside their Way:  
Whate'er Men speak by this *New Light*,  
Still they are sure to be i'th' right.

505 'Tis a *Dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,  
Which none see by but those that bear it:  
A Light that falls down from on high,  
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:  
An *Igenis Fatuus* that bewitches,

510 And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,  
To make them dip themselves, and sound  
For *Christendom*, in dirty Pond:  
To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,  
And fish to catch Regeneration.

515 This Light inspires, and plays upon  
The Nose of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,  
And speaks through hollow empty Soul,  
As through a Trunk, or whisp'ring Hole,

PART I. CLANTON. 19

Such Language as no Mortal Ear  
520 But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.  
So Phœbus, or some Friendly Muse,  
Into small Poets Song infuse;  
Which they at second-hand reherse  
. Thro' Reed or Bag-pipe, Verse for Verse,  
525 Thus Ralph became infallible;  
As three or four legg'd Oracle,  
The ancient Cup, or Modern Chair;  
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware.  
For Mystick Learning, wondrous able  
530 In Magick Talisman, and Cabal,  
Whose Primitive Tradition reaches  
As far as Adam's first green Breeches:  
Deep-sighted in Intelligences,  
Idea's, Atomes, Influences ;  
535 And much of Terra Incognita,  
Th' Intelligible World could say ;  
A deep Occult Philosopher,  
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,  
Or Sir Agrrippa, for profound  
540 And solid Lying much renown'd:  
He Anthroposophs, and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen understood:  
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,  
That would do neither good nor harm:  
545 In Rosy Crucian Lore as Learned,  
As he that Vere adeptus earned,  
He understood the Speech of Birds  
As well as they themselves do Words:  
Could tell what subtlest Parrots mean,  
550 That speak and think contrary clean,  
What Member 'tis of whom they talk  
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, Walk.

He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,  
And keep them in a Glass, like Water;  
 555 Of Sov'reign Pow'r to make Men wise;  
For dropt in blear, thick-sighted Eyes,  
They'd make them see in darkest Night,  
Like Owls, though purblind in the Light,  
By help of these (as he protest).

560 He had *First Matter* seen undrest:  
He took her naked all alone,  
Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.  
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,  
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd:

565 Not that of Past board; which Men shew  
For Groats, at Fair of *Barthol'mew*;  
But its great Grand sire, first o'th' Name,  
Whence that and *Reformation* came,  
Both Cousin Germans, and right able.

570 T'inveigle and draw in the Rabble.  
But *Reformation* was, some say,  
O'th' younger House to *Pupper-Play*.  
He could foretel whata'ever was  
By consequence to come to pass.

575 As Death of Great Men, Alterations,  
Diseases, Battels, Inundations;  
All this without th' Eclipse of th' Sun,  
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done.  
By inward Light, a Way as good,

580 And easie to be understood:  
But with more lucky hit than those  
That use to make the Stars depose,  
Like Knights o'th' Post, and falsely charge  
Upon themselves what others forge:

585 As if they were consenting to  
All Mischief in the World Men do:

Or, like the Devil, did tempt and sway 'em  
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
590 They'll search a Planet's House, to know  
Who broke and robb'd a House below:  
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*,  
Who stole a Thimble or a Spoon:  
And though they nothing will confess,  
595 Yet by their very Looks can guess,  
And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,  
Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods;  
They'll question *Mars*, and by his Look,  
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:  
600 Make *Mercury* confess, and peach  
Those Thieves which he himself did teach,  
They'll find i'th' Physiognomies  
O'th' Planets, all Mens Destinies.  
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,  
605 And swallow'd it instead o'th' Pill.  
Cast the Nativiry o' th' Question,  
And from Positions to be guest on,  
As sure as if they knew the Moment  
Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't;  
610 They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,  
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;  
And tell what *Crisis* does Divine  
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;  
In Men what gives or cures the Itch,  
615 What makes them Cuckolds, Poor or Rich;  
What Gains or Loses, Hangs or Saves;  
What makes Men Great, what Fools or Knaves;  
But not what Wise, for only of those  
The Stars (they say) cannot dispose;  
620 No more than can the Astrologians.  
There they say right, and like true *Trojans*,

This *Ralph* knew, and therefore took  
The other Course, of which we spoke.  
Thus was th' Accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous shrewd.  
Never did trusty Squire with Knight,  
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.  
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,

As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit:  
Their Valours too were of a Rate,  
And out they sally'd at the Gate;  
Few Miles on Horse-back had they jogged,  
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged,

For they sad a Adventure met,  
Of which anon we mean to treat;  
But e'er we venture to unfold  
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as Learned Poets use,

Invoke th' Assistance of some *Muse*;  
However Criticks count it sillier  
Than Juglers talking to Familiar:  
We think 'tis no great Matter which,  
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch

On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus do we accost.  
Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,  
Didst inspire *Wytters*, *Pryn* and *Vicars*,  
And force them, tho' it were in spight

Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;  
Who, as we find in sullen Writs,  
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,  
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,  
The Wonder of the Ignorant,

The Praies of the Author, penn'd,  
B' himself, or Wincesusing Friend,

PART I. CANTO I.

The Itch of Picture in the Front,  
With Bays, and wicked Ryme upon't.  
All that is left o'th' forked Hill,  
660 To make Men scribble without Skill ;  
Canst make a Poet, spite of Fate,  
And teach all People to translate ;  
'Tho' out of Languages, in which  
They understand no Part of Speech.  
665 Assist me but this once, I implore,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In Western Clime there is a Town,  
To those that dwell therein, well known.  
Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
670 We unto them refer our Reader :  
For brevity is very good,  
When w<sup>t</sup>are or are not understood.  
To this Town People did repair  
On Days of Market, or of Fair ;  
675 And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarse Tabor,  
In Merriment did drudge and labor :  
But now a Sport more formidable  
Had rak'd together Village Rabble ;  
'Twas an old way of Recreating,  
680 Which learned Butchers call Bear-baiting,  
A bold advent'rous Exercise,  
With ancient Hero's in high Prize ;  
For Authors do affirm it came  
685 From Isthmian, or Nemean Game.  
Others derive it from the Bear  
That's fixt in Northern Hemisphere,  
And round about the Pole does make  
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake ;  
690 That at the Chain's End wheels about,  
And over-tums the Rabble-Rout ;

For after Solemn Proclamation  
 In the Bear's Name (as is the Fashion  
 According to the Law of Arms,  
 69; To keep Men from inglorious Harms)  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
 T' expose themselves to vain Jeopardy;  
 700 If they come Wounded off, and Lame,  
 No Honour's got by such a Maim,  
 Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound  
 In Honour to make good his Ground,  
 When he's engag'd, and take no notice,  
 705 If any press upon him, who 'tis;  
 But lets them know, at their own Cost,  
 That he intends to keep his Post.  
 This to prevent, and other Harms,  
 Which always wait on Feats of Arms,  
 710 (For in the Hurry of a Fray,  
 'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)  
 Thither the Knight his Course did steer,  
 To keep the Peace 'twixt Dog and Bear;  
 As he believ'd he was bound to do;  
 715 In Conscience and Commission too.  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;  
 We that are wisely mounted higher  
 Than Constables in curule Wit,  
 When on Tribunal Bench we sit,  
 720 Like Speculators should forefee,  
 From Pharsos of Authority,  
 Portended Mischiefs farther then  
 Low Proletarian Tything-Men.  
 And therefore being inform'd by Brute  
 725 That Dog and Bear are to Dispute;

For so of late Men fighting name,  
Because they often prove the same :  
( For where the first does hap to be,  
The last does coincidere.)

730 Quantum in nobis, have thought good,  
To save th' Expence of Christian Blood,  
And try if we by Mediation  
Of Treaty and Accommodation,  
Can end the Quarrel, and compose  
735 The bloody Duel, without Blows.

Are not our Liberties, our Lives,  
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,  
Enough at once to lye at Stake  
For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake ?

740 But in that Quarrel Dogs and Bears,  
As well as we, must venture theirs ?  
This Feud by Jesuits invented,  
By evil Counsel is fomented ;  
There is a Machiavilian Plot,  
745 ( Tho' ev'ry Nare olfact it not )  
A deep Design in't, to divide  
The well-affected that confide,  
By setting Brother against Brother,  
To claw and curry one another.

750 Have we not Enemies plus satis,  
That Cane & Angue pejus hate us ?  
And shall we turn our Fangs and Claws  
Upon our own selves without Cause ?  
That some occult Design doth lye

755 In bloody Cynaratomy,  
Is plain enough to him that knows,  
How Saints lead Brothers by the Nose.  
I wish my self a Pseudo-Prophet,  
But sure some Mischief will come of it ;

760 Unless by providential Wit,  
Or Force, we averruncate it.  
For what Design, what Interest  
Can Beast have to encounter Beast?  
They fight for no espoused cause,

765 Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,  
Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,  
Nor Liberty of Consciences,  
Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;

770 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,  
To get them in their own no Hands;  
Nor evil Counsellors to bring  
To Justice, that seduce the King;  
Nor for the Worship of us Men,

775 Tho' we have done as much for them.  
Th' Egyptians worship'd Dogs; and for  
Their Faith made internecine War.  
Others ador'd a Rat, and some  
For that Church suffer'd Martyrdom.

780 The Indians fought for the Truth  
Of th' Elephant, and Monkey's Tooth;  
And many, to defend that Faith,  
Fought it out mordicus to Death:  
But no Beast ever was so slight,

785 For Man, as for his God, to fight.  
They have more Wit, alas! and know  
Themselves and us better than so.  
But we, who only do infuse  
The Rage in them like Bonte-fens.

790 'Tis our Example that instils  
In them th' Infection of our Ills.  
For as some late Philosophers  
Have well observ'd, Beasts that converse

With

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## PART I. CANTO I.

25

With Man, take after him, as Hogs  
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.  
Just so, by our Example, Cattle  
Learn to give one another Battie.  
We read in *Nero's Time*, the Heathen,  
When they destroy'd the *Christian Brethren*,  
They sew'd them in the Skins of Bears,  
And then set Dogs about their Ears:  
From whence, no doubt, th' Invention came  
Of this lewd antichristian Game.

To this, quoth *Ralph*, Verily,  
The Point seems very plain to be.  
It is an antichristian Game,  
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.  
First for the *Name*, the Word *Bear-Baiting*  
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:  
For certainly there's no such Word  
In all the *Scripture on Record*,  
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;  
And so is (secondly) the *Thing*.  
A vile *Assembly* 'tis, that can  
No more be prov'd by *Scripture*, than  
*Provincial*, *Classick*, *National*,  
Mere Human Creature-Cobwebs all.  
Thirdly, It is Idolatrous;  
For when Men run a Whoring thus  
With their Inventions, whatsoe'er  
The Thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,  
It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,  
No less than worshipping of *Dagon*.  
Quoth *Hudibras*, I smell a *Rat*;

Ralph, thou dost prevaricate,

C

For tho' the *Thefis* which thou lay'st  
 Be true *ad amissim*, as thou say'st,  
 (For that Bear-Baiting should appear  
*Jure Divino* lawfuller

830 Than *Synods* are, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem Verbis*; so do I :)

Yet there's a Fallacy in this,  
 For if by fly *Homaosis*,  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an Art

835 Under a Cough to slur a F---t,  
 Thou wouldest sophistically imply,  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralph*) do not doubt,  
 But Bear-Baiting may be made out

840 In Gospel-times, as lawful as is  
*Provincial or Parochial Clasis*:

And that both are so near of Kin,  
 And like in all, as well as Sin,

That put them in a Bag and shake 'em,

845 Your self o' th' sudden wou'd mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their Wickedness :  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
 O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

850 Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.

*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' Adage,  
*Id est*, to make a Leek a Cabbage;

Thou'l be at best but *such a Bull*,

855 Or Shear Swine, All Cry and no Wool;  
 For what can *Synods* have at all,  
 With Bear that's Analogical?

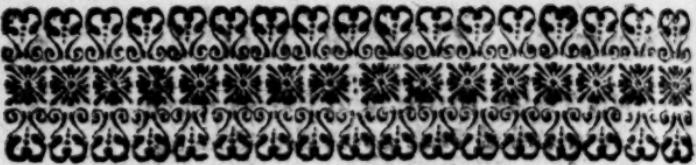
Or what Relation has debating  
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-Baiting*?

860 A just Comparison still is  
Of Things *eiusdem generis*.  
And then what *Genus* rightly doth  
Include and comprehend them both?  
If *Animal*, both of us may  
865 As justly pass for *Bears* as they;  
For we are Animals no less,  
Altho' of different *Specieses*.  
But, *Ralph*, this is not fit Place,  
Nor Time to argue out the Case:  
870 For now the Field is not far off,  
Where we must give the World a Proof  
Of Deeds, not Words, and such as suit  
Another manner of Dispute.  
A Controversie that affords  
875 Actions for Arguments, not Words:  
Which we must manage at a Rate  
Of Prowess and Conduct adequate  
To what our Place and Fame doth promise,  
And all the Godly expect from us.  
880 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
W're slur'd and outed by Success:  
Success, the Mark no Mortal Wit,  
Or surest Hand, can always hit:  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
885 We do but row, w're steer'd by Fate,  
Which in Success oft disinherits,  
For spurious Causes, noblest Merits.  
Great Actions are not always true Sons  
Of great and mighty Resolutions

890 Nor do the bold'ſt Attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their Worth:  
But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
Fortune and Cowardice succeed.  
925 Yet we have no great Cause to doubt,  
895 Our Actions still have born us out:  
Which tho' th'are known to be so ample,  
We need not Copy from Example;  
We're not the only Persons durst  
Attempt this Province, nor the first.  
900 In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight  
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in fight,  
And wound a Fidler: We have both  
Of these the Objects of our Wroth,  
And equal Fame and Glory from  
905 Th' Attempt of Victory to come.  
'Tis sung, there is a valiant *Mamaluke*  
In foreign Land, yclep'd----  
To whom we have been oft compar'd  
For Person, Parts, Address and Beard;  
910 Both equally reputed stout,  
And in the same Cause both have fought;  
He oft in such Attempts as these  
Came off with Glory and Success;  
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,  
915 For want of equal Resolution.  
Honour is like a Widow, won  
With brisk Attempt and putting on:  
With ent'ring manfully, and urging,  
Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin.  
920 This said, as yerſt the *Phrygian* Knight,  
So ours, with rusty Steel did smite

His Trojan Horse, and just as much  
He mended Pace upon the Touch ;  
But from his empty Stomach groan'd  
925 Just as that hollow Beast did sound.  
And angry answ'rd from behind,  
With brandish'd Tail and blast of Wind.  
So have I seen with armed Heel,  
A Wight bestride a *Common-weal* ;  
930 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd.





## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Catalogue and Character  
Of th' Enemies best Men of War;  
Whom in a bold Harangue, the Knight  
Defies, and challenges to fight:  
H'encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fidler Prisoner;  
Conveys him to enchanted Castle,  
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.*

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## CANTO II.

---

**T**HERE was an ancient sage Philosopher,  
That had read *Alexander Ross* over;  
And swore the World, as he could prove,  
Was made of Fighting and of Love:  
Just so Romances are, for what else  
Is in them all, but Love and Battels?  
O' th' first of these w' have no great Matter  
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter:

PART I. CANTO II.

31

In which to do the injur'd Right,  
10 We mean, in what concerns just fight.  
Cer'tes our Authors are to blame,  
For to make some well-sounding Name,  
A Pattern fit for modern Knights,  
To copy out in Frays and Fights,  
15 (Like those that a whole Street do raze,  
To brild a Palace in the Place.)  
They never care how many others  
They kill, without regard of Mothers,  
Or Wives, or Children, so they can  
20 Make up some fierce dead-doing Man,  
Compos'd of many Ingredient Valours,  
Just like the Manhood of nine Taylors:  
So a wild *Tartar*, when he spies  
A Man that's Handsome, Valiant, Wise,  
25 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit  
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:  
As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
As in another is destroy'd.  
For when a Giant's slain in Fight,  
30 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft down-right,  
It is a heavy Case, no doubt,  
A Man should have his Brains beat out,  
Because he's Tall, and has large Bones;  
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.  
35 But as for our Part, we shall tell  
The naked Truth of what befel;  
And as an equal Friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
With neither Faction shall take part,  
40 But give to each his due Desert:  
And never coin a formal Lie on't,  
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.

This b'ing profest, we hope's enough,  
And now go on where we left off.

45 They rode, but Authors having not  
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,  
(That is to say, whether *Tollutation*,  
As they do term't, or *Succussion*)  
We leave it and go on, as now

50 Suppose they did, no matter how,  
Yet some from subtle Hints have got  
Mysterious Light, it was a Trot.  
But let that pass: They now begun  
To spur their living Engines on.

55 For as whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,  
The Learned hold, are Animals:  
So Horses they affirm to be,  
Mere Engines made by Geometry;  
And were invented first from Engines,

60 As Indian Britains were from *Penguins*.  
So let them be, as I was saying,  
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying  
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,  
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on.

65 The dire Pharsalian Plain, where Battle  
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattle,  
And fierce Auxiliary Men,  
That came to aid their Bretheren:  
Who now began to take the Field,

70 As Knight from ridge of Steed beheld.  
For as our modern Wits behold,  
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,  
Much farther off, much further he,  
Rais'd on his aged Beast, cou'd see:

75 Yet not sufficient to descry  
All Postures of the Enemy;

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,  
T' observe their Numbers, and their Order.  
That when their Motions he had known,  
80 He might know how to fit his own.  
Mean while he stop'd his willing Steed,  
To fit himself for Martial Deed :  
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,  
Either to give Blows, or to ward ;  
85 Courage and Steel, both of great Force,  
Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
His Death-charg'd Pistols he did fit well,  
Drawn out from Life-preserving Vittel.  
These being prim'd, with Force he labour'd,  
90 To free's Sword from retentive Scabbord :  
And after many a painful Pluck,  
From rusty Durance he bail'd Tuck.  
Then shook himself, to see that Prowess  
In Scabbard of his Arms sat loose ;  
95 And rais'd upon his desperate Foot,  
On Stirrup-side he gaz'd about.  
Portending Blood, like Blazing Star,  
The Beacon of approaching War.  
*Ralph* rode on with no less speed.  
100 Than *Hugo* in the Forest did :  
But far more in returning made,  
For now the Foe he had survey'd,  
Rang'd as to him they did appear,  
With *Van*, *Main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.  
105 I' th' Head of all this Warlike Rabble  
*Crowdero* march'd, expert and able:  
Instead of Trumpet and of Drum,  
That makes the Warriors Stomach come,  
Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer,  
110 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar ;

(For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,  
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)  
A squeaking Engine he apply'd  
Unto his Neck, on North-East side.  
 115 Just where the Hangman does dispose,  
To special Friends, the Knot of Noose:  
For 'tis Great Grace when Statesman strait  
Dispatch a Friend, let others wait.  
His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,  
 120 Which was but Sense to Chitterlings:  
For Guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,  
Are fit for Musick, or for Pudden:  
From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind  
Of Minstrelsy, by String or Wind.  
 125 His grizly Beard was long and thick,  
With which he strung his Fiddle-stick:  
For he to Horse-Tail scorn'd to owe,  
For what on his own Chin did grow.  
*Chiron*, the Four-legg'd Bard, had both  
 130 A Beard and Tail of his own growth;  
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,  
He made use only of his Beard.  
In Staffordshire, where Virtuous Worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth;  
 135 Where Bulls do chuse the boldest King,  
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;  
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horse that neigh'd  
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,  
 140 By Chance of War was beaten down,  
And wounded sore: his Leg then broke,  
Had got a Deputy of Oak:  
For when a Shin in Fight is cropt,  
The Knee with one of Timber's propt

145 Esteem'd more Honourable than the other,  
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother.  
Next march'd brave *Orsin*, famous for  
Wise Conduct, and Success in War:  
A Skilful Leader, stout, severe,

150 Now Marshal to the Champion Bear,  
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,  
The Warrior to the Lists he led;  
With solemn March, and stately Pace,  
But far more grave and solemn Face.

155 Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,  
Or Spanish Potentate *Don Diego*.  
This Leader was of Knowledge great,  
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.  
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,

160 To fall back and retreat as well.  
So Lawyers, lest the *Bear Defendant*,  
And Plaintiff *Dog* shou'd make an end on't,  
Do stave and tail with *Writs of Error*,  
*Reverse of Judgment*, and *Demurrer*,

165 To let them breath a while, and then  
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,  
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,  
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey

170 Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;  
Bred up, where Discipline most rare is,  
In Military *Garden Paris*.  
For Soldiers heretofore did grow  
In Gardens, just as Weeds do now;

175 Until some splay-foot Politicians,  
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,  
For Licensing a new Invention  
Th'ad found out, of an Antique Engine,

## 36. CANTO II. PART I.

PAT

To root out all the Weeds that grow  
180 In publick Gardens at a Blow,  
And leaveth' Herbs standing. Quoth Sir *Sun*,  
My Friends, that is not to be done.  
Not done? quo' *Statesmen*; yes, an't please ye,  
When 'tis once known, you'll say 'tis easie.  
185 Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*;  
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.  
A Drum (*quoth Phœbus*) troth that's true,  
A pretty Invention quaint and new.  
But though of Voice and Instrument  
190 We are th' undoubted President;  
We such loud Musick do not profess,  
The Devil's Master of that Office, -  
Where it must pass, if't be a Drum,  
He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*  
195 To him apply your selves, and he  
Will soon dispatch you for his Fee.  
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,  
Th' ad better have let 'em grow there still.  
But to resume what we discoursing  
200 Were on before, that is stout *Orsin*:  
That which so oft by sundry Writers  
Has been apply'd t'almost all Fighters,  
More justly may b' ascrib'd this,  
Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)  
205 None ever acted both Parts bolder,  
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.  
He was of great Descent, and high,  
For Splendor and Antiquity,  
And from Celestial Origine  
210 Deriv'd himself in a right Line.  
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,  
Who, that their base Births might be hid,

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(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,  
And that they came in at a Windore)

215 Made Jupiter himself and others  
O'th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,  
To get on them a Race of Champions,  
(Of which old Homer first made *Lampoons*)  
*Arctophylax* in Northern Sphere

220 Was his undoubted Ancestor:  
From him his great Fore-fathers came,  
And in all Ages bore his Name.  
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,  
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,

225 Replete with strange Hermetick Powder,  
That Wounds nine Mile point-blank wou'd solder,  
By Skilful Chymist with great Cost  
Extracted from a rotten Post;  
But of a Heav'nlier Influence

230 Than that which Mountebanks dispence;  
Tho' by Promethean Fire made,  
As they do quack that drive that Trade,  
For as when Slovens do amiss,  
At others Doors, by Stool or Piss;

235 The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit  
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
Will convey Mischief from the Dung  
Unto the Part that did the Wrong:  
So this did healing, and as sure

240 As that did Mischief, this wou'd cure;  
Thus Virtuous Orfin was endu'd  
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,  
Incomparable: And as the Prince  
Of Poets, Homer, sung long since,

245 A skilful Leech is better far  
Than half a hundred Men of War;

So he appear'd, and by his Skill,  
No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd Kill.

The Gallant *Brun* march'd next him,

250 With Visage formidably grim,

And rugged as a *Sarazen*,

Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin;

Clad in a Mantle *della Guerre*.

Of rough impenetrable Fur;

255 And in his Nose, like *Indian King*,

He wore for Ornament a Ring;

About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,

As rough as trebled leatherne Target;

Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,

260 Or, as the Vulgar say, *sharp fanged*.

For as the Teeth in Beasts of Prey

Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;

So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,

Which they do eat their Vittle with.

265 He was by Birth, some Authors write,

A *Rospan*, some a *Muscovite*,

And 'mong the *Cossacks* had been bred,

Of whom we in *Dinrnals* read,

That serve to fill up Pages here,

270 As with their Bodies Ditches there.

*Serimansky* was his Cousin-German,

With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:

And when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,

And quarter himself upon his Paws.

275 And though his Country-Men, the *Huns*,

Did stew their Meat between their Bums

And th' Horses Backs, o'er which they Straddle,

And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle:

He was not half so nice as they,

280 But eat it raw when it came in's Way.

He had trac'd Countries far and near,  
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;  
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,  
Of Noble House, a Lady gay.

285 And got on her a Race of Worthies,  
As stout as any upon Earth is.  
Full many a Fight for him between  
*Talgol* and *Orsin* oft had been;  
Each striving to deserve the Crown

290 Of a sav'd Citizen; the one  
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought  
To aid his *Dog*, both made more stout  
By sev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,  
*Church-fellow-membership*, and Blood:

295 But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to *Cows*,  
Never got ought of him but Blows;  
Blows, hard and heavy, such as he  
Had lent, repay'd with Usury.  
Yet *Talgol* was of Courage stout,

300 And vanquish'd oftner than he fought:  
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat and Toil,  
And like a Champion, shone with Oil.  
Right many a Widow his keen Blade,  
And many Fatherless, had made.

305 He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun-Cow*  
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrew.  
But *Guy*, with him in Fight compar'd,  
Had like the *Bear*, or *Dun-Cow* far'd.  
With greater Troops of Sheep h'had fought

310 Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;  
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,  
With Wings before, and Stings behind,  
Subdu'd: As Poets say, long agone  
*Bold Sir George, Saint George* did the *Dragon*.

40 CANTO II. PART I.

315 Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick  
Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,  
Tho' stor'd with Deletery Med'cines,  
(Which whosoever took is Dead since)  
E'er sent so vast a Colony

320 To both the under Worlds as he.  
For he was of that noble Trade,  
That Demi-gods and Heroes made,  
Slaughter and knocking on the Head;  
The Trade to which they all were bred:

325 And is like others, glorious when  
'Tis great and large, but base if mean.  
The former rides in Triumph for it;  
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,  
For daring to prophane a thing

330 So Sacred, with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came,  
*Magnano*, great in Martial Fame.  
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd fight,  
'Tis sung he got but little by'r.

335 Yet he was fierce as Forest Boar,  
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,  
As thick as *Ajax* seven-fold Shield,  
Which o'er his brazen Arms he held:  
But Brav'ry was feeble to resist

340 The Fury of his Armed Fist:  
Nor cou'd the hardest iron hold out  
Against his Blows, but they wou'd through't.  
In *Magick* he was deeply read,  
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;

345 Profoundly Skill'd in the Black Art,  
As *English Merlin* for his Heart;  
But far more Skilful in the Shears,  
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.

## PART I. CANTO II.

41

He cou'd transform himself in Colour,

350 As like the Devil as a Collier:

As like as Hypocrites in shew

Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.

Of Warlike Engines he was Author,

Devis'd for quick dispatch of Slaughter;

355 The Canon, Blunderbus, and Saker

He was th' Inventer of, and Maker:

The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum

Did both from his Invention come.

He was the first that e'er did teach

60 To make, and how to stop a Breach.

A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,

Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;

And when their Forces he had join'd;

He scorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

65 He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright,

Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight;

A bold Virago stout and tall,

As Joan of France, or English Matl.

Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,

70 Through thick and thin she follow'd him;

In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,

And never him or it forsook.

At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,

She shap'd i'th Hazard and the Prize:

75 At beating Quarters up, or Forage,

Behav'd her self with matchless Courage,

And laid about in Fight more busily,

Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.

And tho' some Criticks here cry Shame,

80 And say our Authors are to blame.

That (spight of all Philosophers,

Who hold no Females stout, but Bears;

And heretofore did so abhor  
 Their Women shou'd pretend to War;

385 They would not suffer the stout'st Dame  
 To swear by *Hercules* his Name)  
 Make feeble Ladies in their Works,  
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* :  
 To lay their Native Arms aside,

390 Their Modesty, and ride a-stride ;  
 To run a tilt at Men, and wield  
 Their naked Tools in open Field ;  
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,  
 And she that wou'd have been the Mistress

395 Of *Gundibert*; but he had Grace,  
 And rather took a Country Lass :  
 They say 'tis false, without all Sense,  
 But of pernicious Consequence  
 To Government, which they suppose.

400 Can never be upheld in Prose :  
 Strip Nature naked to the Skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so, yet what we tell  
 Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,

405 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,  
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print :  
 And if they will not take our Word,  
 We'll prove it true upon Record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,

410 Of all his Race the Valiant'st :  
*Cerdon* the Great, renown'd in Song,  
 Like *Herc'les*, for repair of Wrong :  
 He rais'd the Law, and fortify'd  
 The weak against the strongest side ;

415 Ill has he read, that never hit  
 On him, in Muses deathless Writ.

He had a Weapon keen and fierce,  
That thro' a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,  
420 And cut it in a thousand Pieces,  
Tho' tougher than the Knight of *Greece* his;  
With whom his black-thumb'd Ancestor  
Was Comrade in the Ten Years War:  
For when the restless *Greeks* sate down  
425 So many Years before *Troy Town*,  
And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,  
For well-soal'd Boots, no less than Fights;  
They ow'd that Glory only to  
His Ancestor, that made them so.  
430 Fast Friend he was to *Reformation*,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of Fashion.  
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,  
And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.  
Learned he was, and cou'd take Note,  
435 Transcribe, Collect, Translate and Quote.  
But *Preaching* was his chiefest Talent,  
Or Argument, in which b'ing Valiant,  
He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like *Ram*, or *Bull*, at *Conventicle*:  
440 For Disputants, like *Rams* and *Bulls*,  
Do fight with Arms that spring from *Sculls*.  
Last *Colon* came, bold Man of War,  
Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star:  
Right expert in Command of Horse,  
445 But cruel, and without Remorse,  
That which of *Centaur* long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other Knights, was true of this,  
He and his Horse were of a Piece.  
450 One Spirit did inform them both,  
The self-same Vigour, Fury, Wroth:

Yet he was much the rougher Part,  
 And always had a harder Heart ;  
 Although his Horse had been of those  
 455 That fed on Man's Flesh, as Fame goes,  
 Strange Food for Horse ! and yet, alas,  
 It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.  
 Sturdy he was, and no less able  
 Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable ;

460 As great a Drover, and as great  
 A Critick too in *Hog or Neat*,  
 He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,  
 Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,  
 And Provender wherewith to feed

465 Himself, and his less cruel Steed.  
 It was a question whether He  
 Or's Horse were of a Family  
 More worshipful : 'Till Antiquaries  
 ( After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes )

470 Did very learnedly decide  
 The Busines on the Horie's side.  
 And prov'd not only Horse, but Cows,  
 Nay Pigs, were of the elder House :  
 For Beasts, when Man was but a piece

475 Of Earth himself, did th' Earth possess.  
 These Worthies were the Chief that led  
 The Combatants, each in the Head  
 Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,  
 Ready and longing to engage.

480 The numerous Rabble was drawn out  
 Of several Countries round about,  
 From Villages remote, and Shires,  
 Of East and Western Hemispheres :  
 From foreign Parishes and Regions,

485 Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

PART I. CANTO II. 45

Came Men and Mastiffs; some to fight  
For Fame and Honour, some for Sight.  
And now the Field of Death, the Lists,  
Were enter'd by Antagonists,

490 And blood was ready to be broach'd;  
When *Hudibras* in haste approach'd,  
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:  
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake 'em:

What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury

495 Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?  
What *Oestrum*, what Phrenetick Mood  
Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,  
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast  
And unreveng'd walks----Ghost?

500 What Towns, what Garrisons might you  
With hazard of this Blood subdue,  
Which now y're bent to throw away  
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?

Shall *Saints* in civil Bloodshed wallow  
505 Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?

The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore  
So boldly, shall we now give o're?

Then because Quarrels still are seen  
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,

510 The *Solemn League and Covenant*  
Will seem a mere God-dam-me Rant:  
And we that took it, and have fought,  
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.

For as we make War for the King

515 Against himself, the self-same thiag,  
Some will not stick to swear we do  
For God, and for Religion too;  
For if Bear-Baiting we allow,  
What good can Reformation do?

## 46 CANTO II. PART I.

520 The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.  
Are these the Fruits o' th' *Protestation*,  
The Prototype of Reformation,  
Which all the Saints, and some, since *Martyrs*,

525 Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters,  
When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
*Six Members Quartel* to espouse?  
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,  
With Zeal and Noises formidable;

530 And make all *Cries* about the Town  
Join Throats to cry the *Bishops* down?  
Who having round begirt the Palace,  
(As once a Month they do the *Gallows*)  
As *Members* gave the Sign about,

535 Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.  
Then *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle  
*Church Discipline*, for patching *Kettle*:  
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn  
To geld a *Cat*, but cry'd *Reform*.

540 The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry, *No Bishop*.  
The *Mouse-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,  
And 'gainst *Ev'l Counsellors* did cry.  
*Butchers* left old Cloaths in the Lurch,

545 And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.  
Some cry'd the *Covenant*, instead  
Of *Pudding-Pies* and *Ginger-bread*.  
And some for *Brooms*, *Old Boots* and *Sheets*,  
Baul'd out to purge the *Common's House*:

550 Instead of *Kitchin-stuff*, some cry,  
A *Gospel-preaching Ministry*;  
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloaks*,  
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.

PART I. CANTO II. 47

A strange harmonious Inclination  
555 Of all Degrees to Reformation.  
And is this all? Is this the End  
To which these Carr'ings on did tend?  
Hath Publick Faith, like a young Heir,  
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,  
160 And run int' every Tradesman's Book,  
'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?  
Did Saints for this bring in their Plate?  
And crowd as if they came too late?  
For when they thought the Cause had need on't,  
565 Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.  
Did they coin Piss-pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,  
Int' Officers of Horse, and Dragoons;  
And into Pikes and Musqueteers  
Stamp't Beakers, Cups and Porringers?  
170 A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon,  
Did start up living Men, as soon  
As in the Furnace they were thrown.  
Just like the Dragon's Teeth b'ing sown.  
Then was the Cause all Gold and Plate,  
175 The Brethren's Off'rings, consecrate  
Like th' Hebrew Calf, and down before it  
The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:  
So say the Wicked---and will you  
Make that Sateasious Scandal true,  
180 By running after Dogs and Beasts,  
Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?  
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their Tongues,  
And laid themselves out and their Lungs:  
Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,  
185 P'th' Power of Gospel-preaching Minister?  
Have they Invented Tones to win  
The Women, and make them draw in

520 The Blood and Treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.  
Are these the Fruits o' th' Protestant,  
The Prototype of Reformation,  
Which all the Saints, and some, since *Martyrs*,  
525 Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters,  
When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
*Six Members* Quarrel to espouse?  
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And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloaks*,  
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## PART I. CANTO II.

47

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Beasts more unclean than Calves or Steers?  
Have powerful Preachers ply'd their Tongues,  
And laid themselves out and their Lungs:  
Us'd all Means, both direct and sinister,  
585 I' th' Power of Gospel-preaching Minister?  
Have they Invented Tones to win  
The Women, and make them draw in

The Men, as Indians with a Female,  
Tame Elephant in veigle the Male.  
 590 Have they told Providence what it must do,  
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?  
Discover'd th' *Enemy's* Design,  
And which way best to countermine?  
Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work  
 595 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk  
Told it the *News* o'r' last Express  
And after good or bad Succeſs,  
Made Prayers, not so like Petitions,  
As Overtures and Propositions,  
 600 (Such as the Army did present,  
To their Creator th' Parliament)  
In which they freely will confess,  
They will not, cannot acquiesce  
Unleſs the Work be carry'd on  
 605 In the same way they have begun,  
By setting Church and Common-weal  
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,  
On which the Saints are all a-gog,  
And all this for a Bear and Dog  
 610 The Parliament drew up Petitions  
To't self, and sent them, like Commissions,  
To Well-affected Persons down,  
In ev'ry City and great Town;  
With Power to levy Horse and Men,  
 615 Only to bring them back agen:  
For this did many, many a Mile,  
Ride manfully in Rank and File,  
With Pagers in their Hats, that show'd  
As if they to the Pillory rode.  
 620 Have all these Courses, these Efforts,  
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

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## PART I. CANTO II.

49

*Velis & Remis, omnibus Nervis,*  
And all t' advance the *Cause's Service*?  
And shall all now be thrown away  
625 In petulant intestine Fray?  
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* swore,  
Each Man of us to run before  
Another still in *Reformation*,  
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Dispensation?  
630 How will *dissenting Brethren* relish it?  
What will *Malignants* say? *Videlicet*,  
That each Man swore to do his best,  
To damn and perjure all the rest;  
And bid the *Devil take the hindmost*:  
635 Which at this Race is like to win most?  
They'll say our Bus'ness to reform  
The Church and State, is but a Worm;  
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
To an unknown Church-Discipline,  
640 What is it else, but before-hand  
T' engage, and after understand?  
For when we swore to carry on  
The present *Reformation*,  
According to the purest Mode  
645 Of Churches, best Reform'd abroad,  
What did we else but make a Vow  
To do we knew not what, nor how?  
For no three of us will agree  
Where, or what Churches these should be.  
650 And is indeed the self-same Case  
With theirs that swore t' & *cetera's*;  
Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd  
To fight to the last Drop of Blood;  
These Slanders will be thrown upon  
655 The *Cause* and *Work* we carry on,

D

## 50 CANTO II. PART I.

If we permit Men to run headlong  
 T' Exorbitances fit for Bedlam !  
 Rather than *Gospel-Walking* times,  
 When slightest Sins are greatest Crimes.

660 But we the Matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious Scandal ;  
*In Name of King and Parliament,*  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This Feud, but keep the Peace between  
 665 Your Brethren and your Country-Men ;  
 And to those Places straight repair,  
 Where your respective Dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The *Fidler*, as the Prime Offender,  
 670 Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and Engineer of Mischief ;  
 That makes Division between Friends,  
 For Prophane and Malignant Ends.  
 He and that Engine of vile Noise,  
 675 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought  
 To condign Punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say :  
 680 For then I'll take another Course,  
 And soon *reduce* you all by Force.  
 This said, he clapt his Hand on Sword,  
 To shew he meant to keep his Word.

But *Talgol*, who had long supprest  
 685 Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breast,  
 Which now began to rage and burn as  
 Implacably as Flame in Furnace,  
 Thus answer'd him: Thou Vermin wretched  
 As e'er in measled Pork was hatched ;

## PART I. CANTO II.

690 Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow  
On Rump of Justice as of Cow;  
How dar'st thou with that fullen Luggage  
O' th' self, old I'rn, and other Baggage,  
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather

695 Has broke his Wind in halting hither;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy Lumber against us?  
Cou'd thine Impertinence find out  
No Work t' employ it self about,

700 Where thou, secure from wooden Blow,  
Thy busie Vanity might' st show?  
Was no Dispute a-foot between  
The Caterwauling Bretheren?  
No subtle Question rais'd among

705 Those *out-o'-their Wits*, and those i' th' Wrong;  
No Prize between those Combatants  
O' th' Times, the Land and Water-Saints;  
Where thou might' st *fickle without Hazard*  
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;

710 And not for want of Bus'ness come  
To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better Sort  
Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport?  
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,

715 Cut-Purse, nor Burglary abroad?  
No *Stollen-Pigg*, nor *Plunder'd-Goose*,  
To tye thee up from breaking loose?  
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,  
For which thou Statute might' st alledge,

720 To keep thee busie from foul Evil,  
And Shame due to thee from the Devil?  
Did no Committee sit, where he  
Might cut out Journey-work for thee?

And set th' a Task, with Subornation,  
725 To stitch up *Sale* and *Sequestration*,  
To cheat with *Holiness* and *Zeal*,  
All Parties, and the Common-weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be;  
730 Or sent th' on Bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither.  
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull  
To keep it self in lodging whole,  
And not provoke the Rage of Stones  
735 And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;  
Tremble and vanish while thou may'st,  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
At this the Knight grew high in Wroth,  
And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,  
740 Three times he smote on Stomach stout,  
From whence at length these Words broke out:  
Was I for this entit'led Sir,  
And girt with rusty Sword and Spur,  
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,  
745 Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattle?  
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell  
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;  
Nor all thy Tricks and Slights to cheat,  
And sell thy Carrion for good Meat:  
750 Not all thy Magick to repair  
Decay'd old Age in tough lean Ware,  
Make natural Death appear thy Work,  
And stop the Gangreen in stale Poik;  
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,  
755 Because by Bullock ne'er withstoc'd;  
Tho' arm'd with all thy Cleavers, Knives,  
And Axes made to hew down Lives;

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part I. page

Shall save or help thee to evade  
 The Hand of Justice, or this Blade,  
 760 Which I, her Sword-bearer, do carry,  
 For Civil Deed and Military.  
 Nor shall these Words of Venom base,  
 Which thou hast from their native place,  
 Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
 765 Go unrevenge'd, tho' I am free.  
 Thou down the same Throat shalt devour 'em,  
 Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.  
 Nor shall it e'er be said, that *Wight*  
 With Gantlet blue, and Bases white,  
 770 And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,  
 So great a Man at Arms defy'd  
 With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,  
 That wou'd in *Job* or *Grizel* stir Mood.  
 Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,  
 775 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel.  
 This said, with hasty Rage he snatch'd  
 His Gun-shot, that in Holsters watch'd;  
 And bending Cock, he levell'd full  
 Against th' outside of *Talgot's* Skull;  
 780 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
 Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.  
 But *Pallas* came in shape of Ruit,  
 And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thrust  
 Her *Gorgon* Shield, which made the Cock  
 785 Stand stiff as 'twere transform'd to Stock.  
 Mean while fierce *Talgot* gath'ring Might,  
 With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*;  
 And he with *Petronel* upheav'd,  
 Instead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.  
 790 The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
 Not us'd to such a kind of Fight,

And shrunk from its great Master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal Stripe,  
Then *Hudibras*, with furious haste,  
795 Drew out his Sword ; yet not so fast,  
But *Talgal* first with hardy thwack  
Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back,  
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,  
With Stomach huge he laid about,  
800 Imprinting many a Wound upon  
His mortal Foe, the Truncheon ;  
The trusty Cudgel did oppose  
It self against dead-doing Blows,  
. To guard its Leader from fell Bane,  
805 And then reveng'd it self again.  
And tho' the Sword (some understood)  
In force had much the odds of Wood ;  
'Twas nothing so, both sides were ballanc't  
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ft.  
810 For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd ;  
Tho' Iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises Honour more :  
And now both *Knights* were out of Breath,  
815 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of Death ;  
While all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
Expecting which shou'd take or kill.  
This *Hudibras* observ'd, and fretting  
Conquest shou'd be so long a getting,  
820 He drew up all his Force into  
One Body, and that into one Blow.  
But *Talgal* wisely avoided it  
By turning Slight ; for had it hit,  
The upper Part of him the Blow  
825 Had lit, as sure as that below.

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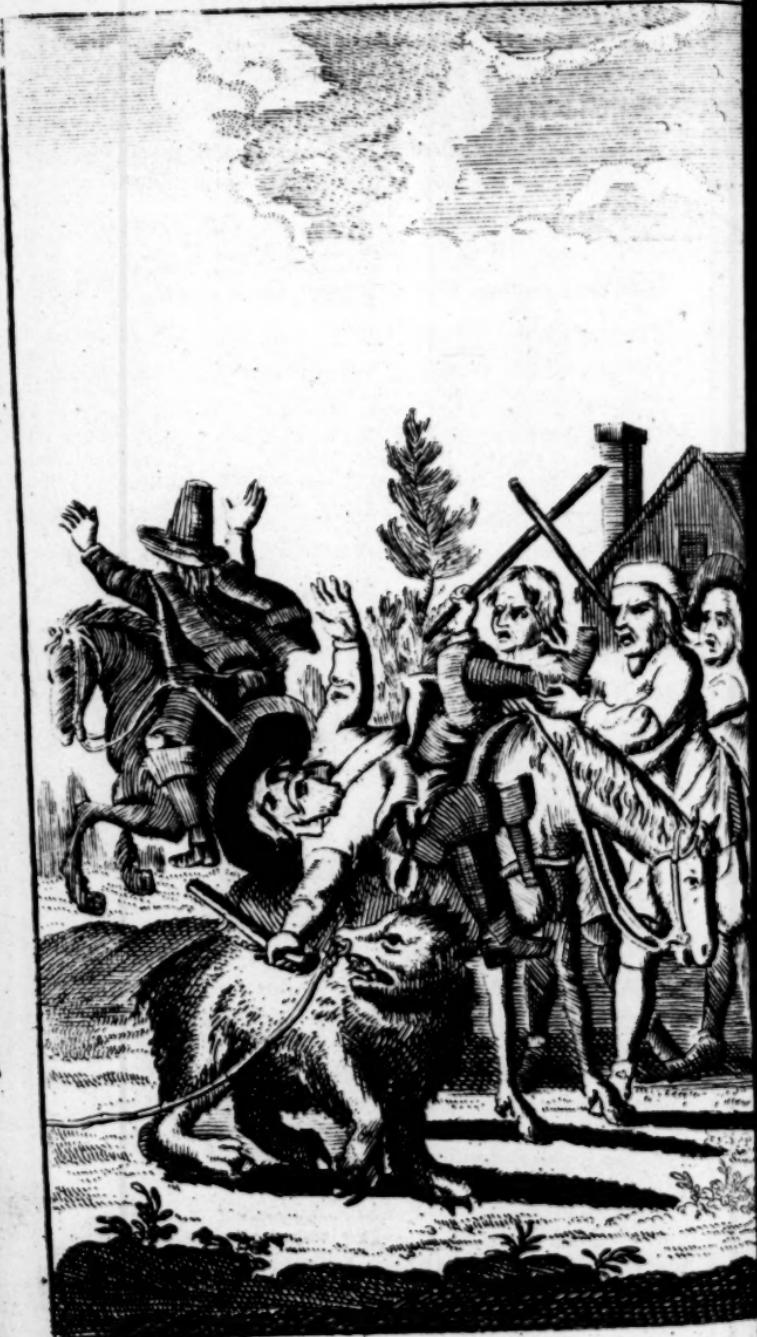
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PART I. CANTO II. 35

Mean while th' incomparable Colon,  
To aid his Friend began to fall on ;  
Him *Ralph* encounter'd, and straight grew  
A dismal Combat 'twixt them two :  
830 Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood,  
This fit for Bruise, and that for Blood.  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang ;  
While none that saw them cou'd divine  
835 To which side Conquest wou'd encline,  
Until *Magnano*, who did envy  
That two shou'd with so many Men vie,  
By subtle Stratagem of Brain  
Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain.  
840 For he, by foul hap, having found  
Where Thistles grew on barren Ground,  
In haste he drew his Weapons out,  
And having cropp'd them from the Root,  
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail  
845 Of Steed, with Pricks as sharp as Nail.  
The angry Beast did straight resent  
The Wrong done to his Fundament,  
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if h' had been beside his Sense,  
850 Striving to disengage from Thistle,  
That gaul'd him sorely under his Tail ;  
Instead of which, he threw the Pack  
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his Back ;  
And blund'ring still with smarting Rump,  
855 He gave the Knight's Steed such a thump  
As made him reel. The *Knight* did stoop,  
And late on further Side a-slope.  
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now  
By flight escap'd the fatal Blow,

862 He rally'd, and again fell to't ;  
 For catching Foe by nearer Foot,  
 He lifted with such Might and Strength,  
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
 And dash'd his Brains (if any) out;

863 But Mars, that still protects the Stout,  
 In Pudding-time came to his aid,  
 And under him the Bear convey'd ;  
 The Bear, upon whose soft Fur-Gown  
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.

864 The Friendly Rug preserv'd the Ground,  
 And headlong Knight from bruise or wound :  
 Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,  
 And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.  
 As Sancho on a Blanket fell

865 And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well  
 In Body, tho' his mighty Spirit,  
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
 The Bear was in a greater Fright,  
 Beat down and worsted by the Knight.

866 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
 To shake off Bondage from his Snout.  
 His wrath enflam'd, boil'd out, and from  
 His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam ;  
 Fury in stranger Postures threw him,

867 And more than ever Herald drew him.  
 He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd  
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd  
 And vex'd the more, because the harms  
 He felt were 'gainst the Law of Arms :

868 For Men he always took to be  
 His Friends, and Dogs his Enemy ;  
 Who never so much hurt had done him,  
 As his own side did falling on him ;

PART I. CANTO II.

57

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they  
 895 For whom h' had fought so many a Fray,  
 And serv'd with loss of Blood so long,  
 Should offer such inhumane Wrong ;  
 Wrong of unsoldier-like Condition ;  
 For which he flung down his Commission :  
 900 And laid about him, till his Nose  
 From thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd,  
 And made way thro' th' amazed Crew,  
 905 Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,  
 But took none; for by hasty flight  
 He strove t' escape pursuit of *Knight* :  
 From whom he fled with as much Haste  
 And Dread, as he the Rabble chac'd.  
 910 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 Each and his Fear a sev'ral way.  
*Crowdero* only kept the Field,  
 Not stirring from the Place he held,  
 Tho' beaten down, and wounded sore,  
 915 I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore  
 One side of him, not that of Bone ;  
 But much its better, th' Wooden one.  
 He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd  
 Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,  
 920 With fright of Fall, supposed Wound,  
 And loss of Urine, in a Swound,  
 In haste he snatch'd the Wooden Limb  
 That hurt i' th' Ankle lay by him,  
 And fitting it for sudden Fight,  
 925 Strait drew it up, t' attack the *Knight* ;  
 For getting up on Stump and Huckle,  
 He wish the Foe began to buckle.

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Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch;

930 Sole Author of all Detriment  
He and his Fiddle underwent.  
But *Ralph* (who had now begun  
T' adventure Resurrection  
From heavy Squelch, and had got up  
935 Upon his Legs with sprained Crup)  
Looking about, beheld Perdition  
Approaching *Knight* from fell Musician,  
He snatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled  
When he was falling off his Steed,

940 (As Rats do from a falling House,)  
To hide it self from Rage of Blows ;  
And wing'd with Speed and Fury, flew  
To rescue *Knight* from Black and Blue.  
Which e'er he cou'd Achieve, his Sconce

945 The Leg encounter'd twice and once ;  
And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,  
When *Ralph* thrus't himself between.  
He took the Blow upon his Arm,  
To shield the *Knight* from further Harm ;

950 And joining Wrath with Force, bestow'd  
O th' wooden Member such a Load,  
That down it fell, and with it bore  
*Crowders*, whom it prop'd before.  
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,

955 And setting conquering Foot upon  
His Trunk, thus spoke: What *desp'reate* Frenz  
Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy  
Thy self and all that Coward Rabble,  
T' encounter us in Battel able ?

960 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Cursehip  
• 'Gainst Arms, Authority, and Woiship?



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PART I. CANTO II. 39

And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,  
Tho' all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,  
And th'other half of thee as good  
965 To bear our Blows, as that of Wood?  
Cou'd not the Whipping-Post prevail  
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Jail,  
To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,  
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?  
970 Which now thou shalt----but first our care  
Must see how *Hudibras* doth fare.  
This said, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,  
And set him on his Bum upright:  
To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,  
975 He tweak'd his Nose, with gentle thump  
Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been  
To raise the Spirits lodg'd within.  
They, waken'd with the Noise, did fly  
From inward Room, to Window Eye,  
980 And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,  
Look'd our, but yet with some Amazement.  
This gladded *Ralph* much to see,  
Who thus bespoke the *Knight*: Quoth he,  
Tweaking his Nose, You are, great Sir,  
985 A Self-denying Conqueror;  
As High, Victorious, and Great,  
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
If you will give your self but leave  
To make out what y'already have;  
990 That's Victory. The Foe for dread  
Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled,  
All, save *Crowdero*, for whose sake  
You did th'espous'd Cause undertake:  
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,  
995 To be dispos'd as you think meet,

Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,  
 The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.  
 For one Wink of your pow'ful Eye  
 Must sentence him to live, or die.  
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the Service of the Church;  
 And by your Doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd.  
 For tho' Success did not confer with  
 Just Title on the Conqueror.  
 Tho' Dispensations were not strong  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong;  
 Altho' Our-goings did not confirm,  
 And running were but a mere Term:  
 Yet, as the Wicked have no Right  
 To th' Creation, tho' usurp'd by Might;  
 The Property is in the Saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detaints;  
 Of him they hold their Luxuries,  
 Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,  
 Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,  
 Pinaps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites,  
 All which the Saint have Tis to him,  
 And ought to enjoy, if th' had their due.  
 What we take from dem is no more  
 Than what was ours by Right before;  
 For we are their true Landlords still,  
 And they our Tenants but at Will.  
 At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow valorous;  
 He stard about; and seeing none  
 Of all his foes remain, but one,  
 He snatch'd his Weapon, that lay near him,  
 And from the Ground began to rear him;

## PART I. CHAMONIX. 93

1630 Vowing to make ~~the world~~<sup>the Earth</sup> pay  
For all the destruction ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> away.  
But Ralph now, in cold Blood,  
His Fury mildly thus withstood:

Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit  
Is rais'd too high; this Slave does merit  
To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner  
Than from your Hand to have the Honour  
Of his Execution; ~~but~~<sup>and</sup> am  
A Nothingness in Devil and Name,

1640 Did you not hurt this forfeit Caesar,  
Or ill intent his Piddle or Case?  
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot  
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,  
1645 To break a Fiddle and your Word?  
For tho' I fought, and overcame,  
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.  
For great Commanders always own  
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.

1650 To save, where you have Power to kill,  
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;  
And that your Will and Pow'r have less  
Than both might have of Selfishness.  
This Pow'r, which now alive, with Dread,

1655 He trembles at, if he were Dead,  
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe,  
Than if you were a Knight of Strat.  
For Death would then be his Conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that Terror.

1660 If Danger from his Life, or Curie,  
Or Honour from his Death, ad you,  
I were Policy and Honour to say,  
To do as you resolv'd to do, and ha

But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,  
 1065 To say it needs or fears a Crutch.  
 Great Conquerors greater Glory gain  
 By Foes in Triumph led, than slain :  
 The Laurels that adorn their Brows  
 Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,  
 1070 And living Foes ; the greatest Fame  
 Of Cripple slain, can be but lame.  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your Pain ;  
 Th' Honour can but on one side light,  
 1075 As Worship did when y' were dubb'd Knight.  
 Wherefore I think it better far,  
 To keep him Prisoner of War ;  
 And let him fast in Bonds abide,  
 At *Court of Justice* to be try'd ;  
 1080 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
 There may be danger in his Safety :  
 If any Member there dislike  
 His Face, or to his Beard have Pique ;  
 Or if his Death will save, or yield,  
 1085 Revenge or Fright, it is reveal'd ;  
 Tho' he has Quarter, ne'ertheless  
 Y'have Pow'r to hang him when you please ;  
 This has been often done by some  
 Of our great Conquerors, you know whom :  
 1090 And has by most of us been held  
 Wise Justice, and to some reveal'd.  
 For Words and Promises that yoke  
 The Conqueror, are quickly broke ;  
 Like Sampson's Cuffs, though by his own  
 1095 Direction and Advice put on.  
 For if we should fight for the *Cause*,  
 By Rules of Military Laws,

## PART I. CANTO II.

63

And only do what they call Just,

The Cause wou'd quickly fall to Dust.

1100 This we among our selves may speak,  
But to the Wicked or the Weak,  
We must be cautious to declare  
*Perfection Truths*, such as these are.

This said, the high, outragious Mettle  
1105 Of *Knight*, began to cool and settle.  
He lik'd the *Squire's Advice*, and soon  
Resolv'd to see the Bus'ness done:  
And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
*Crowdero's Hands* on Rump behind,  
1110 And to its former Place and Use,  
The wooden Member to reduce,  
But force it take an Oath before,  
Ne'er to bear Arms against him more.

Ralph dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
1115 And having ty'd *Crowdero* fast,  
He gave Sir *Knight* the end of Cord,  
To lead the Captive of his Sword  
In Triumph, whilst the Steeds he caught,  
And them to su...lier Service brought.  
1120 The *Squire* in State rode on before,  
And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore  
The Trophy Fiddle and the Case,  
Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.  
The *Knight* himself did after ride,  
1125 Leading *Crowdero* by his Side;  
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,  
Like Boat against the Tide and Wind.  
Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,  
Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone;  
1130 At further end of which there stands  
An ancient Castle, that commands

Th'adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick  
 You shall not see one Stone nor a Brick  
 But all of Wood, by powerful Spell  
 1135 Of Magick made impregnable;  
 There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,  
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;  
 And yet Men Durance there abide,  
 In Dungeons scarce three Inches wide;

1140 With Roof so low that under it  
 They never stand, but lye, or sit;  
 And yet so foul, that who so is in,  
 Is to the middle-leg in Prison;  
 In Circle Magical confin'd,

1145 With Wall of subtle Air and Wind;  
 Which none are able to break thorough  
 Until th'are freed by Head of Borough.  
 Thither arriv'd, th'advent'rous *Knight*  
 And bold *Squire*, from their Steeds alight,

1150 At th'outward Wall, near which there stands  
 A Bastile, built t'imprison Hands;  
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter  
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater;  
 For tho' the Body may creep through,

1155 The Hands in Grate are fast enough.  
 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist,  
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,  
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,  
 As if 'twere ridden Post by Witch,

1160 At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,  
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.  
 On Top of this there is a Spire,  
 On which Sir *Knight* first bids the *Squire*,  
 The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Cafe*.

1165 In manner of a Trophy, place,

I. PART I. CANTO II. 65

That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,  
And let Crowders down thefeast.  
*Crowders making doleful Face,*  
Like Hermit poor in penive Place.

1170 To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,  
And the Survivor of his Feet :  
But th' other that had broke the Peace  
And Head of Knighthood, they release,  
Tho' a Delinquent false and forged,  
1175 Yet bring a Stranger he's enlarged,  
While his Comrade, that did no hurt,  
Is clapt up fast in Prison for't.  
*So Justice, while she winks at Crimes,*  
*Stumbles on Innocence sometimes.*





## The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

The scatter'd Rout return and rally,  
Surround the Place; the Knight does sally,  
And is made Pris'ner: Then they seize  
Th' Incant'd Fort by Storm, release  
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's Place:  
I should have first said Hudibras.

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## CANTO III.

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A H me! What Perils do environ  
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!  
What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps  
Do dog him still with After-Claps!  
5 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,  
And leer upon him for a while,  
She'll after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.  
This any Man may sing or say,  
10 I'th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;  
For Hudibras, who though h' had won  
The Field, as certain as a Gun,

PART I. CANTO III. 67

And having routed the whole Troop,  
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop ;  
15 Thinking h'had done enough to purchase  
*Thanksgiving-Day among the Churches*,  
Wherin his Mettle and brave Worth  
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,  
And register'd by Fame Eternal,  
20 In deathless Pages of *Diurnal* :  
Found in few Minutes, to his Cost,  
He did but count without his Host ;  
And that a Turn-style is more certain,  
Than, in events of War, Dame Fortune.  
25 For now the late faint-hearted Rout  
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chac'd, by the Horror of their Fear,  
From bloody Fray of Knight and Bear,  
(All but the Dogs, who in pursuit  
30 Of the Knight's Victory stood ro't,  
And most ignobly fought, to get  
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)  
Seeing the Coast was free and clear  
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conqueror,  
35 Took heart again, and fac'd about,  
As if they meant to stand it out :  
For by this Time the routed Bear,  
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,  
Finding their Number grew too great  
40 For him to make a safe Retreat,  
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about ;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to Fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd ;  
45 Retiring still, until he found  
H'had got th' adyantage of the Ground ;

## 68 CANTO III. PART I.

And then as valiantly made Head,  
 To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;  
 Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick  
 50 Of Warrior stout and politick;  
 Until in spite of hot pursuit,  
 He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute  
 On better Terms, and stop the Course  
 Of the proud Foe. With all his force  
 55 He bravely charg'd, and for a while  
 Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;  
 But still their Numbers so increas'd,  
 He found himself at length opprest,  
 And all Evasions so uncertain,  
 60 To save himself for better Fortune;  
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
 To die with Honour in the Field,  
 And sell his Hide and Carcals at  
 A Price as high and desperate  
 65 As e'er he cou'd. This Resolution  
 He forthwith put in Execution,  
 And bravely threw himself among  
 The Enemy, i'th' greatest Throng.  
 But what cou'd single Valour do,  
 70 Against so numerous a Foe?  
 Yet much he did, indeed too much  
 To be believ'd, where th' Odds were such:  
 But one against a Multitude,  
 Is more than Mortal can make good;  
 75 For while one Party he oppos'd,  
 His Rear was suddenly enclos'd,  
 And no room left him for Retreat,  
 Or flight against a Foe so Great;  
 For now the Mastives charging home,  
 80 To Blows and handy-Gripes were come;



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While manfully himself he bore,  
And setting his Right-foot before,  
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall  
His Person was above them all.

85 This equal Shame and Envy stirr'd  
I' th' Enemy, that one shou'd beard  
So many Warriors, and so stout,  
As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
Disdaining to lay down his Arms,  
90 And yield on honourable Terms.

Enraged thus, some in the Rear  
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where  
Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,  
And being down, still laid about :

95 As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps,  
Is said to fight upon his Stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,  
And he inevitably slain,  
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick,  
To rescue him, had not been quick ;  
For *Trulla*, who was light of Foot,  
As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* shoot,  
(But not so light, as to be born  
Upon the Ears of standing Corn,

100 Or trip it o'er the Water quicker  
Than Witches, when their Staves they liquor,  
As some report ) was got among  
The foremost of the martial Throng :

There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,  
She call'd to *Cerdon*, who stood near,  
Viewing the bloody Fight, to whom  
Shall we (quoth she) stand still *hum drum*,  
And see stout *Bruin* all alone,  
By Numbers basely overthrown ?

## 70 CANTO III. PART I.

315 Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,  
In Story not to be believ'd ;  
And 'twould to us be Shame enough,  
Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
I would (quoth he) venture a Limb,

320 To second thee, and rescue him :  
But then we must about it straight,  
Or else our Aid will come too late ;  
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
And therefore cannot long hold out.

325 This said, they wav'd their Weapons round,  
About their Heads, to clear the Ground ;  
And joining Forces, laid about  
So fiercely, that th'amazed Rout  
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,

330 As if *the Devil drove*, to run.  
Mean while th'approach'd the Place where *Brynn*  
Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin :  
The conqu'ring Foe they soon assail'd,  
First *Trulla* stav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd

335 Until their Mastives loos'd their hold :  
And yet, alas ! do what they cou'd,  
The worsted *Bear* came off with Store  
Of bloody Wounds, but all before ;  
For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,

340 Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from Wound,  
Made Proof against dead-doing Steel  
All over, but the Pagan Heel :  
So did our Champion's Arms defend  
All of him but the other End :

345 His Head and Ears, which in the martial  
Encounter lost a leatherne Parcel :  
For as an *Austrian Archduke* once  
Had one Ear (which in *Ducatoons*

PART I. CANTO III. 71

Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd

50 Close to his Head; so *Bruin* far'd:

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,

Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;

Or like the late corrected Leathern

Eats of the Circumcised Brethren.

55 But gentle *Trulla*, into th' Ring

He worein's Nose convey'd a String,

With which he march'd before, and led

The Warrior to a grassy Bed,

As Authors write, in a cool Shade,

60 Which Eglantine and Roses made;

Close by a softly murmuring Stream,

Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream,

There leaving him to his Repose,

Secured from pursuit of Foes,

65 And wanting nothing but a Song,

And a well-turn'd *Theorbo* hung

Upon a Bough, to ease the Pain

His tugg'd Ears suffer'd; with a strain

They both drew up, to march in quest

70 Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd

For stout maintaining of his Ground

In standing Fight, than for pursuit,

As being not so quick of Foot)

75 Was not long able to keep pace

With others that pursu'd the Chace;

But found himself left far behind,

Both out of Heart, and out of Wind;

Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd

80 So basely by a Multitude;

And like to fall, not by the Prowess,

But Numbers of His Coward Foes.

## 72 CANTO III. PART I.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;

185 Forcing the Vallies to repeat  
 The Accents of his sad Regret.  
 He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair,  
 For loss of his dear Crony Bear:  
 That Echo from the hollow Ground,  
 190 His doleful Wailings did resound  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhimes,  
 That make her, in their ruseful Stories  
 To answer to Int'rogatories

195 And most unconscionably depose  
 Things of which she nothing knows:  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis rest'd to the Lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Brain,

200 Art thou fled to my---- Eccho, Ruin?  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
 For fear. (Quoth Eccho) Marry guep.  
 Am not I here to take thy part!  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?

205 Have these Bones rattled, and this Head  
 So often in thy Quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i'th' Dish

210 Thou runn'dst thy Back? Quoth Eccho, Pij.  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus Cowardly? Quoth Eccho, Mum.  
 But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine Enemy?

215 Or if thou haft no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning Tail:  
 For who wou'd grutch to spend his Blood in  
 His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, *a Pudding.*

This said, his Grief to Anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;  
 Thirst of Revenge and Wrath, in place  
 Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.

He vow'd the Authors of his Wo  
 Should equal Vengeance undergo;  
 And with their Bones and Flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his *Bear.*

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed

And Rage he hasted to proceed  
 To Action strait, and giving o'er  
 To search for *Bruin* any more,  
 He went in quest of *Hudibras*,  
 To find him out, where-e'er he was.  
 And if he were above Ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a Furlong on  
 This resolute Adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that Crew  
 Whom *Hudibras* did late subdue.

Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,  
 Did equally their Breasts enflame.

'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,

And *Talgot*, Foe to *Hudibras*:

*Cerdon* and *Colon*, Warriors stout,

And resolute, as ever fought:

Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke:

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook

The vile Affront, thataultry *Afs*,

And feeble *Scoundrel*, *Hudibras*,

## 74 CANTO III. PART I.

With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*,  
*Ralph*, with vapouring and huffing,  
Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,  
As if th' routed us in Battle?

For my part, it shall ne'er be said,  
I for the washing gave my Head:  
Nor did I turn my Back for fear  
O'th'Rascals, but loss of my *Bear*,  
Which now I'm like to undergo;

For whether those fell Wounds, or no,  
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
Is more than all my Skill can foretel;  
Nor do I know what is become  
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome*.

But if I can but find them out  
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,  
Where e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)  
I'll make them rue their handy-work;  
And wish that they had rather dar'd,

To pull the Devil by the Beard.  
Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orfin*, th' hast  
Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
And so has ev'ry Body here,  
As well as thou hast, or thy *Bear*.

Others may do as they see good;  
But if this Twig be made of Wood  
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur  
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;  
And t'other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,

That bray'd us all in his behalf.  
Thy *Bear* is safe, and out of peril,  
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;  
My self and *Trilla* made a shift  
To help him out at a dead lift;

## PART I. CANTO III.

75

285 And having brought him bravely off,  
Have left him where he's safe enough:  
There let him rest; for if we stay,  
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join  
290 Their Forces in the same Design:  
And forthwith put themselves in search  
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.

Where leave we them a while, to tell  
What the Victorious *Knight* befel:

295 For such, *Crowdero* being fast  
In Dungeon shut, we left him last.  
Triumphant Laurels seem'd to grow  
No where so green as on his Brow:  
Laden with which, as well as tir'd

300 With Conqu'ring Toil, he now retir'd  
Unto a Neigh'b'ring Castle by,  
To rest his Body, and apply  
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruise  
He got in Fight, *Reds*, *Blacks* and *Blues*;  
305 To Mollifie th' uneasie Pang  
Of every honourable Bang,  
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife drest,  
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. H'had got a hurt  
310 O'th' inside, of a deadlier sort,  
By *Cupid* made, who took his stand  
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,  
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,  
No'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)  
315 Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,  
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;  
The Shaft against a Rib did glance,  
And gall'd him in the *Purtenance*.

But Time had somewhat swag'd his Pain,  
 320 After he found his Stub in vain. His  
     For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul  
     Was burnt in's Belly like a Coal, <sup>1</sup>  
     ( That Belly that so oft did wake, <sup>2</sup>  
     And suffer griping for her sake, <sup>3</sup>  
 325 Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs;  
     Had almost brought him off his Legs) <sup>4</sup>  
     Us'd him so like a base <sup>5</sup> ~~Restoration~~ <sup>6</sup> to Y  
     That old Pig <sup>7</sup> (what d'ye call him) Malion  
     That cur has Mistress out of Stone; <sup>8</sup>  
 330 Had not so hard a hearted one. <sup>9</sup> ~~He~~  
     She had a Thousand Jaded Tricks, <sup>10</sup>  
     Worse than a Mule that flings and kicks;  
     'Mong which one cross-grain'd & break she had,  
     As insolent has strange and mad: <sup>11</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>10</sup>  
 335 She could love none but only such <sup>12</sup> ~~as~~  
     As scorn'd and hated her as much. <sup>13</sup> ~~as~~  
     'Twas a strange Riddle of a Lady, <sup>14</sup>  
     Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey day!  
     So Cowards never use their Might, <sup>15</sup>  
 340 But against such as will not fight. <sup>16</sup> ~~to~~  
     So some Diseases have been found <sup>17</sup> ~~and~~  
     Only to seize upon the Sound. <sup>18</sup> ~~as~~  
     He that gets her by Heart, must say her  
     The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.  
 345 Mean while the Knight had no small Task,  
     To compass what he durst not ask. <sup>19</sup> ~~of~~  
     He loves, but dares not make the Motion;  
     Her Ignorance is his Deserion <sup>20</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>21</sup>  
     Like Caitiff vile, that for Misdeed <sup>22</sup> ~~as~~  
 350 Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed:  
     Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love;  
     Look one way, and another more,

I.

PART I. CANTO III. 77

Or like a Tumbler, that does play  
His Game, and look another way,  
355 Until he seize upon the Coney: Just so does he by Matrimony  
But all in vain; Her subtle Snout  
Did quickly wind his Meaning out;  
Which she return'd with too much Scorn,

360 To be by Man of Honour born.  
Yet much he bore, until the Distress  
He suffer'd from his spightful Mistress,  
Did stir his Stomach, and the Pain  
He had endur'd from her Disdain,

365 Turn'd to regret, so resolute,  
That he resolv'd to wave his Suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play leat in sight,  
This Resolution bring put on,

370 He kept some Months, and more had done;  
But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
The Victory he achiev'd so late  
Did set his Thoughts agog, and ope  
A Door to discontinu'd Hope,

375 That seem'd to promise he might win  
His Dame too, now his Hand was free,  
And that his Valour and the Honour  
H'had newly gain'd, might work upon her:  
These Reasons made his Mouth to water,

380 With amorous Longings to be at her.  
Quoth he unto himself, Who knows  
But this brave Conquest o'er my Foes  
May reach her Heart, and make that Roop,  
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

385 If nothing can oppugn Love,  
And Virtue invious ways can prove,

What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both Love and Virtue too?  
 But thou bring'st Valour too and Wit,  
 390 Two things that seldom fail to hit.  
 Valour's a Mouse-trap, Wit a Gin,  
 Which Women oft are taken in.  
 Then, *Hudibras*, why should'st thou fear  
 To be, that art a Conqueror?  
 395 Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,  
 But lets the Timidous misarry.  
 Then, while the Honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
 400 And trust thy Fortune with the rest.  
 Such Thoughts as these the *Knight* did keep,  
 More than his Bangs or Fleas, from Sleep,  
 And as an Owl that in a Barn  
 Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,  
 405 Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes,  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little Beast within his Reach,  
 Then starts and seizes on the Wretch.  
 So from his Couch the *Knight* did start,  
 410 To seize upon the Widow's Heart,  
 Crying with hasty Tone, and hoarse,  
*Ralph*o-dispatch, To Horse, To Horse.  
 And 'twas but time; for now the Rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 415 By speedy Marches were advanc'd  
 Up to the Fort, where he ensconc'd;  
 And all th' Avenues had possest  
 About the Place, from East to West.  
 That done, a while they made a Halt,  
 420 To view the Ground, and where t' assault;

## PART I. CANTO III. 79

Then call'd a Council which was best,  
By Siege or Onslaught, to invest  
The Enemy; and 'twas agreed,  
By Storm and Onslaught to proceed.

425 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely Sort  
They now drew up, t' attack the Fort;  
When *Hudibras*, about to enter  
Upon another-gates Adventure,

To *Ralph* call'd aloud to arm,  
430 Not dreaming of approaching Storm.

Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care  
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,  
Did arm, or thrust him on a Danger,  
To which he was an utter Stranger;

435 That Foresight might, or might not blot  
The Glory he had newly got;  
Or to his Shame it might be said,  
They took him napping in his Bed:

440 To them we leave him to expound,  
That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courser scarce he had bestrid,  
And *Ralph* that on which he rid,  
When, setting ope the Postern Gate,  
Which they thought best to sally at,

445 The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
Ready to charge them in the Field.

This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight;  
The Bruises of his Bones and Flesh

450 He thought began to smart afresh:  
Till recollecting wonted Courage,  
His Fear was soon converted to Rage,  
And thus he spoke, The Coward Foe,  
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,

## 89 CANTO III. PART I.

455 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears  
 As if they had out-run their Fears;  
 The Glory we did lately get,  
 The Fates command us to repeat:  
 And to their Wills we must succumb,

460 *Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.*  
 This is the same numerick Crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue;  
 The self-same Individuals, that  
 Did run ~~as~~ Mice do from a Cat,

465 When we COURAGEOUSLY did wield  
 Our Martial Weapons in the Field,  
 To tug for Victory: And when  
 We shall our shining Blades again  
 Brandish in TERROR o'er our Heads,

470 They'll straight resume their wonted Dreads;  
 Fear is an AGUE, that forsakes  
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes:  
 And they'll opine they feel the Pain  
 And Blows they felt to day, again.

475 Then let us boldly charge them home,  
 And make no doubt to overcome.  
 This said, his COURAGE to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his MISTRESS name.  
 His PISTOL next he cock'd anew,

480 And out his nut-brown WHINIARD drew:  
 And placing Ralph in the Front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the Brunt;  
 As expert Warriors use: Then ply'd  
 With IRON heel his COURSER's side,

485 Conveying SYMPATHETICK Speed  
 From heel of Knight to heel of Steed.  
 Mean while the FOE, with equal Rage  
 And Speed, advancing to engage,

PART I. CANTO III. 81

Both Parties now were drawn so close,  
Almost to come to handy-blows,  
When Orsin first let fly a Stone  
At Ralph; nor so huge a one  
As that which Diomed did maul  
Æneas on the Bum withal;  
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
T' have sent him to another World:  
Whether above-ground, or below,  
Which Saint's twice-dipt are destin'd to.  
The Danger startled the bold Squire,  
And made him some few Steps retire.  
But Hudibras advanced to's Aid,  
And rouz'd his Spirits half dismay'd.  
He wisely doubting lest she shot  
O'th' Enemy, now growing hot,  
Might at a distance gall, prest close,  
To come, pell-mell, to handy Blows,  
And that he might their Aim decline,  
Advanc'd still in an oblique Line;  
But prudently forbore to fire  
Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher;  
As expert Warriors use to do,  
When hand to hand they charge their Foe.  
This Order the advent'rous Knights,  
Most Soldier-like, observ'd in Fight,  
When Fortune (as she's won) turn'd fickle,  
And for the Foe began to fickle.  
The more shame for her Gondy-skip,  
To give so near a Friend the slip.  
Far Colon chusing out a Stone,  
Levell'd so right, it thumpt upon  
His Manly Paunch, with such a Force,  
As almost beat him off his Horse.

He lost his Whinyard and the Rein;  
 But laying fast hold of the Mane,  
 Preserv'd his Seat: And as a Goose  
 In Death contracts his Talons close;  
 So did the Knight, and with one Claw  
 The Tricker of his Pistol draw.  
 The Gun went off: And, as it was,  
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,  
 In all his Feats of Arms, when least  
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best;  
 So now he far'd: The Shot let fly  
 At random 'mong the Enemy,  
 Pierc'd Talgol's Gaberdine, and grazing  
 Upon his Shoulder in the passing,  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's bras Habergeon,  
 Who strait A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon:  
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,  
 Did Murther, Murther, Murther yell.  
 This startled their whole Body so,  
 That if the Knight had not let go  
 His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,  
 He had won (the second time) the Fight.  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,  
 He had inevitably done:  
 But he, diverted with the Care  
 Of Hudibras his Hurt, forbare  
 To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,  
 While Danger did the rest dishearten.  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
 In close Encounter, they both wag'd  
 The Fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the Day.  
 And now the busie Work of Death  
 — Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,

PART I. CANTO III. 83

Preparing to renew the Fight;  
When the Disaster of the *Knight*  
And t' other Party did divert  
560 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.  
*Ralph* prest up to *Hudibras*,  
And *Cerdon* where *Magnano* was;  
Each striving to confirm his Party  
With stout Encouragements and hearty.

565 Quoth *Ralph*, Courage, valiant Sir,  
And let Revenge and Honour stir  
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,  
The shatter'd Foe begins to run:  
For if but half so well you knew  
570 To use your Victory as subdue;  
They durst not, after such a Blow  
As you have giv'n them, face us now;  
But from so formidable a Soldier  
Had fled like Crows when they smell Powder.

575 Thrice have they seen your Sword aloft  
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.  
But if you let them recollect  
Their Spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,  
You'll have a harder Game to play  
580 Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.  
Thus spoke the stout *Squire*; but was heard  
By *Hudibras* with small regard.  
His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang  
He lately took, than *Ralph's* Harangue;

585 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate  
Tells me thy Council comes too late.  
The clotted Blood within my Hose,  
That from my wounded Body flows,  
With Mortal *Crisis* doth portend  
590 My Days to appropinquate an End.

I am for Action now unfit,  
Either of Fortitude or Wit.  
Fortune my Foe begins to frown,  
Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down,

595 I am not apt, upon a Wound  
Or trivial Basting, to despone;  
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail:  
For if I thought my Wounds not Mortal,  
Or that we'd Time enough as yet

600 To make an hon'able Retreat:  
'Twere the best Course: But if they find  
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,  
For them to seize on; the Dishonour,  
And Danger too, is such, I'll sooner

605 Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,  
To let them see I am no Starter.  
In all the Trade of War, no Feat  
Is nobler than a brave Retreat:  
For those that run away, and fly,

610 Take place at least o'th' Enemy.  
This said, the Squire with active speed  
Dismounted from his bonny Steed  
To seize the Arms, which by Mischance  
Fell from the bold Knight in a Trance.

615 These being found out, and restor'd  
To Hudibras, their nat'r'l Lord,  
As a Man may say, with Might and Main  
He hasted to get up again.  
Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,

620 But by his weighty Bum, as oft  
He was pull'd back, 'till having found  
Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,  
Thither he led his Watlike Steed,  
And, having plac'd him right, with speed

625 Prepar'd again to rule the Beast:  
When *Orfin*, who had newly drest  
The bloody Scar, upon the Shoulder  
Of Talbot, with Promethean Powder,  
And now was searching for the Shot  
630 That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,  
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
Preparing to climb up his Horse-side:  
He left his Cure, and laying hold  
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,  
635 Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,  
The Enemy begin to rally:  
Let us that are unhurt and whole  
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.  
Thus said, like to a Thunder-bolt  
640 He flew with Fury to th' Assault,  
Striving the Enemy to attack  
Before he reach'd his Horse's Back.  
*Ralph* was mounted now, and gotten  
O'erhward his Beast with active Vaulting,  
645 Wrigling his Body to recover  
His Seat, and cast his right Leg over,  
When *Orfin*, rushing in, below'd  
On Horse and Man so heavy a Load,  
The Beast was startled, and begun  
650 To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
Bearing the tough Squire like a Sack,  
Or stout King *Richard*, on his Back:  
'Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a Swoon.  
655 Mean while the Knight began to rouse  
The sparkles of his wonted Prowess;  
He thrust his Hand into his Hose,  
And found both by his Eyes and Nose,

'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,  
 660 That from his wounded Body flow'd.  
     This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
     Inflam'd him with despightful Ire;  
     Couragiously he fac'd about,  
     And drew his other Pistol out.

665 And now had half way bent the Cock,  
     When Cerdon gave so fierce a Shock,  
     With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,  
     That down it fell, and did no Harm:  
     Then stoutly pressing on with speed,

670 Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.  
     The Knight his Sword had only left,  
     With which he Cerdon's Head had cleft,  
     Or at the least cropt off a Limb,  
     But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.

675 He with his Lance attack'd the Knight  
     Upon his Quarters opposite.  
     But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,  
     Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,  
     Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,

680 And knows not which to turn him to:  
     So far'd the Knight between two Foes,  
     And knew not which of them t' oppose;  
     Till Orsin, charging with his Lance  
     At Hudibras, by spightful Chance,

685 Hit Cerdon such a Bang, as stunn'd  
     And laid him flat upon the Ground.  
     At this the Knight began to chear up,  
     And raising up himself on Stirrup,  
     Cry'd out, *Vittoria; Lie thou there,*

690 And I shall strait dispatch another,  
     To bear thee Company in Death:  
     But first I'll halt a while, and breath.

PART I. CANTO III. 87

As well he might: For *Orsin*, griev'd  
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,  
695 Ran to relieve him with his Lore,  
And cure the Hurt he gave before.  
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about  
To breath him'self, and next find out  
Th' Advantage of the Ground, where best  
700 He might the ruffled Foe infest.  
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,  
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,  
While he was busie in the care  
Of *Cerdon*'s Wound, and unaware:  
705 But he was quick, and had already  
Unto the Part apply'd Remedy;  
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,  
Drew up, and stood upon his Guard.  
Then like a Warrior right expert  
710 And skilful in the Martial Art,  
The subtle *Knight* strait made a Halt,  
And judg'd it best to stay th' Assault,  
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,  
And then (in order) to retire;  
715 Or, as occasion should invite,  
With Forces join'd renew the Fight:  
*Ralph* by this time disentranc'd,  
Upon his Bum himself advanc'd,  
Tho' surely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er  
720 With ruthless Bangs were stiff and sore,  
Right fain he would have got upon  
His Feet again, to get him gone;  
When *Hudibrus* to aid him came,  
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)  
725 Courage, the Day at length is ours,  
And we once more, as Conquerors,

Have both the Fields and Honour won;  
 The Foe is profligate and blind,  
 I mean, all such as can, for some  
 730 This Hand hath sent to their long Home;  
 And some lye sprawling on the Ground,  
 With many a Gash and bloody Wound.  
*Cæsar himself could never say*  
 He got two Victories in a Day,  
 735 As I have done, that can say twice I  
 In one Day. *Veni, vidi, vici.*  
 The Foe is numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 As they *perire*, and yet know  
 740 Be left to strike an after-Blow;  
 Then left they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight the Bus'ness o'er,  
 Get up and mount thy Steed, dispatch,  
 And let us both their Motions watch.  
 745 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were  
 In case for Action, now be here;  
 Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd  
 An Arse, for fear of being hang'd.  
 It was for you I got these Harns,  
 750 Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.  
 The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd  
 My Limbs of Strength: unless you stoop,  
 And reach your Hand to pull me up,  
 755 I shall lye here, and be a Prey  
 To those who now are run away.  
 That thou shalt not, (quoth Hudibras;) I  
 We read, the Ancients held it was  
 More Honorable far, *Serjeant* than  
 760 *Civem*, than *Slay an Adversary*.

PART I. CANTO III. 89

The one we oft to Day have done;  
The other shall dispatch anon:  
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Churc<sup>h</sup>,  
I will not leave thee in the Lurch,  
765 This said, he jogg'd his good Steed higher,  
And steer'd him gently tow'rd the Squire,  
Then bowing down his Body, stretcht  
His Hands out, and at Ralph reacht,  
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
770 Charg'd him like Lightning behind.  
She had been long in search about  
Magnano's Wound to find it out;  
But could find none, nor where the Shot  
That had so startled him was got.  
775 But having found the wotst was past,  
She fell to her own Work at last,  
The Pillage of the Prisoners,  
Which in all Feats of Arms was hers;  
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
780 When Hudibras his hard Fate drew  
To succour him; for as he bow'd  
To help him up, she laid a Load  
Of Blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
On t' other side, that down he fell.  
785 Yield, Scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die;  
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty:  
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
To try thy Fortune o'er a-fresh,  
790 I'll wave my Title to thy Flesh,  
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my Right:  
And if thou hast the Heart to try't,  
I'll lend thee back thy self a while,  
And once more for that Carcass vile,

795 Fight upon tick---- Quoth *Hudibras*,  
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant Lass,  
 And I shall take thee at thy Word,  
 First let me rise, and take my Sword:  
 That Sword, which has so oft this Day  
 800 Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,  
 And some to other Worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble Spinster match'd,  
 Will blush with Blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no Honour's to be gain'd.  
 805 But if thou'l take m' Advice in this,  
 Consider whilst thou may, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a Visitor's Course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial Force:  
 For if with Conquest I come off,  
 810 (And that I shall do sure enough)  
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor Grace  
 By Law of Arms in such a Case;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
 I scorn (quoth she) thou Coxcomb silly,  
 815 (Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,  
 To shew how much she priz'd his Speech)  
 Quarter, or Council from a Foe:  
 If thou canst force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 820 When I have oncee more won thy Head,  
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
 Arm and betake thee to thy Guard.  
 This said, she to her Tackle fell,  
 And on the Knight let fall a Peal  
 825 Of Blows so fierce, and prest so home,  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's Bum.  
 Stand to't (quoth she) or yield to Mercy,  
 It is not fighting *Arfie-verste*

Shall serve thy turn----This stirr'd his Spleen  
130 More than the Danger he was in,  
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,  
Although th' already made him reel;  
Honour, Despight, Revenge and Shame,  
At once into his Stomach came;  
135 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his Arm  
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm  
Of Blows, so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hash her quick.  
But she upon her Truncheon took them,  
140 And by oblique diversion broke them,  
Waiting an opportunity  
To pay all back with Usury.  
Which long she fail'd not of, for now  
The Knight with one dead-doing blow  
145 Resolving to decide the Fight,  
And she with quick and cunning flight  
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,  
As almost sway'd him to the Ground.  
150 No sooner she th' Advantage found,  
But in she flew; and seconding  
With home-made Thrust the heavy Swing,  
She laid him flat upon his Side;  
And mounting on his Trunk a-stride,  
155 Quoth she, I told thee what wou'd come  
Of all thy Vapouring, base Scum.  
Say, will the Law of Arms allow  
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?  
Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,  
160 And stain thine Honour, than thy Sword?  
A Man of War to damn his Soul,  
In basely breaking his Parole;

And when before the Fight, th'hadst vow'd  
To give no Quarter in cold Blood:

865 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar:  
To make me 'gainst my Will take Quarter.  
Why dost not put me to the Sword,  
But Cowardly fly from thy Word?

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Day's thine own;

870 Thou and thy Stars have cast me down;  
My Laurels are transplanted now,  
And flourish on thy Conqu'ring Brow:  
My Loss of Honour's great enough,  
Thou need'st not brand it with a Scoff:

875 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,  
But cannot blur my lost Renown:  
I am not new in Fortune's Power,  
*He that is down can fall no lower.*  
The Ancient Heroes were illustrious  
880 For being benign, and not blusturous,  
Against a vanquish'd Foe; their Swords  
Were sharp and trenchant, not their Words  
And did in Fight but cut Work out  
T' employ their Courtesies about.

885 Quoth she, altho' thou hast deserv'd,  
Base Stubberdegullion, to be serv'd  
As thou didst vow to deal with me,  
If thou hadst got the Victory;  
Yet I shall rather act a part

890 That suits my Fame, than thy Desert.  
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beside  
All that's on th' outside of thy Hide,  
Are mine by Military Law,  
Of which I will not bate one Straw:

895 The rest, thy Life and Limbs once more,  
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, it is too late  
 For me to beat, or stipulate;  
 What thou command'st, I must obey.  
 Yet those whom I expung'd to day,  
 Of thine own Party, I let go,  
 And gave them Life and Freedom too;  
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their Parol,  
 Whom I took Prisoners in this Quarrel.  
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they  
 Let one or other run away,  
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
 That gave Crowdero Quarter too?  
 Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's Pound,  
 Where still he lies, and with Regret  
 His generous Bowels rage and fret.  
 But now thy Careals shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.  
 This said, the Knight did straight submit,  
 And laid his Weapons at her Feet.  
 Next he disrob'd his Gaberidine,  
 And with it did himself resign.  
 She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The Mantle that she wore, said jesting,  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy Back,  
 And as the French we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us Laws for Pantaloons.  
 The length of Breeches, and the Gathers,  
 Port-Cannons, Fenwicks and Feathers;  
 Just so the proud insulting La's  
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.  
 Meanwhile the other Champions,亟  
 In hurry of the Fight dispers'd,

Arriv'd, when *Trulla* won the Day,  
To share i' th' Honour and the Prey,  
And out of *Hudibras* his Hide.  
With Vengeance to be satisfy'd;

935 Which now they were about to pour  
Upon him in a Wooden Show'r.  
But *Trulla* thrust her self between,  
And striding o'er his Back agen,

She brandish'd o'er her Head his Sword,

940 And vow'd they should not break her Word;  
Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood  
Or theirs should make that Quarter good.  
For she was bound by Law of Arms,  
To see him safe from farther Harms.

945 In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* cast,  
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay fast:  
Where to the hard and ruthless Stones,  
His great Heart made perpetual Moans:

Him the resolv'd that *Hudibras*

950 Should ransom, and supply his Place.

This stopt their Fury, and the Basting  
Which towards *Hudibras* was hasting.

They thought it was but just and right,  
That what she had atchiev'd in Fight

955 She should dispose of how she pleas'd:  
*Crowdero* ought to be releas'd:  
Nor could that any way be done  
So well as this she pitch'd upon:

For who a better cou'd imagine?

960 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.  
The Knight and Squire first they made  
Rise from the Ground where they were laid  
Then mounted both upon their Horses,  
But with their Faces to the Axes.

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PART I. CANTO III. 95

96; *Orsin* led *Hudibras's* Beast,  
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* prest ;  
Whom stout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*,  
And *Colon* waited as a Guard on ;  
All usk'ring *Trulla* in the Rear,  
970 With th' Arms of either Prisoner.  
In this proud Order and Array  
They put themselves upon their Way,  
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,  
Wherè stout *Crowdero* in Durance lay still.  
975 Thither with greater speed, than Shows  
And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes  
Do use to allow ; or than the *Bears*,  
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*  
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd  
980 In Order, Soldier-like contriv'd ;  
Still Marching in a Warlike Posture,  
As fit for Battel as for Muster.  
The *Knight* and *Squire* they first unhorse,  
And bending gainst the Fort their Force,  
985 They all advanc'd, and round about  
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.  
*Magnan'* led up in this Adventure,  
And made way for the rest to enter.  
For he was skilful in *Black Art*,  
990 No less than he that built the Fort :  
And with an Iron Mace laid flat  
A Breach, which strait all enter'd at ;  
And in the Wooden Dungeon found  
*Crowdero* laid upon the Ground.  
995 Him they release from Durance base,  
Restor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Cafe*,  
And *Liberty*, his thirsty Rage,  
With Luscious Vengeance to asswage.

For he no sooner was at large,  
 1000 But *Trulla* straight brought on the Charge,  
 And in the self-same Limbs put  
 The Knight and Squire, where he was shut,  
 Where leaving them in *Hockly i' th' Hole*,  
 Their Bangs and Durance to condole,  
 1005 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
 Enchanted Mansion, to know Sorrow,  
 In the same Order and Array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.  
 But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop  
 1010 To Fortune, or be said to droop,  
 Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,  
 And Sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind,  
 Is, *sui Juris*, unconfin'd,  
 1015 And cannot be laid by the Heels,  
 Whate'er the other Mosity feels.  
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,  
 That makes Men Prisoners of free;  
 But Perturbations that possess  
 1020 The Mind, or *Aequanimities*.  
 The whole World was not half so wide  
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow Tub to  
 1025 *Diogenes*, who is not said  
 (For ought that ever I could read).  
 To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye, and sob,  
 Because h'had ne'er another *Tub*.  
 And Ancients make two several Kinds  
 1030 Of Prowess in Heroick Minds,  
 The *Active* and the *Passive* Valiant;  
 Both which are *peri libra galiant*;

I. PART II CANTO III. 97

For both to give Blows, and to carry,  
In Fights, are equenecessary;

1035 But in Defeats, the *Passive* stout  
Are always found to stand it out  
Most desp'rately, and to out-do

The *Active*, 'gainst the conqu'ring Foe.

Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggil'd,

1040 Or, as the Vulgar say, are cudgel'd:

He that is valiant, and dares fight,

The' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.

Honour's a *Lease for Lives to come*,

And cannot be extended from

1045 The legal Tenant: "Tis a Chattel

Not to be forfeited in Battel.

If he that is in Battel slain,

Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,

He that is beaten may be sed

1050 To lye in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.

For as we see th' eclipsed Sun

By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,

Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,

He shines in serene Sky most bright:

1055 So Valour, in a low Estate,

Is most admir'd, and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know!

We may by being beaten grow;

But none that see how here we sit,

1060 Will judge us overgrown with Wit.

As gifted Brethren preaching by

A Carnal Hour-Glass, do imply

Illumination can convey

Into them what they have to say,

1065 But not how much; so well enough

Know you to charge, but not draw off;

For who without a *Cap and Bauble*,  
 Having subdu'd a *Bear and Rabb'le*,  
 And might with Honour have come off,  
 1070 Wou'd put it to a second Proof?

A politick Exploit, right fit  
 For *Presbyterian Zeal and Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, that Cuckow's, Tone,  
*Ralpho*, thou always harp'st upon:

1075 When thou at thing wouldest rail,  
 Thou mak'st *Presbytery the Scale*  
 To take the Height on't, and explain  
 To what Degree it is prophanè;  
 What'sever will not with (thy what d'ye call)  
 1080 Thy *Light* jump right, thou call'st *Synodical*,  
 As if *Presbytery* were the Standard,  
 To size what'sever's to be slander'd.  
 Dost not remember how this Day,

Thou to my Beard wast bold to say,

1085 That thou cou'dst prove *Bear-baiting* equal  
 With *Synods*, *Orthodox* and *Legal*?  
 Do, if thou canst, for I deny't,  
 And dare thee to't with all thy *Light*,

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no

1090 Hard Matter for a Man to do,  
 That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,  
 And cou'd believe it worth his Pains.  
 But since you dare and urge me to it,  
 You'll find I've Light enough to do it.

1095 *Synods* are mystical *Bear-Gardens*,  
 Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-Wardens*,  
 And other Members of the Court,  
 Manage the *Babylonish Sport*.

For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bear-ward*,  
 1100 Do differ only in a meer Word,

## PART I. CANTO III.

99

Both are but sev'ral Synagogues  
Of Carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:  
Both Antichristian Assemblies,  
To Mischief bent as far's in them lies:

1105 Both stave and tail, with fierce Contests,  
The one with Men, the other Beasts.  
The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
The Tongue, the other with his Teeth;  
And that they bait but Bears in this,

1110 In t' other Souls and Consciences;  
Where Saints themselves are brought to Stake  
For Gospel-Light and Conscience sake;  
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
Instead of Massive Dogs and Curs:

1115 Than whom th' have less Humanity,  
For these at Souls of Men will fly.  
This to the Prophet did appear,  
Who in a Vision saw a Bear,  
Prefiguring the beastly Rage

1120 Of Church-Rule, in this latter Age  
As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.  
Bears nat'rally are Beasts of Prey,  
That live by Rapine; so do they.

1125 What are their Orders, Constitutions,  
Church-Censures, Curses, Absolutions,  
But sev'ral mystick Chains they make,  
To tye poor Christians to the Stake?  
And then set Heathen Officers,

1130 Instead of Dogs, about their Ears.  
For to prohibit and dispense,  
To find out or to make Offence;  
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,  
To play with Souls at fast and loose;

## 100 CANTO III. PART I.

1135 To set what Characters they please,  
And Mulcts on Sin or Godliness ;  
Reduce the Church to *Gospel-Order*,  
By *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Murther* ;  
To make *Presbytery* supremam,

1140 And Kings themselves submit to them ;  
And force all People, tho' against  
*Their Consciences*, for to turn *Saints*,  
Must prove a pretty thriving Trade,  
When *Saints* Monopolists are made.

1145 When Pious Frauds and *Holy Shifts*  
Are *Dispensations* and *Gifts*,  
*Their Godliness* becomes meer Ware,  
~~And~~ ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.  
*Synods* are Whelps of th' *Inquisition*,

1150 A mungrel Breed of like Pernicione,  
And growing up, became the Sires  
Of *Scribes*, *Commissioners*, and *Triers* ;  
Whose Bus'ness is, by cunning slight,  
To cast a Figure for Mens Light,

1155 To find in Lines of Beard and Face,  
The *Physiognomy* of *Grace* ;  
And by the Sound and *Twang* of *Nose*,  
If all be found within disclose ;  
Free from a Crack or Flaw of Sinning,

1160 As Men try *Pipkins* by the Ringing ;  
By *Black Caps*, underlaid with *White*,  
Give certain Gues at inward Light :  
Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,  
To make the *Spiritual Calling* clear.

1165 The *Handkerchief* about the Neck  
(*Canonical Crabat of Smeck*,  
From whom the Institution came,  
When Church and State they set on Flame,

## PART I. CANTO III. LVI

And worn by them as Badges then.

1170 Of Spiritual Warfaring Men)

Judge rightly if Regeneration

Be of the newest Cut in Fashion,

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,

That Grace is founded on Dominion.

1175 Great Piety consists in Pride;

To rule is to be sanctify'd:

To domineer, and to controul,

Both o'er the Body and the Soul,

Is the most perfect Discipline

1180 Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine.

Bell and the Dragon's Chaplains were

More moderate than these by far:

For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,

To get their Wives and Children Meat;

1185 But these will not be fobbd off so,

They must have Wealth and Power too;

Or else with Blood and Desolation

They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.

Sure these themselves from Primitive

1190 And Heathen Priesthood do derive,

When Butchers were the only Clerks,

Elders and Presbyters of Kirks,

Whose Directory was to kill;

And some believe it is so still.

1195 The only Diff'rence is, that then

They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men..

For then to sacrifice a Bullock,

Or now and then a Child to Moloch,

They count a vile Abomination,

1200 But not to slaughter a whole Nation.

Presbytery does but translate

The Papacy to a Free State.

A Common-wealth of Popery,  
Where every Village is a See  
 1205 As well as *Rome*, and must maintain  
 A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan*:  
 Where ev'ry *Presbyter* and *Deacon*  
 Commands the *Keys* for *Cheese* and *Bacon*,  
 And ev'ry *Hamlet's* governed  
 1210 By's *Holyness*, the *Church's Head*,  
 More haughty and severe in's Place,  
 Than *Gregory* or *Boniface*.  
 Such Church must (surely) be a Monster  
 With many Heads: For if we conſter  
 1215 What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,  
 According to th' *Apostle's Mind*,  
 'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*  
 With many Heads did ride upon;  
 Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe  
 1220 Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*,  
*Lay-Elders*, *Simeon to Levi*,  
 Whose little Finger is as heavy  
 As Loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,  
 And Bishop-secular. This Zealot  
 1225 Is of a Mungrel, diverse Kind,  
*Clerick* before, and *Lay* behind;  
 A lawless *Linsie-Woolfie Brother*,  
 Half of one Order, half another;  
 A Creature of Amphibious Nature,  
 1230 On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water;  
 That always preys on Grace or Sin;  
 A Sheep without, a Wolf within.  
 This fierce Inquisitor, has chief  
 Dominion over Mens Belief  
 1235 And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*  
 Idolatrous, or Ignorant,

When superciliously he sifts  
Thro' coursest Boultre others *Gifts*.  
For all Men live and judge amiss;

1240 Whose *Talents* jump not just with his.

He'll lay on *Gifts* with Hands, and place  
On dullest Noddle *Light* and *Grace*,  
The Manufacture of the *Kirk*,  
Those Pastors are but th' Handy-work

1245 Of his Mechanick Paws, instilling  
Divinity in them by feeling.

From whence they start up *chosen Vessels*,  
Made by Contract, as Men get *Mearles*.  
So *Cardinals*, they say, do grope

1250 At t'other End the new-made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, *Soft Fire*,  
They say, does make sweet Malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast;  
For *haste* (the Proverb says) makes waste.

1255 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make  
Are false, and built upon Mistake.

And I shall bring you, with your Pack  
Of Fallacies, t' *Elenchi* back;

1260 And put your Arguments in Mood  
And Figure to be understood.

I'll force you by right Ratiocination  
To leave your *Vitilition*,  
And make you keep to th' Question close  
And argue *Dialecticoes*.

1265 The Question then, to state it first,  
Is, which is better, or which *worſt*,  
*Synods* or *Bears*. Bears I avow  
To be the *worſt*, and *Synods* thou.

1270 But to make good th' Assertion,  
Thou say'st th'are really *all one*.

## 164 CANTO III. PART I.

If so, not *worſt*; for if th'are *idem*,  
 Why then; *Tantundem dat Tantidem*,  
 For if they are the *same*, by course  
 Neither is *better*, neither *worse*.

1273 But I deny they are the *same*,  
 More than a *Maggot* and I am.  
 That both are *Animalia*  
 I grant; but not *Rationalia*:  
 For tho' they do agree in Kind,  
 1280 Specifick Difference we find;  
 And can no more make *Bears* of these,  
 Than prove my *Horse* is *Socrates*.  
 That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,  
 Thou doſt affirm; but I say, No:

1285 And thus I prove it, in a Word,  
 What's-ever *Assembly*'s not impower'd  
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,  
 Can be no *Synod*: But *Bear-Garden*  
 Has no ſuch Pow'r. *Ergo*, 'Tis none;

1290 And fo thy Sophistry's o'erthrown.  
 But yet we are besides the Question,  
 Which thou didſt raise the first Contefon;  
 For that was, Whether *Bears* were better  
 Than *Synod-Man*? I say, *Negatur*.

1295 That *Bears* are *Beasts*, and *Synods*, *Men*,  
 Is held by all: They're better thea:  
 For *Bears* and *Dogs* on four Legs go,  
 As *Beasts*; but *Synod-Men* on two.  
 'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;

1300 But prove that *Synod-Men* have *Tails*;  
 Or that a rugged, shaggy *Fur*  
 Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;  
 Or that his *Snout* and *spacious Ears*  
 Do hold Proportion with a *Bear's*.

PART I. CANTO III. 105.

1305 A Bear's a savage Beast, of all  
Most Ugly and Unnatural;  
Whelpt without Form, until the Dam  
Has lickt it into Shape and Frame;  
But all thy Light can ne'er evict,

1310 That ever Synod-Man was lickt;  
Or brought to any other Fashion,  
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
Oppugn thy self and Sense, that is,

1315 Thou wouldest have Presbyters to go  
For Bears, and Dogs, and Bearwards too;  
A strange Chimera of Beasts and Men,  
Made up of pieces Heterogene,  
Such as in Nature never met.

1320 In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all  
Supposures, Hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.

1325 Much thou hast said; which I know when  
And where, thou stol'st from other Men,  
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifs  
Are all but Plagiary Shifts;)

And is the same that Ranter said,  
1330 Who arguing with me, broke my Head,  
And tore a handful of my Beard,  
The self same Cavils then I heard,  
When bring in hot Dispute about  
This Controversie, we fell out;

1335 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralph, Nothing but th' Abuse  
Of Human Learning you produce;

## 106 CANTO III. PART I

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,  
 1340 Pro aye, erroneous and vain ;  
 A Trade of Knowledge as replete  
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat :  
 An Art t'incumber *Gifts*, and Wit,  
 And render both for nothing fit ;  
 1345 Makes *Light* unactive, dull and troubled,  
 Like little *David* in *Saul's* Doublet :  
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon  
 Other Mens Reason and their own ;  
 A Fort of Error, to ensconce  
 1350 Absurdity and Ignorance,  
 That renders all the Avenues  
 To Truth, impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain Things, in debate,  
 By Art, perplext and intricate :  
 1355 For nothing goes for Sense, or *Light*,  
 That will not with old Rules jump right.  
 As if Rules were not in the Schools  
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules,  
 This *Pagan, Heathenish* Invention  
 1360 Is good for nothing but Contention.  
 For as in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,  
 All Blows do on the Target light :  
 So when Men argue, the great'ſt part  
 O'th' Contest falls on Terms of Art,  
 1365 Until the Fustian fluff be spent,  
 And then they fall to th' Argument.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou hast  
 Out-run the Constable at last :  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 1370 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white.

Mere *Disparata*, that concerning,  
Presbytery, this *Human Learning* ;  
1375 Two Things s' averse, they never yet  
But in thy rambling Fancy met.  
But I shall take a fit Occasion  
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,  
Some other time, in Place more proper  
1380 Than this w'are in : therefore let's stop here,  
And rest our weary'd Bones a while,  
Already tir'd with other Toil,



# HUNDIBRAS

## The SECOND PART

**TERI** sets to work with

## Coffee and American Literature

MICHIGAN

## ADDITIONS

# СИКУЛ НОІТАОИА



WADSWORTH

# *HUDIBRAS.*

---

The SECOND PART.

---

*By the Author of the FIRST.*

---

Corrected and Amended:

With several

ADDITIONS  
AND  
ANNOTATIONS.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Walthoe, J. Nicholson, B. Tooke,  
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M. Wellington. MDCCXVI.



1



# HUDIBRAS.

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## PART II.

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### The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight, by damnable Magician,  
Being cast illegally in Prison ;  
Love brings the Action on the Case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the Lady's visit,  
And cunningly sollicits his Suite,  
Which she defers ; yet on Parole,  
Redeems him from th'incanted Hole.*

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO OF THE

---

## CANTO I.

---

**B**UT now, t' observe Romantick Method,  
Let bloody Steel a while be sheathed ;  
And all those harsh and rugged Sounds,  
Of Bastinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,  
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Style,  
To let our Reader breath a while :

In which that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of Preface, mod. this  
Is't not enough to make one strange,  
10 That some Mens Fancies should ne'er change,  
But make all People do and say  
The same things still the self-same Way?  
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,  
And *Knights* pursuing like a *Whirlwind*:  
15 Others make all their *Knights* in Fits  
Of Jealousie to lose their Wits;  
Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,  
Th'are forthwith cur'd of their Caprices.  
Some always thire in their Amours,  
20 By pulling Plasters off their Sores;  
As Cripples do to get an Alms;  
Just so do they, and win their Dames:  
Some force whole Regions, in despight  
Of Geography, to change their site:  
25 Make former Times shake Hands with latter,  
And that which was before, come after:  
But those that write in *Rhyme*, still make  
The one Verse for the others sake,  
For, one for Sense, and one for Rhimes,  
30 I think's sufficient at one time.  
But we forget in what sad plight  
We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*  
And pensive *Squire*, both bruised in Body,  
And conjur'd into safe Custody:  
35 Tir'd with Dispute, and speaking *Latin*,  
As well as Basting, and Bear-baiting,  
And desperate of any course,  
To free himself by Wit or Force;  
His only Solace was, that now  
40 His Dog-bolt Fortune was so low,

H.  
PART II. CANTO I. 113

That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend;  
In which he found th' Event, no less  
Than other times, besides his Gues.

45 There is a tall long-sided Dame,  
(But wond'rous light) ycleped *Fame*,  
That like a thin *Camelion* boards  
Her self on Air, and eats her Words:  
Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears  
50 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with *Ears*,  
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,  
Made good by deed *Mythologift*.  
With these she through the Welkin flies,  
And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lies*;  
55 With Letters hung like *Eastern Pigeons*,  
And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;  
*Diurnals* writ for Regulation  
Of Lying, to inform the Nation;  
And by their publick use to bring down,  
60 The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom:  
About her Neck a *Pacquet-Male*,  
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,  
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,  
And *Cows* of Monsters brought to Bed;  
65 Of *Hailstones* big as *Fullers Eggs*,  
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs;  
A *Blazing-Star* seen in the West,  
By six or seven Men at least:  
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,  
70 But both of clean contrary Tones,  
But whether both with the same Wind,  
Or one before, and one behind,  
We know not, only this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well.

## 114 CANTO I. PART II.

75 And therefore vulgar *Authors name*,  
 The one Good, t'other Evil *Fame*.  
 This rattling *Gossip* knew too well,  
 What Mischief *Hudibras* beset;  
 And freight the spightful Tidings bears  
 80 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.  
*Democritus* ne'er laugh'd so loud,  
 To see *Bawds* carted thro' the Crowd,  
 Or Funerals with stately Pomp,  
 March slowly on in solemn Dump,  
 85 As she laugh'd out, until her Back,  
 As well as Sides, was like to crack.  
 She vow'd she would go see the Sight,  
 And visit the distressed *Knight*:  
 To do the Office of a Neighbour,  
 90 And be a *Gossip* at his Labour;  
 And from his wooden Goal, the Stocks,  
 To set at large his Fetter-Locks,  
 And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransom,  
 To free him from th' Enchanted Mansion,  
 95 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for Hood  
 And Usher, Implements abfoad  
 Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender  
 Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.  
 All which appearing, on she went,  
 100 To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent.  
 And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him, and his stout *Squire*, in the Pound;  
 Both coupled in Enchanted Tether,  
 By farther Leg behind together:  
 105 For as he sat upon his Rump,  
 His Head, like one in doleful dump,  
 Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd  
 Unto his Ears on either side;



part 2, page 17.



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PART I. CANTO II. 113

And by him, in another Hole,  
Afflicted *Ralph*, Cheek by Joule :  
She came upon him in his Wooden  
Magician's Circle on the sudden,  
As Spirits do t' a Conjurer,  
When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.  
115 No sooner did the *Knight* perceive her,  
But streight he fell into a Fever,  
Inflam'd all over with Disgrace,  
To be seen by her in such a Place ;  
Which made him hang his Head, and scoul,  
120 And wink, and goggle like an Owl.  
He felt his Brains begin to swim,  
When thus the Dame accosted him,  
This Place (quoth she) they say's Enchanted,  
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,  
125 That here are ty'd in Chains, and scourg'd,  
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd :  
Look, there are two of them appear,  
Like Persons I have seen somewhere.  
Some have mistaken Blocks and Posts.  
130 For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghosts*,  
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and some  
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum :  
But if our Eyes are not false Glasses,  
That give a wrong Account of Faces ;  
135 That Beard and I should be acquainted,  
Before 'twas Conjur'd and Enchanted ;  
For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
As if t'had lately been in Combat,  
It did belong t'a worthy *Knight*,  
140 Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by it.  
When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard,  
Discoursing thus upon his Beard,

## 116 CANTO I. PART II.

And speak with such Respect and Honour,  
Both of the Beard, and the Beard's Owner;

145 He thought it best to set as good  
A Face upon it as he cou'd,  
And thus he spoke: *Lady*, your bright  
And radiant Eyes are in the right;  
The Beard's th' identick Beard you knew,

150 The same numerically true:  
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,  
But its Proprietor himself.  
Oh Heav'n's! quoth she, can that be true?  
I do begin to fear 'tis you;

155 Not by your individual Whiskers,  
But by your Dialect and Discourse,  
That never spoke to Man or Beast  
In Notions vulgarly express'd.  
But what malignant Star, alas!

160 Has brought you both to this sad pass?  
Quoth he, The Fortune of the War,  
Which I am less afflicted for,  
Than to be seen with Beard and Face  
By you in such a homely case.

165 Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed  
For being honourably maim'd;  
If he that is in Battel conquer'd,  
Have any Title to his own Beard,  
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,

170 It does your Visage more adorn,  
Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd and lander'd,  
And cut square by the *Russian* Standard.  
A torn Beard's like a tatter'd Ensign,  
That's bravest which there are most Rents in.

175 That Petticoat about your Shoulders  
Does not so well become a Soldier's,

ARMED DAY OF 1848. NOVEMBER 19.

PART II. CANTO I. 117

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
Although i'th' Rear, your Beard the Van led;  
And those uneasie Bruises make  
My Heart for Company to ake,  
To see so Worshipful a Friend  
I' th' Pill'ry set at the wrong End.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,  
Is (as the Learned Stoicks maintain)  
Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
But meerly as 'tis understood.  
Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
As well in counterfeiting *Pain*,  
As other gross *Phænomena's*,  
In which it oft mistakes the Case;  
But since th' Immortal Intellect  
(That's free from Errour and Defect,  
Whose Objects still persist the same)  
Is free from outward Bruise or Main,  
Which nought external can expose  
To gross material Bangs or Blows;  
It follows, we can ne'er be sure,  
Whether we Pain or not endure;  
And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
As by the Fancy is believ'd;  
Some have been wounded with Conceit,  
And dy'd of meer Opinion freight;  
Others, tho' wounded sore in Reason,  
Felt no Contusion, nor Discretion.

A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,  
That *Mice* (as Histories relate)  
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in  
His Postick Parts without his feeling:  
Then how is't possible a Kick  
Should e'er reach that way to the quick:

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's basted to feel Pain,  
 Because the Pangs his Bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the Cure ;

215 Yet Honour hurt, is wont to rage  
 With Pain no Med'cine can asswage.

Quoth he, that Honour's very squeamish,  
 That takes a Basting for a Blemish ;  
 For what's more hon'able than Scars,

220 Or Skin to Tatters rent in Wars ?

Some have been beaten 'till they know  
 What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' Blow :  
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
 A Shoe be Spanish or Neat's Leather ;

225 And yet have met, after long running,  
 With some whom they haye taught that cunning  
 The farthest way about, t'o'ercome,  
 I'th' end does prove the nearest home ;  
 By Laws of learned Duelists,

230 They that are bruis'd with Wood or Fists,  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are Cowards, and Pultroons :  
 But if they dare engage t'a second,  
 They're Stout and Gallant Fellows reckon'd.

235 Th' old Romans Freedom did bestow,  
 Our Princes Worship, with a Blow :  
 King Porhus cur'd his splenetick  
 And temy Courtiers with a Kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty Lord

240 Or Potentate's to be restor'd,  
 And pardon'd for some great Offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense ;  
 First has him laid upon his Belly,  
 Then beaten Back and Side t'a jelly ;

PART II. CANTO I. 119

245 That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
And gives thanks for the Princely Blows;  
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
Of his Magnificent Rib-roasting.

The beaten Soldier proves most manful,

250 That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil,  
And justly's held more formidable,  
The more his Valour's malleable;  
But he that fears a Bastinado,  
Will run away from his own Shadow:

255 And though I'm now in Durance fast,  
By our own Party basely cast,  
Ransome, Exchange, Parole, refus'd,  
And worse than by the Enemy us'd;  
In close Catasta shut, past hope

260 Of Wit, or Valour, to elope:  
As Beards, the nearer that they tend  
To th' Earth, still grow more reverend;  
And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,  
The lower we let down their Breeches.

265 I'll make this low dejected State  
Advance me to a greater Height.  
Quoth she, Y'have almost made m' in Love  
With that which did my Pity move.

Great Wits and Valours, like great States,  
270 Do sometimes sink with their own Weights:  
Th' Extream, of Glory, and of Shame,  
Like East and West become the same:  
No Indian Prince has to his Palace  
More Follow'rs than a Thief to th' Gallows.

275 But if a Beating seem so brave,  
What Glories must a Whipping have?  
Such great Achievements cannot fail  
To cast Salt on a Woman's Tail;

## 120 CANTO I. PART II.

For if I thought your *Nat'ral Talent*  
 230 Of *Passive Courage* were so gallant,  
     As you strain hard to have it thought,  
     I could grow *Amorous*, and *Dote*.  
     When *Hudibras* this *Language* heard,  
     He prick'd up's Ears, and stroak'd his Beard:  
 235 Thought he, This is the *Lucky Hour*,  
     *Wines* work when *Vines* are in the Flower;  
     This *Crisis* then I'll set my rest on,  
     And put her boldly to the *Question*.  
     Madam, What you wou'd seem to doubt,  
 240 Shall be to all the World made out;  
     How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*  
     And *Magnanimity*, I bear it;  
     And if you doubt it to be true,  
     I'll stake my self down against you:  
 245 And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,  
     Be you the *Winn'r*, and take both.  
     Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stag'en*  
     Say, Fools for *Argument* use *Wagers*;  
     And tho' I prais'd your *Valour*, yet  
 250 I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*;  
     Which if you have, you must needs know  
     What I have told you before now,  
     And you b' *Experiment* have prov'd,  
     I cannot *Love* where I'm belov'd.  
 255 Quoth *Hudibras*, 'Tis a *Caprich*  
     Beyond th' Infliction of a *Witch*;  
     So *Cheats* to play with those still aim,  
     That do not understand the *Game*.  
     *Love* in your Heart as idly burns  
 260 As Fire in Antique *Roman Urns*,  
     To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light  
     Those only that see nothing by't,

Have

Have you not Pow'r to entertain,  
And render *Love* for *Love* again ;  
315 As no *Man* can draw in his *Breath*  
At once, and force our *Air* beneath ?  
Or do you love your self so much,  
To bear all *Rivals* else a *Grutch* ?  
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curse  
320 Than you upon your self would force ?  
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, some say  
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.  
It is a kind of *Rape* to marry  
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :  
325 For what does make it *Ravishment*,  
But b'ing against the *Mind's Consent* ?  
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane,  
For being acted by a *Woman*.  
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us  
330 To *Love* you, that you may despise us ?  
But though you cannot *Love*, you say,  
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,  
Why should you not at least allow  
Those that *Love* you, to do so too ?  
335 For, as you fly me, and pursue  
*Love* more averse, so I do you ;  
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught  
To practise what you call a *Fault*.  
Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
340 You must fly me as I do you ;  
But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that must sway.  
Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,  
Is to forbid my *Pulse* to move,  
345 My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,  
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup :

Command me to piss out the Moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done.  
 Love's Pow'r's too great to be withheld  
 350 By feeble Humane Flesh and Blood.  
 'Twas he that brought upon his Knees  
 The Hell'ring Kill-Cow Hercules;  
 Transform'd his Leager-Lion's Skin  
 To a Petticoat, and made him spin;  
 355 Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle  
 To a feeble Distaff, and a Spindle.  
 'Twas he that made Emperors Gallants  
 To their own Sisters, and their Aunts;  
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,  
 360 To play with Pages at Leap frog:  
 'Twas he that gave our Senate Purges,  
 And fluxt the House of many a Burgess;  
 Made those that represent the Nation  
 Submit, and suffer Amputation,  
 365 And all the Grandees of th' Cabal  
 Adjourn to Tubs, at Spring and Fall.  
 He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-Lane, and Little Sodom;  
 Made 'em corvet, like Spanish Jenets,  
 370 And take the Ring at Madam---  
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the Devil cou'd tempt him to;  
 In cold and frosty Weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a Wife of Snow;  
 375 And tho' she were of Rigid Temper,  
 With melting Flames accost and tempt her;  
 Which after in Enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a Garland on his Engine.  
 Quoth she, if Love have these Effects,  
 380 Why is it not forbid our Sex?

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted  
For *Diabolical* and Wicked?  
And sung, as out of Tune, against,  
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?

385 I find I've greater Reason for it,  
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, These sad Effects  
Spring from your *Heathenish* neglects  
Of Love's great Pow'r, which he returns  
390 Upon your selves with equal Scorns;  
And those, who worthy Lovers slight  
Plagues with prepost'rous Appetite:  
This made the Beauteous Queen of Crete  
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet:

395 And from her Greatnes stoop so low,  
To be the Rival of a Cow:  
Others to prostitute their great Hearts,  
To be Baboons and Monkeys Sweet-hearts.  
Some with the Dev'l himself in League grow

400 By's Representative a Negro.  
'Twas this made *Vestal-Maids* love-sick,  
And venture to be bury'd Quick.  
Some by their Fathers, and their Brothers,  
To be made Mistresses and Mothers:

405 'Tis this that proudest Dames enamours  
On *Lacquies*, and *Valets des Chambres*:  
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty Grooms:  
To slight the World, and to disparage

410 Claps, Issue, Infamy, and Marriage.

Quoth she, These Judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust Men with their Oaths, or prove  
Their Faith and Seeresie in Love,

415 Says he, There is as weighty Reason  
 For Secrecie in Love, as Treason.  
 Love is a Burglary, a Felony,  
 That at the Windore-Eye does steal in  
 To rob the Heart, and with his Prey  
 420 Steals out again a closer way,  
 Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
 Love is a Fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In Men as nat'rally as in Charcoals  
 425 Which sooty Chymists stop in Holes,  
 When out of Wood they extract Coals;  
 So Lovers should their Passions choak,  
 That tho' they burn, they may not smoak.  
 'Tis like that sturdy Thief that stole  
 430 And dragg'd Beasts backwards into's Hole:  
 So Love does Lovers, and us Men  
 Draws by the Tails into his Den,  
 That no Impression may discover,  
 And trace t' his Cave the wary Lover.  
 435 But if you doubt I should reveal  
 What you entrust me under Seal,  
 I'll prove my self as close and virtuous  
 As your own Secretary, Albertus.  
 Quoth he, I grant you may be close  
 440 In hiding what your Aims propose:  
 Love-Passions are like Parables,  
 By which Men still mean something else:  
 Tho' Love be all the World's Pretence,  
 Many's the Mythologick Sense,  
 445 The real Substance of the Shadow,  
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to.  
 Thought he, I understand your Play,  
 And how to quit you your own way;

PARTAH CANTO I. 125

He that will win his Dame must do  
 450 As Love does, when he bends his Bow,  
     With one Hand thrust the Lady from,  
     And with the other pull her Home.  
 I grant, quoth he, Wealth is a great  
     Provocative to am'rous Heats,  
 455 It is all Philters; and high Diet,  
     That makes Love rampant, and to fly oft:  
     'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,  
     That Buds and Blossoms at Fourscore:  
     'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon  
 460 At their own Weapons are out-done:  
     That makes Knights-Errant fall in Trances,  
     And lay about 'em in Romances:  
     'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all  
     That Men Divine and Sacred call;  
 465 For what is Worth in any Thing,  
     But so much Money as 'twill bring:  
     Or what but Riches is there known,  
     Which Man can solely call his own;  
     In which no Creature goes his half,  
 470 Unless it be to squint and laugh?  
 I do confess, with Goods and Land  
     I'd have a Wife at second hand;  
     And such you are! Not is't your Person  
     My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;  
 475 But 'tis (your better Part) your Riches,  
     That may enamour'd Heart bewitches;  
     Let me your Fortunes but possess,  
     And settle your Person how you please,  
     Or make it o'er in trust to th' Devil,  
 480 You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this Plainness better  
     Than false Mock-Passion, Speech, or Letter,

Or any Feat of Qualm or Swooning  
 But Hanging of your self, or Drownings;

485 Your only way with me to break  
 Your Mind, is breaking of your Neck;  
 For as when Merchants break, o'erthrown,  
 Like Nine-pins, they strike others down;  
 So that would break my Heart, which done,

490 My tempting Fortune is your own.  
 These are but Trifles, ev'ry Lover  
 Will damn himself over and over,  
 And greater Matters undertake  
 For a less worthy Mistress sake:

495 Yet th' are the only ways to prove  
 Th'unfeign'd Realities of Love;  
 For he that hangs or beats out's Brains,  
 The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough

500 For mere Experiment, and Proof;  
 It is no jesting, trivial Matter,  
 To swing i' th' Air, or douse in Water,  
 And, like a Water-witch, try Love;  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:

505 As if a Man should be dissected,  
 To find what part is disaffected;  
 Your better way is to make over  
 In trust, your Fortune to your Lover;  
 Trust is a Tryal, if it break,

510 'Tis not so desp'reate as a Neck;  
 Beside, th' Experiment's more certain,  
 Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune;  
 The Soldier does it ev'ry Day  
 (Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay:

515 Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,  
 To share with Knaves in cheating Fools:

PART II. CANTO I. 127

And Merchants, vent'ring thro' the Main,  
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain;  
This is the way I'dvise you to,  
520 Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run  
My self all th' Hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some *Dard*  
Of yours aforesaid do precede ;  
525 Give but your self one gentle *Swing*  
For Trial, and I'll cut the *String* :  
Or give that rev'send *Head* a mall,  
Or two, or three, against a Wall ;  
To show you are a Man of Mettle,  
530 And I'll engage my self to settle.

Quoth he, My *Head*'s not made of *Brafs*,  
As Friar Bacon's Noddle was ;  
Nor (like the Indian's Skull) so tough,  
That, Authors say, 'twas *Musquet-proof* :  
535 As it had need to be, to enter  
As yet on any new *Adventure* :  
You see what *Bangs* it has endur'd,  
That wou'd before new *Fears* be cur'd :  
But if that's all you stand upon,  
540 Here, strike me *Luck*, it shall be done.

Quoth she, The Matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose, Two *Words* t' a *Bargain*,  
That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright *Proof* ;  
545 And yet 'tis no *Fantastick Pique*  
I have to *Love*, nor coy *dislike* ;  
'Tis no implicit, nice *Aversion*  
T' your *Conversation*, *Mein* or *Person*,  
But a just Fear, lest you shou'd prove  
550 False and perfidious in *Love* :

## 128 CANTO I. PART II.

For if I thought you could be true,  
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as Adamantine,  
As Chains or Destiny, I'll maintain;

True as Apollo ever spoke,  
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak;

And if you'll give my Flame but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And stine upon me but benignly,

With that one, and that other Eye,  
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,  
Than Love, or you, shake off my Heart;  
The Sun that shall no more dispence  
His own, but your bright Influence;

I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,  
With True-love-knots, and Flourishes;  
That shall infuse Eternal Spring,  
And everlasting flourishing:  
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,

And make it brisk Champaigne become:  
Where e'er you tread, your Foot shall set  
The Primrose and the Violet;  
All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,  
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours;

Nature her Charter shall renew,  
And take all Lives of Things from you;  
The World depend upon your Eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die.  
Only our Loves shall still survive,

New Worlds, and Natures to out-live;  
And, like to Herds of Moons, remain  
All Crescents, without Change or Wane.

Hold, hold, quoth he, no more of this,  
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss:

PART II. CANTO ND. 129

585 For you will find it a hard Chapter  
To catch me with Poetick Rapture,  
In which your Mastery of Art doth show  
Doth shew it self, and not your Heart.  
Nor will you raise in mine Combustion,  
590 By dint of high Heroick Fustion:  
She that with Poetry is won,  
Is but a Desk to write upon; she is won  
And what Men say of her, they mean  
No more than on the Thing they lean.  
595 Some with Arabian Spices strive  
T' Embalm her cruelly alive;  
Or Season her, as French Cooks use  
Their Hau-gousts, Bouillon, or Ragouts;  
Use her so barbarously ill,  
600 To gtind her Lips upon a Mill,  
Until the Facet Doublet doth  
Fit their Rhimes rather than her Mouth;  
Her Mouth compar'd t' an Oyster's, with  
A Row of Pearl instead of Teeth;  
605 Others make Posies of her Cheeks,  
Where Red and Whitest Colours mix;  
In which the Lilly, and the Rose,  
For Indian Lake, and Ceruse goes.  
The Sun and Moon by her bright Eyes  
610 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the Skies,  
Are but black Patches that she wears,  
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:  
By which Astrologers, as well  
As those in Heav'n above, can tell  
615 What strange Events they do foreshow  
Unto her Under-World below.  
Her Voice, the Musick of the Spheres,  
So loud, it deafens Mortals Ears.

As wise Philosophers have thought,

620 And that's the Cause we hear it not.

This has been done by some, who those  
Th' ador'd in Rhime wou'd kick in Prose;  
And in those Ribbons would have hung,  
Of which melodiously they sung:

625 That have the hard Fate to write best

Of those still that deserve it least;  
It matters not how false, or forc'd,  
So the best Things be said o' th' Worst;

It goes for nothing when 'tis said,

630 Only the Arrow's drawn to th' Head,

Whether it be a Swan or Goose  
They level at: So Shepherds use  
To set the same Mark on the Hip

Both of their sound and rotten Sheep:

635 For Wits that carry low or wide,

Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
The Mark, which else they ne'er come nigh  
But when they take their Aim awry.

But I do wonder you shou'd chuse

640 This way t' attack me with your Muse,

As one cut out to pass your Tricks on,  
With Fulhams of Poetick Fiction:

I rather hop'd, I shou'd no more

Hear from yon o' th' Gallanting Score:

645 For hard Dry-Bastings us'd to prove

The readiest Remedies of Love;

Next a Dry-Diet: But if those fail,

Yet this uneasy Loop-hol'd Gaol,

In which y'are hamper'd by the Fet-lock,

650 Cannot but put y' in mind of Wedlock;

Wedlock that's worse than any Hole here

If that may serve you for a Cooler;

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T' allay your *Mettle*, all a-gog  
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r Clog;  
655 Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,  
That, for a ~~bruis'd~~ or broken *Pate*,  
Has freed you from those *Knobs* that grow  
Much harder on the marry'd *Brow*:  
But if no *Dread* can cool your *Courage*,  
660 From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, *Marriage*;  
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance  
To nobler Aims your *Puissance*:  
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,  
The fairest *Mark* is easiest hit.

665 Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand  
In that already, with your Command:  
For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*,  
But in your *Constellation* meet? 1108

Quoth she, What does a *Match* imply,  
670 But *Likeness* and *Equality*?  
I know you cannot think me fit,  
To be th' *Yoke-Fellow* of your *Wit*:  
Nor take one of so mean *Deserts*,  
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;  
675 A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,  
I've not the *Conscience* to receive.

That *Conscience*, quoth *Hudibras*,  
Is mis-inform'd; I'll state the *Case*:  
A Man may be a *Legal Donor*  
80 Of any Thing whereof he's *Owner*:  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I'th' Judgment of all *Casuists*:  
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may  
Be ali'nate, and made away  
85 By those that are *Proprietors*,  
As I may give, or sell my *Horse*.

Quoth she, I grant the Case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your Horses and you;  
But whether I may take, as well  
 690 As you may give away or sell,  
Buyers you know are bid beware,  
And worse than Thieves Receivers are.  
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,  
For a Roan-Gelding twelve Hands high,  
 695 All spurr'd and switch'd, a Lock on's Hoof,  
A sorrel Mane? Can I bring Proof,  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open Market Tol'd for?  
Or should I take you for a Stray,  
 700 You must be kept a Year and Day,  
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,  
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your Provender and Hay.  
 705 Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
T' enervate this Objection,  
And prove my self, by Topic clear,  
No Gelding, as you wou'd infer.  
Loss of Virility's aver' d  
 710 To be the Cause of loss of Beard,  
That does (like Embryo in the Womb)  
Abortive on the Chin become:  
This first a Woman did invent,  
In Envy of Man's Ornament.  
 715 Semiramis of Babylon,  
Who first of all cut Men o' th' Stone,  
To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation  
Of Sow-Geldering Operation:  
Lock on this Beard, and tell me whether  
 720 Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either?

## PART II. CANTO I.

133

Next it appears, I am no Horse,  
That I can argue and discourse,  
Have but two Legs, and ne'er a Tail?

Quoth she, That nothing will avail,  
725 For some Philosophers of late here  
Write, Men have four Legs by Nature,  
And that 'tis Custom makes them go  
Erron'ously upon but two;  
As 'twas in Germany made good

730 B'a Boy that lost himself in a Wood:  
And growing down t' a Man, was won  
With Wolves upon all four to hunt.  
As for your Reasons drawn from T.  
We cannot say they're true or false,

735 Till you explain your self, and show  
B'Experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join Issue on't,  
I'll give you satisfact'ry Account;  
So you will promise, if you lose,  
740 To settle all, and be my Spouse.

That never shall be done (quoth she),  
To one that wants a Tail, by me:  
For Tails by Nature sure were meant,  
As well as Beards, for Ornament;

745 And tho' the Vulgar count them homely,  
In Man or Beast they are so comely,  
So Jantee, Alamode, and Handsome,  
I'll never marry Man that wants one!

And till you can demonstrate plain,  
750 You have one equal to your Mane,  
I'll be torn Piece-meal by a Horse;

E'er I'll take you for better or worse.

The Prince of Cambay's daily Food  
Is Aspe, and Basilisk, and Toad;

## 134 CANTO I. PART II.

PAR

755 Which makes him have so strong a Breath,  
 Each Night he stinks a Queen to Death ;  
 Yet I shall rather lye in's Arms  
 Than yours, on any other Terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford

760 I shall produce, upon my Word ;  
 And if she ever gave that Boon  
 To Man, I'll prove that I have one ;  
 I mean by postulate Illation,  
 When you shall offer just Occasion ;  
 765 But since y'have yet deny'd to give  
 My Heart, your Pris'ner, a Reprieve,  
 But made it sink down to my Heel,  
 Let that at least your Pity feel ;  
 And for the Sufferings of your Martyr,  
 770 Give its poor Entertainer Quarter ;  
 And by Discharge, or Main-Prize, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base Restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your Leg  
 Stuck in a Hole here like a Peg,

775 And if I knew which way to do't,  
 (Your Honour safe) I'd let you out.  
 That Dames by Goal-Delivery  
 Of Errant-Knights have been set free,  
 When by Enchantment they have been,  
 780 And sometimes for it too, laid in ;  
 Is that which Knights are bound to do  
 By Order, Oath, and Honour too :  
 For what are they renown'd, and fam'us else,  
 But aiding of distressed Damosels ?

785 But for a Lady, no ways Errant,  
 To free a Knight, we have no Warrant  
 In any Autheatical Romance,  
 Or Classick Author yet of France :

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PART II. CANTO I. 135

And I'd be loath to have you break  
790 An Ancient Custom for a Freak,  
Or Innovation introduce  
In Place of Things of Antique Use;  
To free your Heels by any Course,  
That might b'unwholsome to your Spurs;  
795 Which if I should consent unto,  
It is not in my Pow'r to do;  
For 'tis a Service must be done ye,  
With solemn previous Ceremony;  
Which always has been us'd to untie,  
800 The Charms of those who here do lye?  
For as the Ancients heretofore  
To Honour's Temple had no Door,  
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;  
So from this Dungeon there's no way  
805 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing,  
That other virtuous School of Lashing,  
Where Knights are kept in narrow Lists,  
With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists;  
In which they for a while are Tenants,  
810 And for their Ladies suffer Penance:  
Whipping, that's Virtue's Governess,  
Tutress of Arts and Sciences;  
That mends the gross Mistakes of Nature,  
And puts new Life into dull Matter;  
815 That lays Foundation for Renown,  
And all the Honours of the Gown:  
This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
And freed with hon'able Discharge:  
Then in their Robes, the Penitentials,  
820 Are streight presented with Credentials,  
And in their way attended on  
By Magistrates of ev'ry Town:

And all Respect and Charges paid,  
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,  
To try the Toughness of your Back,  
And suffer (as the rest have done)  
The laying of a Whipping on;  
(And may you prosper in your Suit,

As you with equal Vigour do't)  
I here engage my self to loose ye,  
And free your Heels from Caperdewise,  
But since our Sex's Modesty  
Will not allow I should be by,  
Bring me on Oath, a fair Account,  
And Honour too, when you have don't;  
And I'll admit you to the Place  
You claim as due in my good Grace,  
If Matrimony and Hanging go

By Delfny, why not Whipping too?  
What Med'cine else can cure the Fits  
Of Lovers, when they lose their Wits?  
Love is a Boy by Poets still'd,  
Then Spare the Rod, and spoil the Child.

A Persian Emp'r<sup>n</sup> whipp'd his Grannam  
The Sea, his Mother Venus came on;  
And hence some Rev'end Men approve  
Of Rosemary in making Love.  
As skilful Coopers hoop their Tubs

With Lydian and with Phrygian Dubs;  
Why may not Whipping have as good  
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,  
With comely Movement, and by Art,  
Raise Passion in a Lady's Heart:

It is an easier Way to make  
Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer Whipping,  
Than swallow Toads of Bits of Ribbon?  
Make wicked Verses, Treats, and Faces,  
160 And spell Names over with Beer-Glasses?  
Be under Vows to hang and die  
Love's Sacrifice, and all a Lie?  
With China Oranges, and Tarts,  
And winning Plays, lay Baits for Hearts?  
165 Bribe Chamber-Maids with Love and Money,  
To break no Roguish Jests upon ye?  
For Lillies limn'd on Cheeks, and Roses,  
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noses?  
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
170 Do Penance in a Paper Lanthorn?  
All this you may compound for now,  
By suffering what I offer you,  
Which is no more than has been done,  
By Knights for Ladies long agone:  
175 Did not the Great La Mancha do so,  
For the Infanta Del Toboso?  
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
Himself a Slave for Misse's sake?  
And with Bull's Pizzle, for her Love,  
180 Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?  
Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
His Flame for Bianeafore) to School,  
Where Pedans made his Pathick Bum  
For her sake suffer Martyrdom?  
185 Did not a certain Lady whip  
Of late her Husband's own Lordship?  
And tho' a Grandee of the House,  
Claw'd him with Fundamental Blows;  
Ty'd him stark naked to a Bed-post,  
190 And firk'd his Hide as if sh' had rid P oft:

And after in the Sessions-Court,  
 Where Whipping's judg'd, had Honour for't;  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll free you from th' Enchanted Den.

395 And the Magicians Circle clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, ( quoth she ) Then turn'd about,

900 And bid her Esquire let him out.

But e'er an Artist cou'd be found  
 T'undo the Charms, another bound;  
 The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,  
 Put down, ( some write ) by Ladies Eyes?

905 The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,  
 That hides her Face by Day from Sight,  
 ( Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,  
 That's both her Lustre, and her Shade )  
 And in the Lanthora of the Night,

910 With shining Horns hung out her Light:  
 For Darkness is the proper Sphere,  
 Where all false Glories use t'appear.

The twinkling Stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre:

915 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,  
 By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.  
 Our Vor'ry thought it best t'adjourn  
 His whipping Penance till the Morn,  
 And not to carry on a Work

920 Of such Importance in the Dark,  
 With erring Haste, but rather stay,  
 And do't in th' open Face of Day;  
 And in the mean Time, go in quest  
 Qf next Retreat to take his Rest.

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## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire in hot Dispute,  
Within an Ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden Fright  
Of strange Alarm, and stranger Sight ;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty Pickle.*

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## CANTO II.

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*T*HIS strange how some Mens Tempers fit  
(Like Bawd and Brandee) with Dispute,  
That for their own Opinions stand fast,  
Only to have them claw'd and canvaft ;  
That keep their Consciences in Cases,  
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Bases,  
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
To play a Fit for Argument.  
Make true and false, unjust and just,  
Of no Use but to be discuft,  
Dispute and set a Paradox,  
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks,

And stretch it more unmercifully,  
Than Helmont, Mountain, White or Lally.

15 So th' Ancient Stoicks in their Porch,  
With fierce Dispute maintain'd their Church,  
Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,  
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;  
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*.

20 Made good with stout *Polemick* Brain:  
In which, some Hundreds on the Place  
Were slain out-right, and many a Face  
Retrench'd of Nose, and Eyes, and Beard,  
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.

25 All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in Wrath  
Had like t'have suffer'd for their Faith,  
Each striving to make good his own,  
As by the *Sequel* shall be shown.

The Sun had long since in the Lap

30 Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap,  
And like a *Lobster* boil'd, the *Morn*  
From Black to Red began to turn:  
When *Hudibras*, whom Thoughts and Aking  
'Twixt sleeping kept all Night, and waking,

35 Began to rub his drowsie Eyes,  
And from his Couch prepar'd to rise,  
Resolving to dispatch the Deed  
He vow'd to do with trusty Speed.  
But first, with knocking loud and bauling,

40 He rouz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling;  
And, after many Circumstances,  
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*  
Do use to spend their Time and Wits on,  
To make impertinent Description,

45 They got (with much ado) to *Horse*,  
And to the *Castle* bent their Course,



part 2. page. 98.



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PART II. CANTO II. 141

In which, he to the Dame before  
To suffer Whipping duly Iwore:

Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
To carry on the Work in earnest,

He stopt, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
And with a serious Forehead plodding,

Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,

Which first he scratch'd, and after said;

Whether it be direct infringing  
An Oath, if I shou'd wave this Swinging,

And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,

And so b'Equivocation swear;

Or whether 't be a lesser Sin

To be forsworn; than act the Thing,  
Are deep and subtil Points, which must,

Tinform my Conscience, be discut;

In which to err a Tittle may

To Errors infinite make way:

And therefore I desire to know

Thy Judgment, e'er we farther go.

Quoth Ralph, Since you do injoin't,

I shall enlarge upon the Point;

And, for my own Part, do not doubt,

Th' Affirmative may be made out.

But first, to stare the Case aright,

For best advantage of our Light;

And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin

To claw and curry your own Skin,

Greater, or less, than to forbear,

And that you are forsworn, forswear.

But first, o'th' first: The Inward Man,

And Outward, like a Clan and Clan,

Have always been at Daggers-drawing,

And one another Clapper-clawing:

## 142 CANTO II. PART

Not that they really Cuff, or Fence,  
But in a Spiritual *Mystick Sense* ;  
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
In literal Fray's abominable :

85 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use  
With *Pagans*, and *Apostate Jews*,  
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells* ;  
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,  
And mongrel *Christians* of our Times,

90 That exp'ate less with greater Crimes ;  
And call the foul *Abomination*  
*Contrition*, and *Mortification*.  
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked  
With sinful Members of the Wicked ;

95 Our Vessels that are *sanc*t*ify'd*,  
*Prophan'd* and *curry'd*, back and side ;  
But we must claw our selves with shamefu  
And Heathen Stripes, by their Example ?  
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)

100 Is *Impious*, because they did it,  
This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
A *Heinous Sin*. Now to the second,  
That *Saints* may claim a *Dispensation*  
To swear and farswear, on Occasion,

105 I doubt not, but it will appear  
With pregnant Light. The Point is clear :  
*Oaths* are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind* ;  
Too feeble Implements to bind ;  
And hold with *Deeds* Proportion, so

110 As *Shadows* to a *Substance* do :  
Then when they strive for *Place*, 'tis fit  
The weaker *Vessel* shou'd submit :  
Altho' your *Church* be opposite  
To ours, as *Black Friars* are to *White* ;

PART II. CANTO II. 143

115 In Rule and Order; yet I grant  
You are a *Reformado Saint*;  
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,  
You may pretend a Title to:  
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths or Vows* oblige,

120 Know little of their *Privilege*;  
Farther (I mean) than carrying on  
Some Self-advantage of their own:  
For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn,  
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* should scorn;

125 When it serves theirs, to *swear and lie*,  
I think there's little Reason why:  
Else h'has a greater Pow'r than they,  
Which 'twere Impiety to say;  
W'are not commanded to forbear

130 Indefinately at all to *swear*;  
But to *swear* idle, and in vain,  
Without Self-Interest or Gain;  
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,  
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,

135 A *Saint-like Virtue*, and from hence  
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:  
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,  
*Perjur'd* themselves, and broke their *Word*:  
And this the constant *Rule and Practice*

140 Of all our late *Apostles Acts* is.  
Was not the *Cause* at first begun  
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?  
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,  
But in due Time and Place they broke?

145 Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,  
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter *Models* for  
The present use of *Church and War*?

## 144 CANTO II. PART II.

Did not our Worthies of the House  
 150 Before they broke the Peace, break Vows?  
 For having freed us, first from both  
 Th' Allegiance and Supremac' Oath:  
 Did they not next compel the Nation,  
 To take and break the Protestant?  
 155 To swear, and after to recant  
 The Solemn League and Covenant?  
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it,  
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
 Did they not swear at first to fight  
 160 For the KING's Safety, and His Right;  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with Horse and Foot;  
 But yet still had the Confidence  
 To swear, it was in his Defence?  
 165 Did they not swear to live and die  
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?  
 If that were all, for some have swore  
 As false as they, if th' did no more.  
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,  
 170 In which that swearing made a Flaw?  
 For Protestant Religion Vow  
 That did that Vowing disallow?  
 For Privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a Rent?  
 175 And since of all the three, not one  
 Is left in Being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear, in express Words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords?  
 And after turn'd out the whole House-full  
 180 Of Peers as dang'rous, and unuseful?  
 So Cromwell, with deep Oaths and Vows,  
 Swore all the Commons out o'th' House,

Vow'd

PART II. CANTO II. 145

Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* wou'd disband,  
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their Command.

185 And troll'd them on, and *swore*, and *swore*,  
Till th' *Army* turn'd them out of *Door*:  
This tells us plainly what they thought,  
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,  
And that by them th' were only meant

190 To serve for an *Expedient*:

What was the *Publick Faith* found out for;  
But to slur Men of what they fought for?  
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one  
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;

195 And if that go for nothing, why  
Should *Private Faith* have such a Tie?

*Oaths* were not purpos'd, more than *Law*,  
To keep the *Good* and *Just* in awe,  
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,

200 Like Moral *Castle* in a *Pinfold*.

A *Saint's* o'th' Heav'ly Realm a *Peer*,  
And as no *Peer* is bound to *swear*  
But on the *Gospel* of his *Honour*,

Of which he may dispose, as *Owner*;

205 It follows, tho' the thing be *Forg'ry*,  
And false, th' affirm, it is no *Perj'ry*,  
But a meer *Cer'mony*; and breach  
Of nothing, but a Form of Speech;  
And goes for no more when 'tis took,

210 Than meer saluting of the *Book*.

Suppose the *Scriptures* are of Force,  
They're but *Commissions* of Course,  
And *Saints* have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em as they please,

215 Or mis-interpret them by *private*  
*Institution*, to all *Aims* they drive at:

Then why should we our selves abridge,  
And curtail our own Privilege?  
Quakers (that, like to Lanthorns, bear  
220 Their Light within 'em) will not swear.  
Their Gospel is an Accidence,  
By which they construe Conscience,  
And hold no Sin so deeply red,  
As that of breaking Priscian's Head.  
225 (The Head and Founder of their Order,  
That stirring Hat's held worse than Murder.)  
These thinking th'are oblig'd to Troth  
In swearing, will not take an Oath:  
Like Mules, who if th'have not their Will  
230 To keep their own Pace, stand stock-still;  
But they are weak, and little know  
What Free-born Consciences may do.  
'Tis the Temptation of the Devil,  
That makes all human Actions evil:  
235 For Saints may do the same things by  
The Spirit, in Sincerity,  
Which other Men are tempted to,  
And at the Devil's instance do;  
And yet the Actions be contrary,  
240 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.  
For as on Land there is no Beast,  
But in some Fish at Sea's exprest;  
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,  
Of which the Saints have not a Spice;  
245 And yet that thing that's pious in  
The one, in t'other is a Sin.  
Is't not Ridiculous and Nonsense,  
A Saint shou'd be a Slave to Conscience?  
That ought to be above such Fancies,  
250 As far as above Ordinances?

PART II. CANTO II. - 147

She's of the Wicked, as I guess,  
B'her Looks, her Language and her Dress;  
And tho', like Constables, we search  
For false Wares one another's Church;  
235 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
No Faith is to the Wicked due;  
For Truth is Precious and Divine,  
Too rich a Pearl for Carnal Swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,  
260 Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew  
These Mysteries and Revelations;  
And therefore Topical Evasions  
Of subtle Turns and Shifts of Sense,  
Serve best with th' Wicked for Pretence,  
265 Such as the Leatned Jesuits use,  
And Presbyterians, for Excuse,  
Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
To find their Churches taken napping:  
As thus: A breach of Oaths is Duple,  
270 And either way admits a Scruple,  
And may be *ex parte* o'th' Maker,  
More Criminal than th' injur'd Taker  
For he that strains too far a Vow,  
Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow?  
275 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it:  
Not he that for Convenience took it:  
A brok'n Oath is, *quaesitus* Oath,  
As found t'all purposes of Troth,  
As broken Laws are ne'er the worse,  
280 Nay, 'till th'are broken have no force.  
What's Justice to a Man or Law,  
That never comes within their Claws;  
They have no Pow'r, but to admonish,  
Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,

## 248 CANTO II. PART II.

285 Until they're broken, and then touch  
 Those only that do make 'em such.  
 Beside, n' *Engagement* is allow'd  
 By Men in *Prison* made for *Good*;  
 For when they're set at *Liberty*,

290 They're from th' *Engagement* too set free:  
 The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*  
 Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,  
 Which afterward he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;

295 Any three other *Jews* o'th' *Nation*  
 Might free him from the *Obligation*:  
 And have not two *Saints* pow'r to use  
 A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*!  
 The *Court of Conscience*, which in *Man*,

300 Should be *Supreme* and *Sovereign*,  
 Is't fit should be *Subordinate*.  
 To ev'ry petty *Court* i'th' *State*,  
 And have less Power than the *lesser*,  
 To deal with *Perjury* at *Pleasure*?

305 Have its Proceedings disallow'd, or  
 Allow'd, at Fancy of *Pj-Powder*?  
 Tell all it does or does not know,  
 For *Swearing ex Officio*?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken Hedge,

310 And *Pigs* unring'd at *Vis. Franc. Pledge*?  
 Discover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recusants*,  
*Priests*, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nuisances*;  
 Tell who did play at Games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd Pots of *Ale* but half-full;

315 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,  
 To help it self at a dead Lift?  
 Why should not *Conscience* have *Vacation*  
 As well as other Courts o'th' *Nation*;

PART II. CANTO II. 149

Have equal Power to adjourn,  
320 Appoint Appearance and Return ;  
And make as nice distinction serve  
To split a Case, as those that carve,  
Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints ?  
Why shou'd not Tricks as Slight do Points ?  
325 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn  
To Judge that Law that serves their turn ?  
Make their own Jealousies High Treason,  
And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on.  
Cannot the Learned Council there  
330 Make Laws in any Shape appear ?  
Mold 'em as Witches do their Clay,  
When they make Pictures to destroy ?  
And vex 'em into any Form  
That fits their purpose to do harm ?  
335 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
Impeach of Treason whom they please,  
And most perfidiously condemn  
Those that engag'd their Lives for them ?  
And yet do nothing in their own Sense,  
340 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience.  
Can they not juggle, and with slight  
Conveyance play with Wrong and Right ;  
And sell their Blasts of Wind as dear  
As Lapland Witches bottled Air ?  
345 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe and Grudge,  
The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge ?  
As Seamen with the self-same Gale,  
Will sev'ral different Courses sail ;  
As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,  
350 And overflows the level Grounds,  
Those Banks and Damms, that like a Dyke,  
Did keep it out, now keep it in :

## 150 CANTO II. PART II.

So when Tyrannick *Usurpation*  
 Invades the Freedom of a Nation,  
 355 The *Laws o'th' Land* that were intended  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man *swear*  
 What makes best for him in his *Answer*?  
 Is not the winding up *Witnesses*?  
 360 A nicking more than half the *Bus'ness*?  
 For *Witnesses*, like *Watches* go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow,  
 And where in *Consciencee* th'are freight lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that Side is cast.  
 365 Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*  
 As if they felt the *Cause*, not heard it?  
 And as they please, *Make Matter of Fact*  
 Run all on one side, as th'are pack'd?  
 Nature has made Man's Breast no *Windores*?  
 370 To publish what he does within *Doors*;  
 Nor what dark *Secrets* there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash *Folly* blab it.  
 If *Oaths* can do a Man no good  
 In his own *Bus'nes*, why they shou'd  
 375 In other *Matters* do him hurt,  
 I think there's little Reason for't.  
 He that imposes an *Oath*, makes it;  
 Not he that for Convenience takes it;  
 Then how can any Man be said,  
 380 To break an *Oath* he never made?  
 These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly  
 To th'Wicked, tho' th'eince the *Godly*;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.  
 385 *Honour* is like a glassy *Bubble*,  
 That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,

PART II. CANTO II. 151

Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
And Wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralph, Honour's but a Word

390 To swear by only in a Lord:

In other Men 'tis but a Huff,  
To vapour with instead of Proof;  
That like a Wen, looks big and swells,  
Is senseless, and just nothing else.

395 Let it (quoth he) be what it will,  
It has the World's Opinion still.  
But as Men are not Wise that run  
The flightest Hazard they may shun;  
There may a Medium be found out

400 To clear to all the World the Doubt;  
And that is, if a Man may do't,  
By Proxy whipt, or Substitute:

Thro' nice and dark the Point appear,  
(Quoth Ralph) it may hold up and clear

405 That Sinners may supply the Place,  
Of Suff'ring Saints; is a plain Case.  
Justice gives Sentence many times  
On one Man for another's Crimes.  
Our Brethren of New England use

410 Choice Malefactors to excuse,

And Hang the Guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the Churches have less need:

As lately 't happen'd in a Town,  
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one,

415 That out of Doctrine could cut Use,  
And mend Mens Lives as well as Shoes.  
This precious Brother having slain,  
In times of Peace, an Indian,  
(Not out of Malice, but meer Zeal,

420 Because he was an Infidel)

## 352 CANTO II. PART II.

The mighty Tottipotymoy  
 Sent to our Elders an Envoy;  
 Complaining sorely of the Breach  
 Of League, held forth by Brother Patch,  
 425 Against the Articles in force  
 Between both Churches, his and ours,  
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render  
 Into his Hands, or hang th' Offender:  
 But they maturely having weigh'd  
 430 They had no more but him o'th' Trade,  
 (A Man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to Teach and Cobble,)  
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
 The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too  
 435 Impartial Justice, in his stead did  
 Hang an old Weaver that was Bed-rid.  
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,  
 And in your room another whipp'd:  
 For all Philosophers, but the Sceptick,  
 440 Hold Whipping may be Sympathetick.  
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou hast resolv'd, and clear'd the Case;  
 And canst in Conscience not refuse  
 From thy own Doctrine to raise Use:  
 445 I know thou wilt not (for my sake)  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy Back;  
 Then strip thee of thy Carnal Jerkin,  
 And give thy outward-fellow a Jerkin;  
 For when thy Vessel is new hoop'd,  
 450 All Leaks of sinning will be stop'd.  
 Quoth Ralph, You mistake the matter;  
 For in all Scraples of this Nature,  
 No Man includes himself, nor turns  
 The Point upon his own Concerns.

PART II. CANTO II. 153

455 As no Man of his owne self catches  
The itch, or amorous French-aches:  
So no Man does himselfe convince,  
By his own Doctrine, of his Sins:  
And tho' all cry downe Self, none means

460 His own self in a lit'ral Sense:  
Beside, it is not only English,  
But Vile, Idolatrous and Popish;  
For one Man out of his own Skin,  
To ferk and whip another's Sin:

465 As Pedants out of School-Boys Breeches  
Do claw and curry their own Itches.  
But in this Case it is Prophane,  
And Sinful too, because in vain:  
For we must take our Oaths upon it,

470 You did the Deed, when I have done it.  
Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;  
Give us the Whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:  
475 Fer when with your Consent 'tis done,  
The Act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain  
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;  
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to  
480 What they're averse themselves to do:  
For when Disputes are weary'd out,  
'Tis Int'rest that resolves the Doubt:  
But since no Reason can confute ye,  
I'll try to force you to your Duty;  
485 For so it is, how'ev'r you mince it,  
As e'er we part I shall evince it;  
And Curry (if you stand out) whether  
You will or no, your stubborn Leather.

## 154 CANTO II. PART II.

Canst thou refuse to bear thy part,  
 490 I'th' publick Work, base as thou art?  
 To higgle thus for a few Blows,  
 To gain thy Knight an op'lent Spouse;  
 Whose Wealth his Bowels yearn to purchase,  
 Meerly for th' Interest of the Churches?  
 495 And when he has it in his Claws,  
 Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;  
 Nor shalt thou find him a Curmudgin,  
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:  
 If not, resolve before we go,  
 500 That you and I must pull a Crow.  
 Y' had best (quoth Ralph) as the Ancien  
 Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main Chance,  
 And look before you e'er you leap;  
 For as you Sow, y'are like to Reap:  
 505 And were y'as good as George-a-Green,  
 I shall make bold to turn agen;  
 Nor am I doubtful of the Issue  
 In a just Quarrel; and mine is so.  
 Is't fitting for a Man of Honour  
 510 To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner?  
 A Knight to usurp the Beadle's Office,  
 For which y'are like to raise brave Trophies  
 But I advise you (not for Fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear;  
 515 And for the Church's, which may chance  
 From hence to spring a Variance;  
 And raise among themselves new Scruples,  
 Whom common Danger hardly couples.  
 Remember how in Arms and Politicks,  
 520 We still have worsted all your Holy Tricks  
 Frappin'd your Party with Intrigue,  
 And took your Grandees down a Reg;

PART II. CANTO II. 155

New modell'd th' Army, and Cashier'd  
All that to Legion S'M'E'C adher'd;  
Made a meer Utensil of your Church,  
And after left it in the Lurch.  
A Scaffold to build up our own,  
And when w'had done wish't pull'd it down;  
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,  
And snap'd their Canons with a Why-not.  
(Grave Synod-Men, that were rever'd  
For solid Face and depth of Beard)  
Their Clasick Model prov'd a Maggot,  
Their Directry an Indian Pagod,  
And drown'd their Discipline like a Kitten,  
On which they had been so long a Sitting:  
Decry'd it as a Holy Cheat,  
Grown out of Date, and obsolete,  
And all the Saints of the first Grass,  
As Castling Foals of Belam's Ass.

At this the Knight grew high in Chafe,  
And staring furiously on Ralph,  
He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,  
Like Ashes first, then Red as Fire.  
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,  
And for so many Moons slain-by't?  
And when all other means did fail,  
Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale?  
Not but they thought me worth a Ransome,  
Much more considerable and handsome,  
But for their own sakes, and for fear  
They were not safe when I was there;  
Now to be baffled by a Scoundrel,  
An upstart Stray, and a Mangrell  
Such as breed out of peccant Humours  
Of our own Church, like Weasels or Foxes,

## 156 CANTO II. PART II.

And like a Maggot in a Sore,  
Wou'd that which gave it Life devour;  
It never shall be done or said:

560 With that he seiz'd upon his *Blades*;  
And *Ralph* too, as quick and bold,  
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,  
With equal Readiness prepar'd  
To draw, and stand upon his *Guard*:

565 When both were parted on the sudden,  
With hideous *Clamour*, and a loud one,  
As if all sorts of *Noise* had bin  
Contracted into one loud *Din*;  
Or that some Member to be chosen,

570 Had got the *odds* above a *Thousand*;  
And by the greatness of his *Noise*  
*Froy'd* fittest for his *Country's Choice*:  
This strange Surprizal put the *Knight*  
And wrathful *Squire* into a *Fright*;

575 And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal,  
*Impetuus Rancour* to join *Battel*;  
Both thought it was the wisest *Course*  
To waye the Fight, and mount to *Horse*;  
And to secure, by swift retreating,

580 Themselves from danger of worse beating.  
Yet neither of them wou'd disparage,  
By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,  
Which made 'em stoutly keep their Ground,  
With Horror and Disdain wind-bound.

585 And now the Cause of all their Fear  
By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
They might distinguish diff'rent Noise  
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*,  
And *Kettle-Drums*, whose sullen *Dub*,

590 Sounds like the *hooping* of a *Tub*:

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## PART II. CANTO II.

157

But when the Sight appear'd in view,  
They found it was an Antick Show:  
A Triumph, that for Pomp and State,  
Did proudest Romans emulate;

59; For as the Aldermen of Rome,  
Their Foes at Training overcome,  
And not enlarging Territory,  
(As some mistaken write in Story)  
Being mounted in their best Array,

60 Upon a Carre, and who but they?  
And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,  
That merry Ditties troll'd, and Ballads,  
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,  
Crying, hey for our Town, thro' the Borough;

65 So when this Triumph drew so nigh,  
They might Particulars descry,  
They never saw two Things so pat,  
In all respects, as This and That.  
First, He that led the Cavalcade,

66 Wore a Sow-gelder's Elagellet,  
On which he blew as strong a Levet,  
As well-feed Lawyer on his Breviaire,  
When over one another's Heads  
They charge (three Ranks at once) like Swedes;

71; Next Pans, and Kettles of all Keys,  
From Trebels down to double Base,  
And after them, upon a Nag,  
That might pass for a forehand Stag,  
A Cornet rode, and on his Staff,

76 A Smock display'd did proudly wave:  
Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,  
With snuffing broken-winded Tones,  
Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,  
Sound filthier than from the Gut.

625 And made a viler Noise than *Swine*  
In windy Weather when they whine.  
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,  
Full fraught with that which for good Manners  
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *Grains*,  
630 Which he dispens'd amongst the *Swains*,  
And busily upon the Crowd  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then mounted on a horned Horse,  
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt Spurs*,  
635 Ty'd to the *Pommel* of a long *Sword*  
He held rever't, the Point turn'd downward,  
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,  
The *Conqueror's Standard-beater* rid,  
And bore aloft before the *Champion*  
640 A *Petticoat* display'd, and rampant;  
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant  
Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't  
Sat Face to Tail, and Bam to Bam,  
The Warrior whilome overcome;  
645 Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Distaff*,  
Which as he rode she made him twist off:  
And when he luster'd, o'er her Shoulder  
Chastis'd the *Reformado Soldier*.  
Before the Dame, and round about,  
650 March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,  
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valeys* and *Pages*,  
In fit and proper Equipages;  
Of whom, some *Torches* bore, some Links,  
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,  
655 That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,  
Like *Nero's Spares*, or *Pope Joan*;  
And at fit Periods the whole Rout  
Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout,

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The Knight transported, and the Squire,  
660 Put up their Weapons and their Ire;

And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
On such Sights, with judicious Wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His An'madversions, for his Heart.

665 Quoth he, In all my Life till now  
I ne'er saw so Prophane a Show,  
It is a Paganish Invention,  
Which Heathen Writers often mention:  
And he who made it had read Goodwin,  
670 Or Ross, or Calius Rodigine:  
With all the Grecians, Speeds and Stows,  
That best describe those Ancient Shows;  
And has observ'd all fit Decoymes  
We find describ'd by old Histor'ans:

675 For as the Roman Conqueror,  
That put an end to Foreign War,  
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,  
Bore a Slave with him in his Ch'ar'ot;  
So this insulting Female Brave

680 Carries behind her here a Slave;  
And as the Ancients long ago,  
When they in Ejeld defy'd the Foe,  
Hung out their Mantles Della Guerre;  
So her proud Standard-bearer here

685 Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,  
A Tyrian-Petticoat for Banner:  
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore  
Still born before the Emperour:

690 And as in Antick-Triumphs, Eggs  
Were born for mystical Intrigues:  
There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,  
That carries Eggs too, fresh or addle.

And still at random, as he goes,  
Among the Rabble-rout bestows.

695 Quoth *Ralphe*, You mistake the matter;  
For all th' *Antiquity* you smatter,  
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of Course,  
When the *Grey Mare's* the better *Horse*;  
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*  
700 Fight, to extend their vast *Dominion*;  
And in the Cause Impatient *Grizel*  
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,  
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,  
To turn her *Vassal* with a *Murrain*;  
705 When Wives their Sexes shift, like *Hares*,  
And ride their Husbands, like *Night-Mares*,  
And they in mortal *Battel* vanquish'd,  
Are of their *Charter* dis-enfranchis'd,  
And by the right of War, like *Gills*,  
710 Condemn'd to *Distaff, Horns and Wheels*;  
For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,  
Their *Horns* of course are understood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou still giv'st Sentence  
Impertinently, and against Sense:  
715 'Tis not the least disparagement,  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a *Man* the worse,  
Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*  
720 Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune;  
A *Taylor's* Prentice has no hard  
Measure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;  
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,  
And without Blows give up the Day;  
725 Or to surrender e'er th' *Affault*,  
That's no *Man's* Fortune, but his Fault;

PART II. CANTO II.

161

And renders Men of Honour less  
Than all th' Advers'ty of Success:  
And only unto such this Shew  
730 Of Horns and Petticoats is due.  
There is a lesser Profanation,  
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:  
For as Ovation was allow'd  
For Conquest purchas'd without Blood;  
735 So Men decree those lesser Shows,  
For Victory gotten without Blows,  
By dint of sharp hard Words, which some  
Give Battel with, and overcome;  
These mounted in a Chair Curule,  
740 Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool,  
March proudly to the River's side,  
And o'er the Waves, in Triumph ride;  
Like Dukes of Venice, who are sed  
The Adriatick Sea to wed;  
745 And have a gentler Wife than those  
For whom the State decrees those Shows.  
But both are Heathenish, and come  
From th' Whores of Babylon, and Rome;  
And by the Saints should be withheld,  
750 As Antichristian and Lewd,  
And we as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost struggling to prohibit.  
This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
A Dog-Trot through the bawling Crowd,  
755 T' attack the Leader, and still prest,  
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:  
Then Hudibras, with Face and Hand,  
Made signs for Silence; which obtain'd,  
What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's Procession?  
760 With Men of Orthodox Profession?

## 162 CANTO II. PART II.

'Tis Ethnick and Idolatrous,  
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.  
 Does not the Whore of Babylon ride  
 Upon her Horned Beast astride,  
 765 Like this proud Dame, who either is  
     A Type of her, or she of this?  
 Are things of Superstitious Function  
     Fit to be us'd in Gospel Sun-shine?  
 It is an Antichristian Opera,  
 770 Much us'd in Midnight times of Popery;  
     Of running after Self-Inventions  
     Of wicked and prophane Intentions;  
     To scandalize that Sex, for scolding,  
     To whom the Saints are so beholden.  
 775 Women, who were our first Apostles,  
     Without whose aid w'had all been lost else;  
 Women, that left no Stone unturn'd,  
     In which the cause might be concern'd,  
     Brought in their Childrens Spoons and Whistles;  
 780 To purchase Swords, Carbines, and Pistols;  
     Their Husbands, Cullies, and Sweet-hearts,  
     To rake the Saints and Churche's Parts;  
     Drew sev'ral gifted Brethren in,  
     That for the Bish'ps wou'd have been.  
 785 And fix'd 'em constant to the Party,  
     With Motives powerful and hearty:  
     Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard shift  
     T' administer unto their Gifts  
     All they cou'd rap and rend, and pilfer,  
 790 To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver;  
     Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent  
     With holding forth for Parliament,  
     Pamper'd and edify'd their Zeal  
     With Marrow-puddings many a Meal;

(Non sicut vobis sed ut in meo)

795 Enabled them with store of Meat,  
On controverted Points to eat:  
And cram'd 'em till their Guts did ake,  
With Cawdle, Custard, and Plumb-cake.  
What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the Cause at London?  
March'd Rank and File, with Drum and Ensign,  
T'enrench the City for Defence in?  
Rais'd Rumpiers with their own soft Hands,  
To put the Enemy to stands;  
805 From Ladies down to Oyster-Wenches  
Labour'd like Pioneers in Trenches,  
Fell to their Pick-Axes and Tools,  
And help'd the Men to dig like Moles?  
Have not the Handmaids of the City  
Chose of their Members a Committee,  
For raising of a Common Purse  
Out of their Wages, to raise Horse?  
And do they not as Triers fit,  
To judge what Officers are fit?  
815 Have they----? At that an Egg let fly  
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,  
And running down his Cheek, besmear'd  
With Orange tawny-flime his Beard;  
But Beard and Slime b'ing of one Hue,  
820 The Wound the less appear'd in view.  
Then he that on the Pannier rode,  
Let fly on th' other side a Load:  
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
In Ralph's Face another Volley.  
825 The Knight was startled with the Smell,  
And for his Sword began to feel:  
And Ralph, smother'd with the Stink,  
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a Link

## 364 CANTO II. PART II.

O'th' sudden clap'd his flaming Cudgel,  
 339 Like Linstock, to the Horse's touch-hole;  
 And freight another with his Flambeaux,  
 Gave Ralph o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.  
 The Beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring;  
 343 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,  
 And brought them off from farther Fray.  
 And tho' disorder'd in Retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his Seat:  
 For quitting both their Swords and Reins,  
 340 They grasp'd with all their strength the Mains,  
 And to avoid the Foe's pursuit,  
 With spurring put their Cattle to't;  
 And till all Four were out of Wind,  
 And Danger too, ne'er look behind,  
 345 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying  
 Their Spirits, spent with Fight and Flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force—  
 Of Lungs for Action, or Discourse.  
 Quoth he, That Man is sure to lose,  
 350 That foul'd his Hand with durty Foes:  
 For where no Honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.  
 'Twas ill for us, we had to do  
 With so dishon'nable a Foe:  
 355 For tho' the Law of Arms doth bar  
 The use of venom'd Shot in War;  
 Yet by the nauseous Smell, and noisome,  
 Their Case-shooe favour's strong of Poison;  
 And doubtless has been chew'd with Teeth  
 360 Of some that had a stinking Breath:  
 Else when we put it to the push,  
 They had not giv'n us such a Bruise.

PART II. CANTO II. 165

But as those *Pultrons* that fling Durt,  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;  
So all the Honour they have won,  
Or we have lost, is much at one.  
'Twas well we made so resolute,  
A brave Retreat, without Pursuit;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in Triumph led;  
Than which the *Ancients* held no state  
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.  
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er  
Do chance to reach the *Widow's Ear*,  
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert  
Her Sex's Honour, reach her Heart.  
And as such homely Treats (they say)  
Portend good Fortune, so this may.  
*Vespasian* being dawb'd with Durt,  
Was destin'd to the Empire for't;  
And from a Scavenger did come  
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:  
And why may not this foul Address  
Presage in Love the same Success?  
Then let us straight, to cleanse our Wounds,  
Advance in quest of nearest Ponds;  
And after (as we first design'd)  
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.



## The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO

*The Knight, with various Doubts posset  
To win the Lady goes in Quest  
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,  
To know the Dest'nes Resolution;  
With whom being met, they both chop Lo  
About the Science Astrologick ; gick  
Till falling from Dispute to Fight,  
The Conjuror's worsted by the Knight.*

## CANTO III.

**D**oubtless the Pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
As Lookers on feel most Delight,  
That least perceive a Jugler's Slight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more they admirre his Slight of Hand.  
Some with a Noise, and greasie Light,  
Are snapt, as Men catch Larks by Night  
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,  
As Nooses by the Legs catch Fowl.

Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,  
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;  
And tho' it be a two-foot *Trot*,  
'Tis with a single Hair pull'd out.

Others believe no Voice t'an *Organ*  
So sweet as *Lawyer's* in his *Bar-gown*;  
Until with subtle *Cobweb-cheats*,  
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*;  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir the more they're tangled  
And while their *Purses* can dispute,  
There's no End of th' immortal *Suit*.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
The Cabinet-Designs of *Fate*,  
Apply to *Wizards*, to fore-see  
What shall, and what shall never be.  
And as those *Vultures* do forebode,  
Believe Events prove *bad or good*.  
A flam more senseless than th' *Rog'ry*

Of old *Auspicy* and *Aug'ry*,  
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,  
Presag'd th' Events of *Truce*, or *Battle*;  
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,  
Success of great'ft *Attempts* wou'd reckon;  
Tho' *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,  
Than those that with the *Sears* do fribble,  
This *Hudibras* by Proof found true,  
As in due Time and Place we'll shew:  
For he with Beard and Face made clean,  
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen;  
(And *Ralph* got a Cock-Horse too  
Upon his *Beast*, with much ado,)  
Advanc'd on for the *Widow's House*,  
T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;

## 186 CANTO III. PART II.

5 When various *Thoughts* began to bustle,  
 And with his inward Man to jostle.  
 He thought what *Danger* might accrue,  
 If she shou'd find he *swore* untrue:  
 Or, if his *Squire* or he shou'd fail,  
 50 And not be punctual in their *Tale*;  
 It might at once the *Ruin* prove  
 Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.  
 But if he shou'd forbear to go,  
 She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*:  
 55 And that he durst not now for *Shame*  
 Appear in *Court*, to try his *Claim*.  
 This was the Pen'worth of his *Thought*,  
 To pass *Time* and uneasy *Trot*.  
 Quoth he, In all my past *Adventures*  
 60 I ne'er was set so on the *Tenters*;  
 Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,  
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;  
 And with inextricable Doubt,  
 Besets my puzzled *Wits* about;  
 65 For tho' the *Dame* has been my *Bail*,  
 To free me from enchanted *Goal*,  
 Yet as a *Dog*, committed close  
 For some *Offence*, by chance breaks loose,  
 And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,  
 70 He still draws after him his *Chain*;  
 So tho' my *Ankle* she has quitted,  
 My *Heart* continues still committed;  
 And like a *bail'd* and *main-priz'd Lover*,  
 Altho' at large, I am bound over.  
 75 And when I shall appear in *Court*  
 To plead my *Cause*, and answer for't,  
 Unless the Judge do partial prove,  
 What will become of *Me* and *Love*?

PART II. CANTO III. 169

For if in our Account we vary,  
80 Or but in Circumstance miscarry;  
Or if she put me to strict Proof,  
And make me pull my Doublet off,  
To shew, by evident Record  
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word,  
85 How can I e'er expect to have her,  
Having demurr'd unto her Favour;  
But Faith, and Love, and Honour lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?  
Beside, that stripping may prevent  
90 What I'm to prove by Argument;  
And justify I have a Tail,  
And that way too, my Proof may fail.  
Oh! that I could enucleate,  
And solve the Problems of my Fate,  
95 Or find by Necromantick Art,  
How far the Dest'ries take my Part;  
For if I were not more than certain  
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this Courtship,  
100 To hazard Soul, Estate, and Worship;  
For tho' an Oath obliges not,  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,  
And sinful, when Men swear in vain.  
105 Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning Man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destinies dark Counsels,  
And sage Opinions of the Moon sells;  
To whom all People far and near,  
110 On deep Importances repair;  
When Brass and Pewter hap to stray,  
And Linnen sinks out of the way:

170 CANTO III, PART II.

When Geese and Pullen are sedue'd,  
And Cows of sucking Pigs are chous'd,

115 When Cattle feel Indisposition,  
And need th' Opinion of Physician;

When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,  
And Chickens languish of the Pips;

When Yeast and outward Means do fail,

120 And have no Pow'r to work on Ale's  
When Butter does refuse to come,  
And Love proves cross and humoursome;  
To him with Questions, and with Urine,  
They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

125 Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel  
I've heard of, and shou'd like it well;  
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom  
To go to Sore'nes when they need 'em.  
Says Ralph, There's no doubt of that;

130 Those Principles I quoted late,  
Prove that the Godly may alledge  
For any thing their Privilege:  
And to the Dev'l himself may go,  
If they have Motives thereunto.

135 For as there is a War between  
The Dev'l and them, it is no Sin,  
If they by subtil Stratagem  
Make use of him, as he does them.  
Has not this present Parl'ament

140 A Ledger to the Devil sent,  
Fully empower'd to treat about  
Finding revolted Witches out?  
And has not he, within a Year,  
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one Shire?

145 Some only for not being drown'd,  
And sonic for sitting above Ground.

PART II. CANTO III. 171

Whole Days and Nights, upon their Breches,  
And feeling Pain, were hang'd for Witches.  
And some for putting Knavish Tricks  
150 Upon Green Geese, and Turkey-Chicks,  
Or Pigs, that suddenly deceast  
Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
Who after prov'd himself a Witch,  
And made a Rod for his own Breches.  
155 Did not the Devil appear to Martin  
Luther in Germany, for certain?  
And wou'd have gall'd him with a Trick,  
But Mart. was too too Politick?  
Did he not help the Dutch to purge  
160 At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?  
Sing Catches to the Saints at Mascon,  
And tell them all they came to ask him?  
Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly?  
And speak F' th' Nun at London's Belly?  
165 Meet with the Parliament's Committee  
At Woodstock on a Pers'nal Treaty?  
At Sarum take a Cavalier  
I' th' Cause's Service Prisoner?  
As Withers in immortal Rhime  
170 Has register'd to after-time:  
Do not our great Reformers use  
This Sidrophel to fore-bode News:  
To write of Victories next Year,  
And Castles taken yet in th' Air?  
175 Of Battels fought at Sea, and Ships  
Sunk two Years hence, the last Eclipse?  
A total Ovetthrow giv'n the King  
In Cornwall, Horse and Foot, next Spring?  
And has not he Point-blank foretold  
180 What's-e'er the close Committee wou'd?

## 172 CANTO III. PART II.

Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,  
The Moon for fundamental Laws:  
The Ram, and Bull, and Goat declare  
Against the Book of Common-Pray's.  
115 The Scorpion take the Protestant,  
And Bear engage for Reformation;  
Made all the Royal Stats recant,  
Compound and take the Covenant.  
Quoth Hudibras, The Case is clear,  
190 The Saints may employ a Conjuror;  
As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,  
No Argument like Matter of Fact is,  
And we are best of all led to  
Mens Principles by what they do;  
195 Then let us straight advance in quest  
Of this profound Gymnosophist,  
And as the Fates and he advise,  
Pursue, or wave this Enterprize.  
This said, he turn'd about his Steed,  
200 And eftsoons on th' Adventure rid,  
Where leave we Him and Ralph a-while,  
And to th' Conjuror turn our Stile,  
To let our Reader understand  
What's useful of him, before-hand.  
205 He had been long t'wards Mathematicks,  
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,  
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,  
And was old Dog at Phisiology;  
But, as a Dog that turns the Spit,  
.210 Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet  
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,  
His own Weight brings him down again;  
And still he's in the self-same Place  
Whereat his setting out he was.

PART II. CANTO III. 173

215 So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,  
Did he advance his *Nat'ral Parts* ;  
Till falling back still for *Retreat*,  
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat* :  
For as those *Fowls* that live in Water,

220 Are never wet, he did but smatter ;  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
His *Understanding* still was clear,  
Yet none a deeper *Knowledge* boasted,  
Since old *Hodg-Bacon*, and *Bob Grostet*.

225 Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,  
And all Men dreamt on't, to be true :  
That in this *World* there's not a *Way*  
That has not there a *Counterpart* ;  
Nor can there on the *Face of Ground*

230 An individual *Beard* be found,  
That has not in that *Foreign Nation*  
A *Fellow* of the self-same *Fashion* ;  
So *cut*, so *colour'd*, and so *curl'd*,  
As those are in th' *Inferior World*.

235 H' had read *Dee's* *Prefaces* before,  
The *Dev'l* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er ;  
And all th' *Intrigue* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,  
*Lefcens* and th' *Emperor* wou'd tell ye ;  
But with the *Moon* was more familiar

240 Than e'er was *Almanack* well-willer.  
Her *Secrets* understood so clear,  
That some believ'd he had been there ;  
Knew when she was in fitteſt Mood,  
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *Blood* ;

245 When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,  
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches* ;  
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be splay'd,  
And in what Sign best *Cyder*'s made ;

## 174 CANTO III. PART II.

Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increase* ;  
 250 Best to set *Gatlick*, or sow *Pease*.  
 Who first found out the *Man in th' Moon*,  
 That to the *Ancients* was unknowne ;  
 How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,  
 Are in the *Planetary Spheres* ;  
 255 Their *Airy Empire*, and *Command*,  
 Their severall *Strengths* by *Sea* and *Land* ;  
 What *Factions* th'have, and what they drive at  
 In *publick Vogue*, or what in *private* ;  
 With what *Designs* and *Interest* ;  
 260 Each *Party* manages *Contests*.  
 He made an *Instrumen*t to know,  
 If the *Moon* shine at *Full* or no ;  
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere *Day* or *Night* demonstrate ;  
 265 Tell what her *Diameter* t' an *Inch* is,  
 And prove she is not made of *Green-Cheese*,  
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the *Man in*  
*The Moon's* a *Sea Mediterranean*.  
 And that it is no *Dog* or *Bitch*,  
 270 That stands behind him at his *Breeches* ;  
 But a huge *Caspian Sea*, or *Lake* ;  
 With *Arms*, which Men for *Legs* mistake ;  
 How large a *Gulph* his *Tail* composes,  
 And what a goodly *Bay* his *Nose* is ;  
 275 How many *German Leagues* by th' *Scale*  
*Cape-Snow's* from *Promontory Tail*.  
 He made a *Planetary Gin*,  
 Which *Rats* wou'd run their own *Heads* in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken,  
 280 Without th' *Expence* of *Cheese* or *Bacon* ;  
 With *Lute-strings* he wou'd counterfeit  
*Maggots* that crawl on *Dish* or *Meat* ;

## PART II. CANTO III. 175

Quote Moles and Spots on any Place  
 O' th' Body, by the Index Face :

285 Drest lost Maiden Heads, by sneezing,  
 Or breaking Wind of Dames, or Pissing.  
 Cure Warts and Corns, with application  
 Of Med'cines to th' Imagination ;  
 Fright Agnes into Dogs, and seare

290 With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh ;  
 Chase evil Spirits away by dint  
 Of Cickle Horse-shoe, Hollow-flint,  
 Spit Fire out of a Walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman Slaves rebel ;

295 And fire a Mine in China here,  
 With Sympathetick Gun-powder.  
 He knew what's-ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew wou'd own.  
 What Med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus

300 Cou'd make a Man with, as he tells us ;  
 What figur'd States are best to make  
 On watry Surface Duck or Drake.  
 What Bowling-stones in running Race  
 Upon a Board have swiftest Pace.

305 Whether a Pulse beat in the black  
 List of a dapled Louse's Back :  
 If Systole or Diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in Wrath or Love :  
 When two of them do run a Race,

310 Whether they Gallop, Trot, or Face.  
 How many Scores a Flea will jump,  
 Of his own Length, from Head to Rump ;  
 Which Socrates and Charephon  
 In vain assay'd so long agon ;

315 Whether his Snout a perfect Nose is,  
 And not an Elephant's Proboseis ;

How many different *Species*  
 Of Maggots breed in rotten *Cheese* ;  
 And which are next of Kin to those  
 320 Engender'd in a *Chandler's Nose* ;  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*.

A paltry Wretch he had half-starv'd,  
 That him in place of *Zany* serv'd ;  
 325 Hight *Whachum*, bred to dash and draw,  
 Not *Wine*, but more unwholsome *Law* :  
 To make 'twixt *Words* and *Lines* huge *Gaps*,  
 Wide as *Meridians* in *Maps*.  
 To squander Paper, and spare *Ink*,  
 330 Or cheat Men of their *Words*, some think ;  
 From this, by merited Degrees,  
 He'd to more high Advancement rise :  
 To be an under-*Conjurer*,  
 Or *Journey-man Astrologer* ;  
 335 His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
 And Men with their own *Keys* unriddle.  
 To make them to themselves give *Answers*,  
 For which they pay the *Negromancers*,  
 To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,  
 340 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence ;  
 And all *Discoveries* disperse,  
 Among the whole pack of *Conjurors* ;  
 What *Cut-Purses* have left with them,  
 For the right Owners to redeem :  
 345 And what they dare not vent, find out,  
 To gain themselves and th' *Art Reput* ;  
 Draw *Figure*, *Schemes*, and *Horoscopes*,  
 Of *Newgate*, *Bridewel*, *Brokers Shops* ;  
 Of Thieves *Ascendant* in the *Cart*,  
 350 And find out all by *Rules of Art*.

Which way a Serving man, that's run  
 With Cloaths or Mony away, is gone;  
 Who pick'd a Feb at Holding-forth,  
 And where a Watch, for half the worth  
 355 May be redeem'd; or stolen Plate  
 Restor'd at conſionable Rate.  
 Beside all this, he serv'd his Master,  
 In quality of Poetaster:  
 And Rhimes appropriate cou'd make  
 360 To ev'ry Month i'th' Almanack;  
 When Terms begin and end cou'd tell,  
 With their Returns, in Doggerel.  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And Sorwelder with Safety cuts.  
 365 When Men may eat and drink their fill,  
 And when be temp'rare if they will.  
 When use, and when abstain from Vice,  
 Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.  
 And as in Prisons mean Rogues beat  
 370 Hemp for the Service of the Great;  
 So Whachum beat his dirty Brains  
 T' advance his Master's Fame and Gains;  
 And like the Devil's Oracles,  
 Put into Dogg'rel Rhimes his Spells,  
 375 Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page  
 I'th' Almanack strange Bilks prefage.  
 He won'd an Elegy compole  
 On Maggots squeez'd out of his Nose;  
 In Lyrick Numbers write an Ode on  
 380 His Mistress, eating a Black-pudden:  
 And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,  
 It puſt him with Poetick Rapture.  
 His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,

## 178 CANTO III. PART II.

385 That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests,  
 Like Orpheus look'd, among the Beasts;  
 A Carman's Horse cou'd not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to *Poetry*;  
 No Potter's Burthen pass'd along,

390 But serv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.  
 Each Window, like a *Pill'ry* appears,  
 With Heads thrust thro' nail'd by the Ears;  
 All Trades run in as to the sight  
 Of Monsters, or their dear delight.

395 The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purse  
 Breeds Bus'ness for *Heroick Verse*,  
 Which none does hear, but wou'd have hung  
 T'been the Theme of such a Song.

400 Those two together long had liv'd,  
 In *Mansion* prudently contriv'd;  
 Where neither Tree, nor House cou'd bar  
 The free Detection of a *Star*;  
 And nigh an *Ancient Obelisk*

405 Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,

410 On which was written, not in Words,  
 But *Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds*,  
 Many rare pithy Saws concerning  
 The worth of *Astrologick Learning*:  
 From top of this there hung a *Repe*,

415 To which he fasten'd *Telescope*;

The *Spectacles* with which the Stars  
 He reads in smallest *Characters*,  
 It happen'd as a Boy one Night,  
 Did fly his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*;

420 The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,  
 That like a Bird of *Paradise*,  
 Or *Herald's Martlet* has no *Legs*,  
 Nor hatches young one, nor lays *Eggs*:





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## PART III CANTO HB 179

His Train was six Yards long, Milk-white,  
 420 At eth' end of which there hung a Light,  
 Enclosed in *Lantern* made of Paper,  
 That far off like a Star did appear.  
 This *Sidrophel* by chance esp'y'd,  
 And with Amaisement staring wide,  
 425 *Bless us*, quoth he! What dreadful Wonder  
 Is that appears in Heaven yonder?  
 A *Comet*, and without a Beard,  
 Or Star that ne'er before appear'd?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the Scowl  
 430 Of all those Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
 With which, like *Indian Plantations*,  
 The learned stuck the *Constellationss*,  
 Nor those that drawn for Signs have been,  
 To th' *Houses* where the *Planets* inn.  
 435 It must be supernarural,  
 Unless it be the Cannon-Ball,  
 That shot i' th' Air point-blank upright,  
 Was born to that prodigious height,  
 That learn'd *Philosopher*: maintain,  
 440 It ne'er came backw' down again;  
 But in the airy Region yet  
 Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*:  
 For if it be above the Shade,  
 That by the Earth's round Bulk is made;  
 445 'Tis probable it from far  
 Appear no Bullet, but a Star,  
 This said, he to his Engine flew,  
 Plac'd near at hand in open views  
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right  
 450 Against the Glow-worm Tail of Kite.  
 Then peeping thro', *Bless us*, (quoth he)  
 It is a *Bullet* now I see.



And if I err not, by his proper  
*Figure*, that's like *Tobacco-stopper*,

455 It should be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear  
 'Tis *Saturn*; But what makes him there?  
 He's got between the *Dragon's Tail*,  
 And farther Leg behind o'th' *Whale*;  
 Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,

460 For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common;  
 And can no less than the *World's End*,  
 Or *Nature's Funeral* portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry,  
 Thro' *Perspective* more wistfully,

465 When by mischance the fatal String,  
 That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on Wing,  
 Breaking, down fell the Star: Well shot,  
 Quoth *Whachum*, who right wisely thought  
 H'd had levell'd at a Star, and hit it;

470 But *Sidrophel*, more subtil-witted,  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a Star fall;  
 It threatens *Nature*, and the Doom  
 Will not be long before it come!

475 When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,  
 The *Day of Judgment's* not far off:  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,  
 And some of us find out by *Magick*,  
 Then since the time we have to live

480 In this *World's shorten'd*, let us strive  
 To make our best Advantage of it,  
 And pay our Losses with our Profit,  
 This Feat fell out not long before  
 The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd score,

485 In quest of *Sidrophel* advancing,  
 Was now in Prospect of the *Mansion*

PART II. CANTO III. 181

Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his Glass,  
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, some  
490 To try or use our Art are come:  
The one's the learned Knight; seek out,  
And pump 'em what they come about.  
Whachum advanc'd with all submissness  
T' accost 'em, but much more their Bus'ness;  
495 He held a Stirrup while the Knight  
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,  
And taking from his Hand the Bridle,  
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle;  
He gave him first the time o' th' Day,  
500 And welcom'd hym, as he might say:  
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither  
Their Bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, hither.  
Did you not lose?---- Quoth Ralpho, nay;  
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your Way?  
505 Your Knight---- Quoth Ralpho is a Lover,  
And Pains intol'able doth suffer:  
For *Lovers* Hearts are not their own Hearts,  
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth downwards.  
What time?---- Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,  
510 Three Years it off and on has hung----  
Quoth he, I mean what time o' th' Day 'tis;  
Quoth Ralph between seven and eight 'tis.  
Why then (quoth Whachum) my small Art  
Tells me the Dame has a hard Heart,  
515 Or great Estate---- Quoth Ralph, a *Jointure*,  
Which makes him have so hot a Mind t'her.  
Mean while the Knight was making Water,  
Before he fell upon the Matter;  
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
520 To give him suitable Reception;

## 182 CANTO III. PART II.

But kept his Bus'ness at a Bay,  
 Till Whachum put him in the way;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's Light,  
 Expounded th' Errand of the Knight;

525 And what he came to know, drew near,  
 To whisper in the Conjuror's Ear,  
 Which he prevented thus? What was't,  
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these Gentlemen arriv'd?

530 Quoth Whachum, Venus you rettify'd,  
 In Opposition with Mars,  
 And no benign friendly Stars  
 T' allay th' Effect. Quoth Wizard, So  
 In Virgo? Ha? quoth Whachum, No:

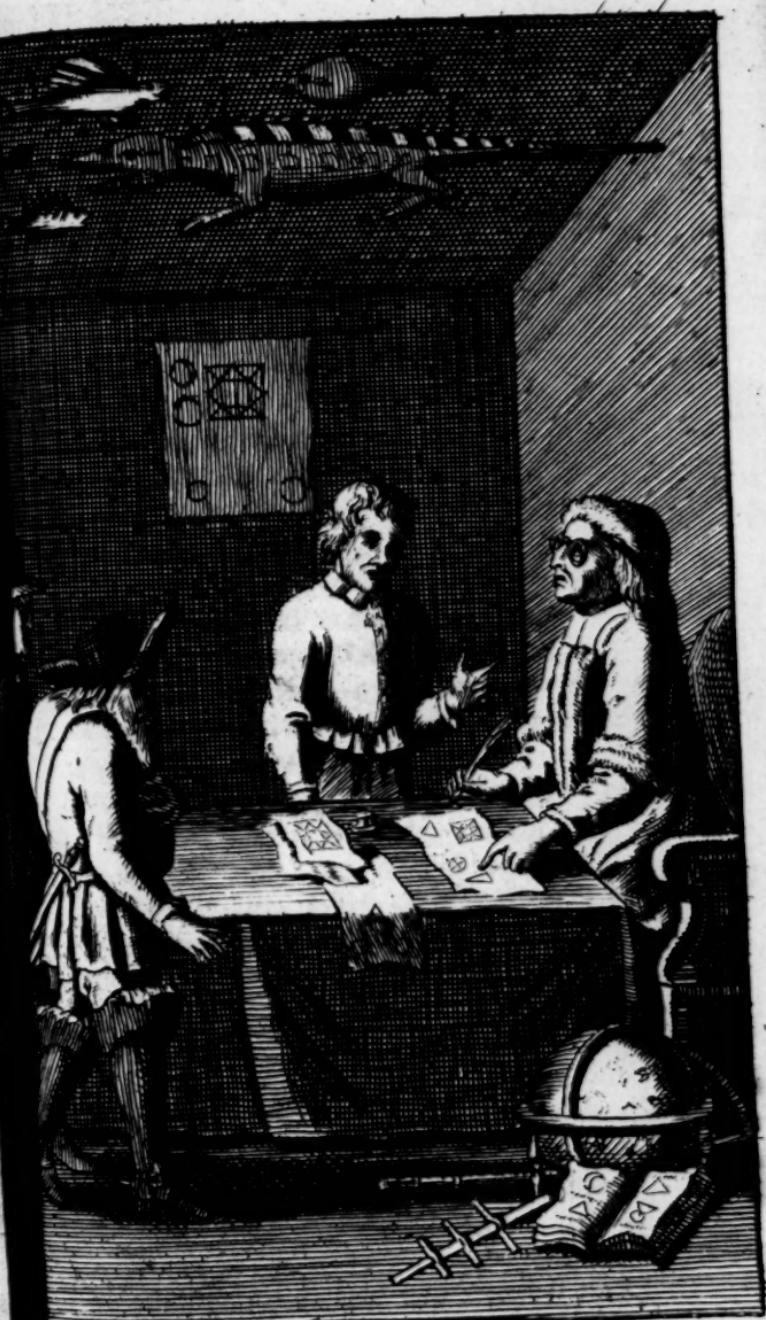
535 Has Saturn nothing to do in it?  
 One tenth of's Circle to a Minute,  
 'Tis well, quoth he----Sir, you'll excuse  
 This Rudeness I am forc'd to use;  
 It is a Scheme and Face of Heaven,

540 As th' Aspects are disposed this Even,  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd, but now I've done.  
 Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here

545 At such a time, to interrupt  
 Your Speculations, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and come to me,  
 'Tis fit that I ask your Excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidropbel,  
 550 The Stars your coming did foretel;  
 I did expect you here, and knew  
 Before you spake your Bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er



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PART

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PART II. CANTO III. 183

555 You tell me after on your Word,  
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd,

You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow,  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you?

And for three Years sh'has rid your Wit

560 And Passion, without drawing Bit:

And now your Bus'ness is to know  
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,  
But how the Devil you came by't

565 I can't imagine; for the Stars  
I am sure can tell no more than Horses;  
Nor can their Aspects (tho' you pore  
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Shears;

570 That turns as certain as the Spheres;  
But if the Devil's of your Council,  
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;  
And 'tis on his Account I come  
To know from you my fatal Doom.

575 Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,  
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take th' Alarm,  
Your Bus'ness is but to inform;  
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,

580 You have a wrong Sow by the Ear;  
For I assure you, for my part,  
I only deal by Rules of Art;  
Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of Astrology:

585 But for the Dev'l, know nothing by him,  
But only this, that I defie him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
I understand your Metonymie;

## 184 CANTO III. PART II.

Your Words of second hand Intention,  
 590 When things by *wrongful Names* you mention ;  
     The mystick Sense of all your *Terms*,  
     That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,  
         To raise the Devil, and mean one thing,  
         And that is down-right *Conjuring* :  
 595 And in its self more warrantable  
     Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,  
     Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,  
     Which by *Confed'racy* are done.  
     Your ancient *Conjurors* were wont  
 600 To make her from her *Sphere* dismount,  
     And to their *Incantations* stoop ;  
     They scorn'd to pore thro' *Telescope*,  
     Or idly play at *Bo-peep* with her,  
     To find out cloudy or fair Weather,  
 605 Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell  
     Perhaps as learnedly and well  
     As you yourself---Then, Friend, I doubt  
     You go the farthest way about ;  
     Your *Modern Indian Magician*  
 610 Makes but a Hole in th' Earth to piss in,  
     And straight resolves all Questions by't,  
     And seldom fails to be i'th' right.  
     The *Rosy-crucian* Ways more sure  
     To bring the Devil to their Lure ;  
 615 Each of 'em has a sev'ral *Gin*,  
     To catch *Intelligences* in.  
     Some by the *Nose* with Fumes trappan 'em,  
     As Dunstan did the Devil's *Grannam* ;  
     Others with *Characters and Words*  
 620 Catch 'em, as Men in *Nets* do Birds ;  
     And some with *Symbols, Signs, and Tricks*,  
     Engrav'd in *Planetary Nicks*

With their own Inſin'ces will fetch 'em  
Down from their Orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
615 Make 'em depose, and answer to  
All Questions, e'er they let them go.  
*Bumbastus* kept a Devil's Bird  
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,  
That taught him all the cunning Pranks  
630 Of past and future Mountebanks.  
*Kelly* did all his Feats upon  
The Devil's Looking-Glass, a Stone,  
Where playing with him at Bo-peep,  
He ſolv'd all Problems ne'er so deep.  
635 *Agrippa* kept a Stygian Pug  
I'th' Gaib and Habit of a Dog,  
That was his Tutor, and the Cur  
Read to th' occult Philosopher,  
And taught him subtly to maintain  
640 All other Sciences are vain.  
To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,  
*Agrippa* was no Conjuror,  
Nor *Paracelsus*, no nor *Behmen*;  
Nor was the Dog a Cacodamou,  
645 But a true Dog that wou'd shew Tricks  
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks;  
Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil:  
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,  
650 He went the ſelf-fame way we go.  
As for the Rose-Cross Philosophers,  
Whom you will have to be but Sorc'fers,  
What they pretend to, is no more  
Than *Trismegistus* did before,  
655 Pythagoras, old Zoroaſter,  
And *Apollonius* their Master;

To whom they do confess they owe  
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas ! what is't t'us,  
660 Whether 'twere said by *Trismegistus*,

If it be *Nonsense*, false, or *myfick*,  
Or not intelligible, or *sophistick* ?

'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,  
That makes *Truth* *Truth*, altho' *Time's Daughter*

665 'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,  
Before he pull'd her out of it ;

And as he eats his *Sons*, just so  
He feeds upon his Daughters too :

Nor does it follow, 'cause a *Herald*

\* 670 Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,  
To be descended of a Race

Of ancient Kings, in a small space ;  
That we shaudt all Opinions hold

*Authentiek*, that we can make old.

675 Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part  
Of Prudence to cry down an *Art* ;  
And what it may perform, deny,  
Because you understand not why.

( As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean Trick,

680 To damn our whole *Art* for Excentrick )  
For who knows all that Knowledge contains,

Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains,  
But on their Side, or rising's Seat ;

So 'tis with Knowledge's vast Height.

685 Do not the *Hist'ries* of all *Ages*  
Relate miraculous Presages

Of strange Turns in the *World's Affairs*  
Foreseen b' *Astrologers*, *Soothsayers*,

*Chaldeans*, learn'd *Genethliacks*,

690 And some that have witt *Almanacks* ?

The Medean Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter  
Had pist all Asia under Water,  
And that a Vine, sprung from her Hanches,  
O'er-spread his Empire with its Branches ;  
195 And did not Soothsayers expound it,  
As after by th' Event he found it ;  
When Casar in the Senate fell,  
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,  
And, in Resentment of his Slaughter,  
Look pale for almost a Year after ?  
*Augustus* having b'Oversight  
Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,  
Had like to have been slain that Day  
By Soldiers mutin'ing for Pay.  
Are there not Myriads of this sort,  
Which Stories of all Times report ?  
Is it not om'ous in all Countries,  
When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees ?  
The Roman Senate, when within  
The City-Walls an Owl was seen,  
Did cause their Clergy, with Lustrations,  
( Our Synod calls Humiliations ) -  
The round-fac'd Prodigy t'avert,  
From doing Town and Country hurt.  
And if an Owl have so much Pow'r,  
Why shou'd not Planets have much more,  
That in a Region far above  
Inferior Fowls of th' Air move,  
And shou'd see farther, and foreknow  
More than their Augury below ?  
Though that once serv'd the Polity  
Of mighty States to govern by ;  
And this is what we take in hand,  
By pow'ful Art to understand ;

## 188 CANTO III. PART I

725 Which, how we have perform'd, all Ages  
 Can speak th' *Events* of our *Prefages* ;  
 Have we not lately, in the *Moon*,  
 Found a *New World*, to th' *Old* unknown?  
 Discover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*

730 And *Magellan* could never compass ?  
 Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,  
 And Cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth *Hudibras*, You lye so ope,  
 That I, without a *Telescope*,

735 Can find your Tricks out, and descry  
 Whete you tell Truth, and where you Lie  
 For *Anaxagoras* long agone  
 Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon* ;  
 And held the *Sun* was 'but a piece

740 Of *Red-hot-Iron* as big as *Greece* ;  
 Believ'd the *Heav'ns* were made of *Stoney*,  
 Because the *Sun* had voided one ;  
 And, rather than he would recant  
 Th' *Opinion*, suffer'd Banishment.

745 But what, alas! is it to us,  
 Whether i' th' *Moon* Men thus or thus  
 Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their *Corns*,  
 Or whether they have Tails or Horns?  
 What *Trade* from thence can you advance,

750 But what we nearer have from *France*?  
 What can our *Travellers* bring home,  
 That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?  
 What *Politicks*, or strange *Opinions*,  
 That are not in our own *Dominions* ?

755 What *Science* can be brought from thence  
 In which we do not here commence?  
 What *Revelations*, or *Religious*,  
 That are not in our *Native Regions* ?

MARTIN CANTO III. 189

Ages  
is  
known?  
pear,  
  
I cry  
you Lie?  
on;  
  
of Stone,  
t  
  
thus  
Corns,  
Horns?  
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oni thence  
hence?  
s, and  
ions?  
Are sweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-Fans*,  
Made better there, than th'are in *Frantz*?  
Or do they teach to *sing* and *play*,  
On th' *Gitar* there a newer way?  
Can they make *Plays* there that shall fit  
The *publick Humour*, with less *Wit*?  
Write *wittier Dances*, *quainter Shows*,  
Or fight with more *ingenious Blows*?  
Or does the *Man i' th' Moon* look big,  
And wear a huger *Perriwig*,  
Shew in his *Gate*, or *Face*, more *Tricks*  
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?  
But if w' out-do him here at home,  
What Good of your Design can come?  
As *Wind* i' th' *Hypochondries* pent,  
Is but a *Blast* if downward sent;  
But if it upward chance to flie,  
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophesie*:  
So when your *Speculations* tend  
Above their just and useful End,  
Altho' they promise strange and great  
*Discoveries* of *Things* far fer,  
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,  
And favour strongly of the *Ganzas*.  
Tell me but what's the nat'r'l Cause,  
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws  
The *Full Moon* ever, but the *Half*;  
Resolve that with your *Jacob's-Staff*;  
Or why *Wolves* raise a *Hubbub* at her,  
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in Water,  
And I shall freely give my Vote,  
You may know something more remote?  
At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,  
And staring round with *Owl-like Eyes*,

## 190 CANTON. PART

He put his Face into a Posture  
Of Sapience, and began to bluster:  
795 For having three times shook his Head  
To stir his Wit up; thus he said:  
*Art has no mortal Enemies*  
Next Ignorance, but Owls and Geese;  
Those consecrated Geese in Orders,  
800 That to the Capitol were Wanders;  
And being then upon Patrole,  
With Noise alone beat off the Gaul.  
Or those Athenian Sceptick Owls,  
That will not credit their own Souls;  
805 Or any Science understand,  
Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:  
But meas'ring all Things by their own  
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known:  
Those Whole-sal'e Criticks, that in Coffe-  
810 Houses cry down all Philosophy,  
And will not know upon what Ground  
In Nature we our Doctrine found,  
Altho' with pregnant Evidence  
We can demonstrate it to Sense,  
815 As I just now have done to you,  
Fortelling what you came to know.  
Were the Stars only made to light  
Robbers and Burglars by Night?  
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finder  
820 And Lovers, solacing behind Doors,  
Or giving one another Pledges  
Of Matrimony under Hedges?  
Or Witches simpling, and on Gibbets  
Cutting from Malefactors Snippets;  
825 Or from the Pillory Tips of Ears  
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurors?

ART. II. CANTO HI. 191

Only to stand by, and look on,  
But not know what is said or done?  
Is there a *Constellation* there,  
That was not born and bred up here?  
And therefore cannot be to learn,  
In any inferior Concern.  
Were they not, during all their Lives,  
Most of 'em Pirates, Whores and Thieves?  
And is it like they have not still  
In their old *Practices* some Skill?  
Is there a *Planet* that by Birth  
Does not derive its *House* from Earth?  
And therefore probably must know  
What is, and hath been done below;  
Who made the *Balances*, or whence came  
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?  
Did not we here the *Argo* rig,  
Make *Bacchus's* *Perriwig*?  
Whose *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?  
Or who made *Cassiopeia's* Chair?  
And therefore as they came from hence,  
With us may hold *Intelligence*.  
Plato deny'd, The World can be  
Govern'd without *Geometry*;  
(For Money b'ing the common Scale  
Of Things by Measure, Weight and Tale;)  
In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,  
'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*:)  
Then much less can it be without  
Divine *Astrology* made out;  
That puts the other down in Worth,  
As far as *Heav'ns* above the *Earth*.  
These Reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant  
Are something more significant.

Than any that the Learned use,  
 Upon this Subject to produce;  
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,  
 T' establish, and keep up your Factory,

865 Th' Egyptians say, The Sun has twice  
 Shifted his Setting and his Rise;  
 Twice has he risen in the West,  
 As many times set in the East;  
 But whether that be true or no,

870 The Devil any of you know.  
 Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,  
 Are kept by Circulation up;  
 And were't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the Ground:

875 As sage Empedocles of old,  
 And from him Modern Authors hold,  
 Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon,  
 Below all other Planets run.  
 Some Mercury, some Venus seat,

880 Above the Sun himself in height.  
 The learned Scaliger complain'd  
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,  
 That in twelve Hundred Years and odd,  
 The Sun had left its Ancient Road,

885 And nearer to the Earth is come  
 'bove Fifty Thousand Miles from home:  
 Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,  
 And he that had so little Shame  
 To vent such Fopperies abroad,

890 Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:  
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
 That he deserv'd the Rod much more,  
 That durst upon a Truth give doom,  
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.

PART II. CANTO III. 193

895 *Cardan* believ'd great States depend  
Upon the Tip o'th' *Bear's Tail's End*;  
That as she it whisk'd t'wards the Sun,  
Strow'd mighty Empires up and down:  
Which others say must needs be false,  
Because your true *Bears* have no Tails.  
Some say the *Zodiack Constellations*  
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations  
Above a *Sign*, and prove the same  
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*:  
905 Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,  
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,  
Then how can their *Effects* still hold  
To be the same they were of old?  
This, tho' the *Art* were true, would make  
910 Our *Modern Soothsayers* mistake:  
And is one cause they tell more Lies,  
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,  
Than th'old *Chaldean* Conjurers,  
In so many Hundred Thousand Years;  
915 Beside their Nonsense in Translating,  
For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*,  
Like *Idus*, and *Calende*, Englisch  
The *Quamer-Days* by skilful *Linguist*:  
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight* and *Cheat*,  
920 'Twill serve their turn to do the Feat:  
Make *Fools* believe in their foreseeing  
Of things before they are in Being;  
To swallow *Gudgeons* e'er th'are catch'd;  
And count their *Chickens*, e'er th'are hatch'd;  
925 Make them the *Constellations* prompt,  
And give 'em back their own *Accompt*;

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But still the best to him that gives  
 The best Price for't, or best believes.  
 Some Towns and Cities, some for Brevity,  
 930 Have cast the verfal World's Nativity ;  
 And made the Infant-Stars confess,  
 Like Fools or Children, what they please,  
 Some calculate the hidden Fates  
 Of Monkey's, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats :  
 935 Some Running-Nags, and Fighting-Cocks,  
 Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox :  
 Some take a Measure of the Lives  
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives ;  
 Make Opposition, Trine and Quarile,  
 940 Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile ;  
 As if the Planet's first Aspect  
 The tender Infant did infest  
 In Soul and Body, and instill  
 All future Good, and future Ill :  
 945 Which in their dark Fatalties lurking,  
 At destin'd Periods fall a working ;  
 And break out, like the hidden Seeds  
 Of long Diseases, into Deeds,  
 In Friendships, Enmities, and Strife,  
 950 And all th'Emergencies of Life :  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The World, but he has done his doe,  
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick  
 That cures or kills a Man that is sick ;  
 955 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,  
 Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives,  
 There's but the twinkling of a Star  
 Between a Man of Peace and War ;

PART II. CANTO III. 195

A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knaves,  
960 A huffing Officer, and a Slave;  
A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,  
A great Philosopher, and a Block-head;  
A formal Preacher and a Player,  
A Learn'd Physician, and Man-slayer.  
965 As if Men from the Stars did suck  
Old Age, Diseases, and Ill-luck,  
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,  
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice;  
And draw with the first Air they breath,  
970 Battel, and Murther, sudden Death.  
Are not these fine Commodities,  
To be imported from the Skies,  
And vended here among the Babble,  
For Staple Goods and warrantable?  
975 Like Mony by the Druids borrow'd,  
In th' other World to be restor'd?  
Quoth Sidyaphel, To let you know  
You wrong the Art, and Artists too,  
Since Arguments are lost on those  
980 That do our Principles oppose;  
I will (although I've don't before)  
Demonstrate to your Sense once more,  
And draw a Figure that shall tell you,  
What you perhaps forget, befel you,  
985 By way of Horary Inspection,  
Which some account our worst Erection.  
With that he Circles draws, and Squares,  
With Cyphers, Astral Characters;  
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
990 Although set down Hab-nab, at random.

## 196 CANTO III. PART II.

Quoth he, This Scheme o' th' Heavens set,  
Discovers how in fight you met  
At Kingston with a May-Pole Idol,

And that y're bang'd both Back and Side well,  
995 And though you overcame the Bear,  
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair ;  
Where sturdy Butchers broke your Noddle,  
And handled you like a Fop doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
1000 You are no Con'yer, by your leave :  
That Pah'ry Story is untrue,  
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.

Not true, quoth he ? Howe'er you vapour,  
I can what I affirm make appear ;  
1005 Whachum shall justifie't t'your Face,  
And prove he was upon the Place :

He play'd the Salinbancho's Part,  
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my Art ;  
He stole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,  
1010 Chows'd and Caldees'd ye like a Blockhead,  
And what you lost I can produce,  
If you deny it, here i' th' House.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe ;  
That Argument's Demonstrative ;  
1015 Ralpho, bear Witness, and go fetch us  
A Constable to seize the Wretches ;  
For tho' th' are both false Knaves and Choughs,  
Impostors, Juglers, Counterfeits,  
I'll make them serve for Perpendic'lars,  
1020 As true as e'er were us'd by Bricklayers  
They're guilty by their own Confessions  
Of Felony, and at the Sessions

PART II. CANTO III. 197

Upon the Bench I will so handle 'em,  
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*  
1925 Shall make all *Taylor's Yards* of one  
Unanimous Opinion:  
A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
But now shall make it out by Proof.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt  
1630 To find Friends that will bear me out :  
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,  
And Neck, so long on the State's Part,  
To be expos'd i'th' End to suffer,  
By such a *Braggadocio Huffer*.

1635 *Huffer!* quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*  
Shall down thy false Throat cram that Word,  
*Ralph* make haste, and call an Officer,  
To apprehend this *Stygian Sophister* ;  
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,  
1640 Lest he and *Whachum* run away.  
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspe*  
Of *Hudibras* did now erect  
A *Figure* worse portending far  
Than that of most malignant Star,  
1645 Believ'd it now the fittest Moment  
To shun the Danger that might come on't,  
While *Hudibras* was all alone,  
And he and *Whachum*, two to one ;  
This b'ing resolv'd, He spy'd by chance,  
1650 Behind the Door an Iron Lance,  
That many a sturdy Limb had gor'd,  
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;  
He snatch'd it up, and made a Pass  
To make his way through *Hudibras* ;

## 198 CANTO III. PART II.

1055 Whachum had got a Fire-Fork,  
With which he vow'd to do his Work:  
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
And stoutly stood upon his Guard:  
He put by Sirophebo's Thrust,  
1060 And in right manfully he rush'd;  
The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,  
And laid him on the Earth along.  
Whachum his Sea-Coal Prong threw by,  
And basely turn'd his Back to flee;  
1065 But Hudibras gave him a Twitch  
As quick as Lightning in the Breech,  
Just in the Place were Honour's lodg'd,  
As wise Philosophers have judg'd,  
Because a Kick in that Part, more  
1070 Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.  
Quoth Hudibras, The Stars determine  
You are my Prisoners, base Vermine:  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know foretel?  
1075 By this what Cheats you are we find,  
That in your own Concerns are blind;  
Your Lives are now at my Dispose,  
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:  
But who his Honour would defile,  
1080 To take, or sell, two Lives so vile?  
I'll give you Quarter; but your Pillage,  
The Conqu'ring Warrior's Crop and Tillage,  
Which with his Sword he Reaps and Plows;  
That's mine, the Law of Arms allows.  
1085 This said in haste, in haste he fell  
To tumbling of Sirophebo's

First, he expounded both his Possets,  
And found a Warch, with Rings, and Locketts,  
Which had been left with him t' credit  
1090 A Figure for, and so detect;  
A Copper-Plate, with Almanacks  
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,  
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Timmers,  
And Blank Schemes, to discover Nimmers;  
1095 A Moon-Dial, with Napier's Bones,  
And several Constellation Stones,  
Engray'd in Planetary Hours,  
That over Mortals had strange Pow'rs,  
To make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,  
1100 And Stab or Poison to evade;  
In Wit or Wisdom to improve,  
And be Victorious in Love.  
Whachum had neither Cross nor Pile,  
His Plunder was not worth the while:  
1105 All which the Conqu'ror did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his Rump.  
But Sidrophel, as full of Tricks  
As Rota-men of Politicks,  
Streight cast about to over-reach  
1110 Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a Fetch,  
And make him glad (at leaft) to quit  
His Victory, and flie the Pit,  
Before the secular Prince of Darknes  
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass;  
1115 And, as a Fox with hot Pursuit  
Chac'd thro' a Warryen, cast about  
To save his Credit, and among  
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung;

## 200 CANTO III. PART II.

And while the *Dogs* run underneath,  
1120 Escap'd (by counterfeiting Death)  
Not out of cunning, but a *Train*  
Of *Atoms*, jostling in his *Brain*,  
As Learn'd *Philosophers* give out :  
So *Sidrophel* cast about,  
1125 And fell to his wonted *Trade* again,  
To feign himself in earnest slain :  
First stretch'd out one Leg, then another,  
And seeming in his *Breast* to smother,  
A broken Sigh ; quoth he, Where am I,  
1130 Alive, or Dead; or which way came I  
Through so immense a Space so soon?  
But now I thought my self i'th' *Moon* ;  
And that a *Monster*, with huge *Whiskers*,  
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,  
1135 My Body through and through had drill'd,  
And *Whachum* by my Side had kill'd,  
Had cross-examin'd both our *Hose*,  
And plunder'd all we had to lose ;  
Look, there he is, I see him now,  
1140 And feel the Place I am run through !  
And there lies *Whachum* by my Side  
Stone-dead, and in his own Blood dy'd ;  
Oh ! Oh ! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,  
And fell again into a *Swoon*,  
1145 Shut both his Eyes, and stopp'd his Breath,  
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death* ;  
That *Endibress*, to all appearing,  
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.  
He held it now longer safe,  
1150 To tarry the Return of *Ralph*,

But rather leave him in the *Eurch*;  
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,  
Refus'd to give himself one *Firk*,  
To carry on the *Publick Work*;  
Despis'd our *Synod-Man* like *Dirt*,  
And made their *Discipline* his *Sport*;  
Divulg'd the *Secrets* of their *Classes*,  
And their *Conventions* prov'd *high Places*;  
Disparag'd their *Tythe-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,  
And set at nought their *Cheese* and *Bacon*;  
Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jeer'd  
Their *Rev'rend Parsons*, to my *Boards*;  
For all which *Scandals*, to be quit  
At once, this *Furniture* falls out fit.  
I'll make him henceforth to beware,  
And tempt my *Fury* if he dare:  
He must at least hold up his *Hand*,  
By twelve *Free-holders* to be scann'd;  
Who by their Skill in *Palmestry*,  
Will quickly read his *Destiny*;  
And make him glad to read his *Lesson*,  
Or take a Turn for it at the *Session*:  
Unless his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer  
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he 'scape with whipping now,  
'Tis more than he can hope to do:  
And that will disengage my *Conscience*  
O'th' *Obligation*, in his own *Sense*:  
I'll make him now by force abide  
What he by gentle Means deny'd,  
To give my *Honour Satisfaction*  
And right the *Brethren* in the *Affair*.

## CANTO III. PART II.

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal Speed  
And Conduit, he approach'd his Steed,  
3195 And with Activity unwont,  
Assay'd the lofty Beast to mount;  
Which once attievd, he spurr'd his Palfry,  
To get from th' Enemy, and Ralph, free:  
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,  
3198 And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind,



is Palfry,  
free:  
ad,  
Wind,

# An Heroical EPISTLE O F *Hudibras to Sidrophel.*

---

*Ecce iterum Crispinus----*

---

WELL, Sidrophel! tho' 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy Brain,  
Without Trepanning of your Skull  
As often as the Moon's at Full;  
'Tis not amiss, e'er y' are giv'n o'er,  
To try one desp'rare Med'cine more;  
For where your Case can be no worse,  
The desp'rare it is the wisest Course.  
Is't possible that you, whose Ears  
Are of the Tribe of Issachar's,  
And might (with equal Reason) either  
For Merit or Extent of Leather,  
With William Pryn's, before they were  
Retronsch'd, and crucify'd, compare.

264 *An Heroical Epistle PART II.*

15 Should yet be deaf against a Noise  
So roaring as the Publick Voice?  
That speaks your Virtues free and loud,  
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his Part

20 T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,  
Or your new Nicknam'd old-Invention  
To cry Green-Hastings with an Engine;  
( As if the Vchemence had stunn'd,  
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound )

25 And 'cause your Folly's now no News,  
But overgrown, and out of Use,  
Perswade your self there's no such Matter,  
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;  
When Folly, as it grows in Years,

30 The more extravagant appears;  
For who but you cou'd be possest,  
With so much Ignorance, and Beast,  
That neither all Mens Scorn, and Hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,

35 Nor bray'd so often in a Mortar,  
Can teach you wholesome Sense and Nurture;  
But (like a Reprobate) what Course  
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
Can no transfusion of the Blood,

40 That makes Fools Cattle, do you good;  
Nor putting Pigs t'a Bitch to Nurse,  
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,  
Put you into a way, at least,  
To make your self a better Beast

45 Can all your critical Intreigues,  
Of trying sound for rotten Eggs;  
Your several new found Remedies  
Of curing Wounds and Seabs in Trees;

## PART II. of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 205

Your Arts of Fluxing them for Claps,  
 50 And purging their infected Saps;  
 Recov'ring Shankers, Crystallines,  
 And Nodes and Botches in the Rinds,  
 Have no effect to operate  
 Upon that duller Block, your Pate;  
 55 But still it must be lewdly bent  
 To tempt your own due Punishment;  
 And, like your whimsi'd Chariots, draw  
 The Boys to course you without Law;  
 As if the Art you have so long  
 60 Profest of making old Dogs young,  
 In you, had Virtue to renew  
 Not only Youth, but Childhood too.  
 Can you, that understand all Books,  
 By judging only with your Looks,  
 65 Resolve all Problems with your Face,  
 As others do with E's and A's;  
 Untiddle all that Mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your Brows;  
 All Arts and Sciences advance,  
 70 With screwing of your Countenance,  
 And with a penetrating Eye,  
 Into th'abstrusest Learning pry:  
 Know more of any Trade b'a Hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in't;  
 75 And yet have no Art, true or false,  
 To help your own bad Naturals  
 But still the more you strive t'appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder;  
 For Fools are known by looking Wise,  
 80 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye ave gain'd o' th' College  
 A Quarter share (at most) of Knowledge,

## 206 In An Heroical Epistle PART II.

And brought in none, but spent Bepute,  
Y'assume a Pow'r as Absolute,  
 35 To Judge, and Censure, and Control,  
As if you were the sole Sir Poll;  
And fauily pretend to know  
More than your Dividend comes to;  
You'll find the thing will not be done  
 50 With Ignorance and Face alone:  
No, tho' y'have purchas'd to your Name  
In History so great a Fame.  
That now your Talent's so well known,  
For having all Belief out-grown,  
 55 That ev'ry strange Prodigious Tale  
Is measur'd by your German Scale----  
By which the Virtuosi try  
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,  
Cast up to what it does amount,  
 60 And place the bigg'st to your Account,  
That all these Stories that are laid  
Too truly to you, and those made,  
Are now still charg'd upon your Score,  
And lesser Authors nam'd no more.  
 65 Alas ! that Faculty destroys  
Those sooneſt it deſigns to raise;  
And all your vain Renown will ſpoil,  
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;  
Tho' he that has but Impudence  
 70 To all things has a fair Pretence;  
And put among his Wants but Shame,  
To all the World may lay his Claim:  
Tho' you have try'd that nothing's born  
With greater ease than Publick Scorn;  
 75 That all Affronts do ſtill give Blaſe  
To your impenetrable Face;

PART II. of Hudibras to Sidrophel. 207

That makes your Way through all Affairs,  
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs,  
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Bras,  
120 You must not think 'twill always pass ;  
For all Impostors, when they're known,  
Are past their Labour, and undone.  
And all the best that can befall  
An Artificial Natural,  
125 Is that which Mad-men find, as soon  
As once th' are broke loose from the *Moon*,  
And proof against her Influence,  
Relapse to e'er so little Sense,  
To turn stark Fools, and Subjects fit  
130 For sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit,



ГУДВАРЫ

ТЯЧЕНІЕ І ТЕСТЬ

ІСТИННОСТЬ СВОЇХ ВІДЕНИЙ

Світські відомості Альбіону

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MUSEUM

1854 V

МОЗАИКА

Публікація для підтримки Союзу  
Фундації та Асоціації

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Entrance

# *HUDIBRAS.*

---

The Third and Last PART.

---

*By the Author of the FIRST  
and SECOND.*

---

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

*Never before Printed.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for Thomas Horne, at the South  
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# HUDIBRAS.

---

*The Third and Last PART.*

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## The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce.*

*They both approach the Lady's Bower,  
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo  
She treats them with a Masquerade, [her,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him, from himself, by Night.*

---

## CANTO I.

---

**T**IS true, no Lover has that Pow'g  
T'enforce a desperate Affair,  
As he that has two strings to his Bow,  
And burns for Love and Money too;  
For then he's Brave and Resolute,  
Disdains to render in his Suit,

## 222 CANTO I. PART III.

Has all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,  
 And hangs or *drowns* with half the trouble;  
 While those that sillily pursue  
 20 The simple, downright Way and true,  
 Make as unlucky Applications,  
 And steer against the Streams their Passions.  
 Some forge their *Mistresses* of *Stars*;  
 And when the Ladies prove averse,  
 25 And more untoward to be won,  
 Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,  
 Cry out upon the Stars for doing  
 Ill Offices, to crost their *wraig*;  
 When only by themselves they're hindred,  
 30 For trusting *those* they made her *Kindred*;  
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
 The Dam'sels prove, become the fonder.  
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd,  
 To gain a soft and gentle *Bride*?  
 35 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,  
 In purling *Streams* or *Hemp* departed?  
 Leap'd headlong int' *Elysium*,  
 Thro' the Windows of a dazzling Room?  
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,  
 40 The am'rous Fly burnt in his *Flame*.  
 This to the *Knight* cou'd be no *News*,  
 With all Mankind so much in-use;  
 Who therefore took the wiser Course,  
 To make the most of his *Amours*,  
 45 Resolv'd to try all sorts of Ways,  
 As follows in due Time and Place.  
 Na sooner was the Bloody Fight,  
 Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,  
 With all th' Appurtenances, overon  
 50 But he relaps'd again t'a Lover.

PART III. CANTO I. 219

As he was always wont to do  
When h' had discomfited a Foe,  
And us'd the only *Antique Philters*  
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.  
45 But now Triumphant and Victorious,  
He held th' Achievement was too glorious  
For such a Conqueror to meddle  
With *Petty Constable*, or *Beadle's*  
Or fly for Refuge to the *Hostess*,  
50 Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, *Justice*;  
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cause.  
To th' *Ordeal Trial* of the Laws;  
Where none escape; but such as branded  
With red-hot Irons have past bare-handed;  
55 And if they cannot read one *Verse*  
*I th' Psalms*, must sing it, and that's worse.  
He therefore judging it below him,  
To tempt a Shame the *Devil* might owe him,  
Resolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*  
60 And *Mainprise* for him, to the *Goal*,  
To answer, with his Vessel, all  
That might disastrously befall.  
And thought it now the fittest Juncture  
To give the Lady a Rencounter,  
65 T'acquaint her with his Expedition,  
And Conquest o'er the fierce *Magician*;  
Describe the manner of the Fray,  
And shew the Spoils he brought away;  
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate,  
70 The Number of the Blows and Weight;  
All which might probably succeed,  
And gain belief h' had done the Deed.  
Which he resolv'd t'enforce, and spare  
No pawning of his Soul to swear;

## 214 CANTO I. PART III.

75 But, rather than produce his Back,  
 To set his Conscience on the Rack:  
 And in pursuance of her urging  
 Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,  
 And all Things else, upon his Part,

80 Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,  
 Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,  
 And Person, up to his Embraces.  
 Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights  
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights;

85 And cut whole Giants into Fritters,  
 To put them into amorous Twitters;  
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd:  
 But when their Bones were drub'd so sore,

90 They durst not wao one Combat more,  
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.  
 So Spanish Heroes with their Lances,  
 At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies:

95 And he acquires the noblest Spouse  
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows;  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Who've quell'd so vast a Buffalo?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,

100 The Knight's late Orders to obey :  
 Who sent him for a strong Detachment  
 Of Beadle, Constable, and Watchmen,  
 T' attack the Cunning-man, for Plunder  
 Committed falsly on his Lumber;

105 When he, who had so lately sack'd  
 The Enemy, had done the Fact,  
 Had rifed all his Pokes and Fobs  
 Of Gincracks, Whims, and Jigumbabs,

III. PART HI. CANTO I. 215

Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,

110 And for his own Inventions gather'd :

And when they thou'd, at Goal Deliv'ry,

Unriddle one another's Thievery,

Both might have evidence enough,

To render either Halter-proof.

115 He thought it desperate to tarry,

And venture to be accessary ;

But rather wisely slip his Fetters,

And leave them for the Knight, his Better,

He call'd to Mind th'unjust foul Play

120 He wou'd have offer'd him that Day,

To make him curry his own Hide,

Which no Beast ever did beside,

Without all possible Evasion,

But of the Riding Dispensation.

125 And therefore much about the Hour,

The Knight (for Reasons told before)

Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury

Of Justice, and an unpack'd Fury,

The Squire concurr'd t'abandon him,

130 And serve him in the self-same Trim

T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,

And what he meant to carry on ;

What Project 'twas he went about,

When Sidrophel and he fell out :

135 His firm and stedfast Resolution,

To swear her to an Execution :

To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,

And bribe the Devil himself to carry her,

In which both dealt, as if they meant

140 Their Party-Saints to represent,

Who never fail'd, upon their sharing,

In any prosperous Arms-bearing,

216 CANTO I. PART III.

To lay themselves out, to supplant  
Each other *Cousin-German-Saint*.

145 But e'er the *Knight* could do his Part,  
The *Squire* had got so much the start,  
H'had to the Lady done his Errand,  
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.  
Just as he finish'd his Report,

150 The *Knight* alighted in the Court;  
And having ty'd his Beast t'a Pale,  
And taken time for both to Stale,  
He put his Band and Beard in order,  
The sprucer to aecost and board her,  
155 And now began t'approach the Door;  
When she, wh' had spy'd him out befor,  
Convey'd th' *Informer* out of sight,  
And went to entertain the *Knight*;  
With whom encountering after *Lonees*  
160 Of humble and submissive *Congees*,

And all due Ceremonies paid,  
He stroak'd his Beard, and thus he said:  
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,

Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:

165 And now am come, to bring your Ear  
A Present you'll be glad to hear;  
At least I hope so. The Thing's done,  
Or may I never see the Sun;  
For which I humbly now demand

170 Performance at your gentle Hand:  
And that you'd please to do your Part,  
As I have done mine to my Smart.

With that, he shrugg'd his sturdy Back,  
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

175 But she, who well enough knew what  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretend

Pretended not to apprehend  
The Mystery of what he mean'd :  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
180 His dark Expressions less profound.

Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your Love,  
Which (like your Votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd Skin :  
185 And, for those meritorious Lashes,  
To claim your Favour and good Graces.

*Quoth she*, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted Sconce ;  
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,  
190 To bind your Back to 'ts good Behaviour,  
And for my Sake and Service vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy Load,  
And what 'twould bear t'a Scruple prove,  
As other Knights do oft make Love.  
195 Which, whether you have done or no,  
Concerns your self, not me, to know,  
But if you have, I shall confess,  
You're honester than I cou'd guess.

*Quoth he*, If you suspect my Troth,  
200 I cannot prove it but by Oath ;  
And, if you make a Question on't,  
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't ;  
And, he that makes his Soul his Surety,  
I think, does give the best Secur'ty.

*Quoth she*, Some say, the Soul's secure  
Against Distress and Forfeiture ;  
Is free from Action, and exempt  
From Execution and Contempt ;  
And to be summon'd to appear  
205 In th' other World, 's illegal here.

And therefore few make any account,  
 Int' what Incumbrances they run't.  
 For most Men carry things so even  
 Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,

215 Without the least Offence to either,  
 They freely deal in all together,  
 And equally abhor to quit  
 This World for both, or both for it,  
 And when they pawn and damn their Souls,

220 They are but Pris'ners on Paroles.  
 For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,  
 They may be accountable in all.  
 For when there is that Intercourse  
 Between Divine and Human Pow'rs,

225 That all that we determine here  
 Commands Obedience ev'ry where ;  
 When Penalties may be commuted  
 For Fines, or Ears, and executed ;  
 It follows, nothing binds so fast

230 As Souls in Pawn, or Mortgage past :  
 For Oaths are th' only Tests and Scales  
 Of Right and Wrong, and True and False :  
 And there's no other way to try  
 The Doubts of Law and Justice by.

235 *Quoth she*, What is it you wou'd swear ?  
 There's no believing till I hear :  
 For till they're understood, all Tales  
 (Like Nonfense) are not true nor false.  
*Quoth he*, When I resolv'd t' obey

240 What you commanded t' other Day,  
 And to perform my Exercise,  
 (As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes :  
 T' avoid all Scruples in the Case,  
 I went to do't upon the Place.

245 But as the Castle is enchanted  
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted  
With evil Spirits, as you know,  
Who took my Squire and me for two ;  
Before I'd hardly time to lay

250 My Weapons by, and disarray,  
I heard a formidable Noise  
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,  
That roar'd far off, dispatch and strip,  
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,

255 That shall divest thy Ribs of Skin,  
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.  
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy Oath,  
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth ;  
But spar'd thy Renegado Back,

260 When th' hadst so great a Price at Stake :  
Which now the Fates have order'd me  
For Penance and Revenge to flay,  
Unless thou presently make haste.  
Time is, Time was : And there it ceas'd.

265 With which, tho' startled, I confess,  
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was less  
Than th' other dismal Apprehension  
Of Interruption or Prevention.  
And therefore snatching up the Rod,

270 I laid upon my Back a Load ;  
Resolv'd to spare no Flesh and Blood,  
To make my Word and Honour good.  
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,  
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,

275 I felt the Blows still ply'd as fast,  
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,  
In Raptures of Platonick Lashing,  
And chaste contemplative Bardashing :

## 220 CANTO I. PART III.

When facing hastily about,  
 280 To stand upon my Guard and Scout,  
 I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,  
 And th' Under-Witch, his *Caliban*,  
 With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
 That on my outward Quarters storm'd.  
 285 In haste I snatch'd my Weapon up,  
 And gave the Hellish Rage a Stop ;  
 Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell  
 Courageously on *Sidrophel* :  
 Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,  
 290 Began to roar aloud and tear ;  
 When I as furiously press'd on,  
 My Weapon down his Throat to run,  
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,  
 And turn'd himself into a Goose,  
 295 Dived under Water in a Pond,  
 To hide himself from being found.  
 In vain I fought him ; but as soon  
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
 Prepar'd with equal Haste and Rage,  
 300 His Under-Sorcerer t'ingage.  
 But bravely scorning to defile  
 My Sword with feeble Blood and vile ;  
 I judg'd it better from a Quick-  
 Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,  
 305 With which I furiously laid on ;  
 Till in a harsh and doleful Tone  
 It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir :  
 I am too great a Sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,  
 310 But conjur'd int' a worse Caprich :  
 Who sends me out on many a Jaunt,  
 Old Houses in the Night to haunt,

For Opportunities t' improve  
Designs of Thievery or Love ;  
315 With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,  
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,  
Kill Pigs and Geese with pouder'd Glass,  
And make it for Inchantment pass ;  
With Cow-Itch meazole like a Leper,  
320 And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper ;  
Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry  
Commit phantaftical Advowtry ;  
Bewitch Hermetick-Men to run  
Stark staring Mad with *Manicon* ;  
325 Believe Mechanick *Virtuosi*  
Can raise 'em Mountains in *Potosi* ;  
And fillier than the Antique Fools,  
Take Treasure for a Heap of Coals :  
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,  
330 To quack of Universal Cures ;  
With Figures ground on Panes of Glass,  
Make People on their Heads to pass ;  
And mighty Heaps of Coin increase,  
Reflected from a single Piece :  
335 To draw in Fools, whose nat'r al Itches  
Incline perpetually to Witches ;  
And keep me in continual Fears,  
And Danger of my Neck and Ears :  
When less Delinquents have been scourg'd ,  
340 And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd ,  
Which others for Cravats have worn  
About their Necks, and took a Turn.  
I pity'd the sad Punishment,  
The wretched *Caitiff* underwent ,  
345 And held my Drubbing of his Bones  
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones* ;

For Knights are bound to feel no Blows  
 From paltry and unequal Foes,  
 Who when they flash, and cut to Pieces,

350 Do all with civillest Addresses :  
 Their Horses never give a Blow,  
 But when they make a Leg and Bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his Flesh, and prest him  
 About the Witch with many a Question.

355 Quoth he, For many Years he drove  
 A kind of Broking Trade in Love,  
 Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Trust,  
 Of feeble Speculative Lust ;  
 Procuror to th' Extravagancy

360 And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,  
 By those the Devil had forsook,  
 As things below him, to provoke.  
 But b'ing a *Virtuoso*, able  
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble;

365 He held his Talent most *Adroit*  
 For any Mystical Exploit ;  
 As others of his Tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their Prices Three to One.  
 For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds

370 Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds.  
 But as an Elf (the Devil's *Valet*)  
 Is not so slight a thing to get ;  
 For those that do his Bus'ness best,  
 In Hell are us'd the ruggedest ;

375 Before so meriting a Person  
 Gould get a Grant, but in Reversion,  
 He serv'd two Prentiships, and longer,  
 I'th' Myft'ry of a Lady-Monger.  
 For (as some write) a Witch's Ghost,

380 As soon as from the Body loos'd,

Becomes a Puny-Imp it self,  
And is another Witch's Elf.  
He after searching far and near,  
At length found one in Lancashire,  
385 With whom he bargain'd before-hand,  
And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
Since which h' has plaid a Thousand Feats,  
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats :  
Transform'd himself to th' ugly Shapes  
390 Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes ;  
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,  
Or Pharaoh's Wizards cou'd their Switches ;  
And all with whom h' has had to do,  
Turn'd to as monstrous Figures too.  
395 Witness my self, whom h' has abus'd,  
And to this beastly Shape reduc'd,  
By feeding me on Beans and Pease,  
He crams in nasty Crevises,  
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,  
400 To make me relish for Difterts,  
And one by one with Shame and Fear  
Lick up the candy'd Provender.  
Besides---- But as h' was running on,  
To tell what other Feats h' had done,  
405 The Lady stopt his full Career,  
And told him, now 'twas time to hear ;  
If half those things (said she) be true,  
(They're all (quoth he) I swear by you.)  
Why then (said she) that Sidrophel  
410 Has damn'd himself to th' Pit of Hell ;  
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag  
And Hackney of a Layland Hag,  
In quest of you came hither Post,  
Within an Hour (I'm sure) at most ;

413 Who told me all you Swear and Say,  
 Quite contrary another way ;  
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know  
 If you should carry me or no ;  
 And would have hir'd him and 's Imps  
 410 To be your Match-makers and Pimps,  
 T'ingage the Devil on your side,  
 And steal (like Proserpine) your Bride,  
 But he disdaining to embrace  
 So filthy a Design and base,  
 415 You fell to Vapouring and Huffing,  
 And drew upon him like a Ruffin ;  
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
 Before h' had time to mount his Guard ;  
 And left him dead upon the Ground,  
 420 With many a Bruise and desp'rate Wound :  
 Swore you had broke, and rob'd his House,  
 And stole his *Talismanique* Louse,  
 And all his New-found Old Inventions,  
 With flat Felonious Intentions ;  
 425 Which he cou'd bring out, where he had,  
 And what he bought 'em for, and paid ;  
 His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Punese*,  
 H' had gotten for his proper Ease,  
 And all in perfect Minutes made,  
 430 By th' ablest Artists of the Trade ;  
 Which (he cou'd prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been eaten up almost ;  
 And all together might amount  
 To many Hundreds on account :  
 435 For which h' had got sufficient Warrant  
 To seize the Malefactors Errant,  
 Without Capacity of Bail,  
 But of a Cart's or Horse's Tail ;

And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,  
450 To serve for Pendulums to Watches ;  
Which modern Virtuoso's say,  
Incline to Hanging every way.  
Besides he swore, and swore 'twas true  
That e'er he went in quest of you,  
455 He set a Figure to discover  
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;  
And found it clear, that, to betray  
Your selves and me, you fled this way ;  
And that he was upon pursuit,  
460 To take you somewhere hereabout.  
He vow'd h' had had Intelligence  
Of all that past before and since :  
And found, that e'er you came to him,  
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,  
465 About a Case of tender Conscience,  
Where both abounded in your own Sense ;  
Till *Ralph*, by his Light and Grace,  
Had clear'd all Struples in the Case ;  
And prov'd that you might swear and own  
470 Whatever's by the Wicked done.  
For which, most basely to requite  
The Service of his Gifts and Light,  
You strove t' oblige him by main force,  
To scourge his Ribs instead of yours ;  
475 But that he stood upon his Guard,  
And all your Vapouring out-dar'd ;  
For which, between you both, the Feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.  
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
480 Turn'd th' Outside of his Eyes to white,  
*(As Men of Inward Light are wont  
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)*

He wonder'd how she came to know  
 What he had done, and meant to do :

485 Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,  
 As if h' had been to be Arraign'd :  
 Cast tow'rds the Door a ghastly Look,  
 In dread of *Sidrophel*, and spoke.

Madam, If but one Word be true

490 Of all the Wizard has told you,  
 Or but one single Circumstance  
 In all th' Apocryphal Romance,  
 May dreadful Earthquakes swallow down  
 This Vessel, that is all your own ;

495 Or may the Heavens fall, and cover  
 These Reliques of your constant Lover.

You have provided well, *quoth she*,  
 (I thank you) for your self and me ;  
 And shewn your *Presbyterian Wits*

500 Jump punctual with the *Jesuits*.  
 A most compendious way and civil,  
 At once to cheat the World, the Devil,  
 And Heav'n and Hell, your Selves and Those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.

505 Why then (*quoth he*) may Hell surprize.  
 That Trick (*said she*) will not pass twice :  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing

510 What you would prove, than *downright Swearing* ;  
 For if you have perform'd the Feat,  
 The Blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for Satisfaction  
 Of nicest Scruples in the Action.

515 And if you can produce those Knobs,  
 Altho' they're but the Witches Drubs,

I'll pass them all upon Account,  
As if your nat'r al Self had don't.

Provided that they pass'd th' Opinion

520 Of able Juries of old Women,  
Who, us'd to judge all matter of Facts  
For Bellies, may do so for Backs.

Madam (*quoth she*) your Love's a Million,  
To do is less than to be willing,

525 As I am, were it in my Pow'r  
T' obey, what you command, and more.  
But for performing what you bid,  
I thank y' as much as if I did.

You know I ought to have a care

530 To keep my Wounds from taking Air.  
For Wounds, in those that are all Heart,  
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find (*quoth she*) my Goods and Chattels  
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels :

535 For still the longer we contend,  
We are but farther off the End.  
But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me ?

Your plighted Faith (*quoth he*) and Word.

540 You past in Heaven on Record,  
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly inroll'd.  
And if 'tis counted Treason here  
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.

545 Quoth she, There are no Bargains driv'n,  
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,  
And that's the Reason, as some guess,  
There is no Heav'n in Marriages ;  
Two Things that naturally press

550 Too narrowly, to be at ease.

Their Bus'ness there is only Love,  
 Which Marriage is not like t' improve.  
 Love, that's too Gen'rous, to abide  
 To be against its Nature ty'd:

555 For where 'tis of it self inclin'd,  
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd;  
 And like the Soul, its Harbourer,  
 Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,  
 Disdains against its Will to stay,

560 But struggles out, and flies away:  
 And therefore never can comply,  
 T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,  
 That binds the Female and the Male,  
 Where th' one is but the other's Bail;

565 Like Roman Gaolers, when they slept,  
 Chain'd to the Prisoners they kept.  
 Of which the True and Faithfull'st Lover  
 Gives best Security, to suffer.  
 Marriage is but a Beast, some say,

570 That carries double in foul way;  
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admin'd  
 It should so suddenly be tir'd:  
 A Bargain at a venture made  
 Between two Partners in a Trade;

575 (For what's inferr'd by T' have, and T' hold,  
 But something past away, and sold ?)  
 That as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low:  
 And at the best is but a Mart

580 Between the one and th' other part,  
 That on the Marriage-Day is paid,  
 Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;  
 And all the rest of Better or Worse,  
 Both are but Losers out of Purse.

585 For when upon their ungot Heirs  
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,  
Or Wager laid at six and seven;  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
590 Their Children Tenants e'er they're born?  
Beg one another Idiot  
To Guardians, e'er they're begot;  
Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one,  
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
595 Though got b'implicite Generation,  
And general Club of all the Nation;  
For which she's fortify'd no less,  
Than all the Island, with four Seas:  
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,  
600 In ready Insolence and Pow'r;  
And make him pass away, to have  
And hold, to her, himself, her Slave,  
More wretched than an ancient Villain,  
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling.  
605 While all he does upon the By,  
She is not bound to Justify,  
Nor at her proper Cost and Charge  
Maintain the Feats he does at large.  
Such hideous Sots were those obedient  
610 Old Vassals to their Ladies Regent;  
To give the Cheats the eldest Hand  
In foul Play, by the Laws o'th' Land;  
For which so many a Legal Cuckold  
Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd.  
615 A Law that most unjustly yokes  
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,  
Without distinction of Degree,  
Condition, Age, or Quality;

Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,  
 620 Nor valuable Consideration,  
     Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse  
     Of Judgment past for better or worse;  
     Will not allow the Privileges  
     That Beggars challenge under Hedges,  
 625 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Horses  
     Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;  
     While nothing else but *Rem* in *Re*  
     Can set the proudest Wretches free;  
     A Slavery beyond enduring,  
 630 But that 'tis of their own procuring:  
     As Spiders never seek the Fly,  
     But leave him, of himself, t' apply;  
     So Men are by themselves betray'd.  
     To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,  
 635 And run their Necks into a Nooze,  
     They'd break 'em after, to break loose.  
     As some, whom Death wou'd not depart,  
     Have done the Feat themselves by Art.  
     Like *Indian* Widows, gone to Bed  
 640 In flaming Curtalns to the Dead:  
     And Men as often dangled for't,  
     And yet will never leave the Sport.  
     Nor do the Ladies want excuse  
     For all the Stratagems they use,  
 645 To gain th' Advantage of the Set,  
     And lurch the Am'rous Rook and Cheat.  
     For as the *Pythagorean* Soul  
     Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
     And has a Smack of ev'ry one:  
 650 So Love does, and has ever done,  
     And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
     Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,  
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first,  
655 That after burns with Cold as much  
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the Touch;  
Melts in the Furnace of Desire,  
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;  
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,  
660 Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.  
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,  
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,  
The smallest Sparkle of an Eye  
Gives Fire to his Artillery;  
665 And off the loud Oaths go, but while  
They're in the very Act recoil.  
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance  
Without a sep'rate Maintenance:  
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,  
670 Trust none again, till th' have made over.  
Or if they do, before they marry,  
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:  
And e'er they venture on a Stream,  
Know how to size themselves and them.  
675 Whence witty'st Ladies always choose  
To undertake the heaviest Goose.  
For now the World is grown so wary,  
That few of either Sex dare marry,  
But rather trust on Tick't Amours,  
680 The Cross and File for Bett'r or Worse:  
A Mode that is held Honourable  
As well as French and Fashionable.  
For when it falls out for the best,  
Where both are incommoded least,  
685 In Soul and Body two unite,  
To make up one Hermaphrodite:

Still Am'rous, and Fond, and Billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,  
 Th' have more Funtilio's and Capriches  
 690 Between the Petticoat and Breeches,  
 More petulant Extravagances,  
 Than Poets make 'em in Romances,  
 Tho', when their Heroes spouse the Dames,  
 We hear no more of Charms and Flames :  
 695 For then their late Attracts decline,  
 And turn as eager as prick'd Wine ;  
 And all their Catterwauling Tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous Piques :  
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd.  
 700 By th' Yellow Mantles of the Bride ;  
 For Jealousie is but a kind  
 Of Clap and Crincum of the Mind,  
 The natural Effect of Love,  
 As other Flames and Aches prove :  
 705 But all the Mischief is, the Doubt  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chineses go to Bed,  
 And lie in in their Ladies stead,  
 And for the Pains they took before,  
 710 Are Nurs'd and Pamper'd to do more :  
 Our Green-Men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in Labour of a Clap ;  
 Both lay the Child to one another :  
 But who's the Father, who the Mother,  
 715 'Tis hard to say in Multitudes,  
 Or who imported the French Goods.  
 But Health and Sickness b'ing all one,  
 Which both before engag'd to own,  
 And are not with their Bodies bound  
 720 To Worship only when they're Sound,

Both give and take their equal Shares  
Of all they suffer by false Wares :  
A Fate no Lover can divert  
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.  
725 For 'tis in vain to think to gues  
At Women by Appearances ;  
That paint and patch their Imperfections  
Of Intellectual Complexions :  
And daub their Tempers o'er with Washes  
730 As artificial as their Faces ;  
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents  
And Mother Wits before their Gallants ;  
Until they're hamper'd in the Nooze,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
735 When all the Flaws they strove to hide  
Are made unready, with the Bride,  
That with her Wedding Cloaths undresses  
Her Complaisance and Gentilesses :  
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her  
740 The Government from th' easie Owner,  
Until the Wretch is glad to waye  
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave ;  
Finds all his Having and his Holding,  
Reduc'd t' eternal Noise and Scolding ;  
745 The Conjugal Petard, that tears  
Down all Portcullices of Ears,  
And makes the Volley of one Tongue  
For all their Leatherne Shields too strong ;  
When only arm'd with Noise and Nails,  
750 The Female Silk-worms ride the Males,  
Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,  
Like Sirens with their charming Notes,  
Sweet as a Screech Owl's Serenade,  
Or those enchanting Murmurs made

755 By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,  
Both Bury'd (like themselves) Alive.  
*Quoth he,* These Reasons are but Strains  
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,  
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink,

760 Do rather wheedle with, than think.  
Man was not Man in *Paradise*,  
Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his Bride,  
Carv'd from th' Original, his Side,

765 T'amend his natural Defects,  
And perfect his recruited Sex ;  
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and lessen  
The Pains and Labour of Increasing,  
By changing them for other Cares,

770 As by his dry'd up Paps appears ;  
His Body, that stupendous Frame,  
Of all the World the Anagram,  
Is of two equal Parts compact,  
In Shape and Symmetry exact.

775 Of which the Left and Female Side  
Is to the manly Right a Bride,  
Both join'd together with such Art,  
That nothing else but Death can part.  
Those Heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,

780 And Face, that all the World surprise,  
That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other Ladies Tawny ;  
Those Ravishing and Charming Graces,  
Are all made up of two half Faces,

785 That in a Mathematick Line,  
Like those in other Heavens, join,  
Of which if either grew alone,  
'Twould fright as much to look upon.

And so wou'd that sweet Bud your Lip,  
Without the other's Fellowship.  
Our Noblest Senses act by Pairs,  
Two Eyes to see, to hear two Ears ;  
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,  
To wait upon the Soul design'd ;  
But those that serve the Body alone,  
Are single and confin'd to one.  
The World is but two Parts, that meet,  
And close at th' Equinoctial, fit ;  
And so are all the Works of Nature,  
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter :  
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,  
Or smalleſt Blade of Grass, receive.  
All which ſufficiently declare  
How 'ntirely Marriage is her Care,  
The only Method that ſhe uſes,  
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.  
And those that take their Rules from her,  
Can never be deceiv'd nor err.  
For what ſecures the Civil Life  
But Pawns of Children, and a Wife ?  
That lye, like Hostages, at stake,  
To pay for all Men undertake ;  
To whom it is as neceſſary,  
As to be Born and Breath, to Marry.  
So univerſal, all Mankind  
In nothing else is of one Mind,  
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,  
Was Marriage ever out of Fashion ;  
Unless among the *Amazons*,  
Or Cloiſter'd *Friars*, and *Vestal Nuns* ;  
Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks  
And loose Excesses of the Sex,

Prepost'rously wou'd have all Women  
 Turn'd up to all the World in common.

825 Tho' Men wou'd find such mortal Fewds  
 In sharing of their publick Goods,  
 'Twou'd put them to more Charge of Lives,  
 Than they're supply'd with now by Wives;  
 Until they graze, and wear their Cloaths:

830 As Beasts do, of their Native Growths:  
 For simple wearing of their Horns,  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
 Unless the Marriage-deed will bear it?

835 Cou'd claim no Right to Lands or Rents,  
 But for our Parents Settlements.  
 Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.  
 What Honours, or Estates of Peers

840 Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their Heirs?  
 And what Security maintains  
 Their Right and Title, but the Banes?  
 What Crowns cou'd be Hereditary,  
 If greatest Monarchs did not Marry,

845 And with their Consorts consummate  
 Their weightiest Interests of State?  
 For all th' Amours of Princes are  
 But Guarantees of Peace or War.  
 Or what but Marriage has a Charm,

850 The Rage of Empires to disarm,  
 Make Blood and Desolation cease,  
 And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,  
 When all their fierce Contests for Forage  
 Conclude in Articles of Marriage?

855 Nor does the Genial Bed provide  
 Less for the Interests of the Bride;

Who else had not the least Pretence  
T'as much as due Benevolence ;  
Could no more Title take upon her  
To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,  
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,  
And Feme-Covets t' all Mankind.  
All Women would be of one piece,  
The Virtuous Matron, and the Miss ;  
The Nymphs of Chaste *Diana's Train*,  
The same with those in *Lewkner's Lane* ;  
But for the difference Marriage makes  
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.  
Besides, the Joys of Place and Birth,  
The Sex's Paradise on Earth ;  
A Privilege so Sacred held,  
That none will to their Mothers yield ;  
But rather than not go before,  
Abandon Heaven at the Door.  
And if the indulgent Law allows  
A greater Freedom to the Spouse ;  
The Reason is, because the Wife  
Runs greater Hazards of her Life ;  
Is trusted with the Form and Matter  
Of all Mankind, by careful Nature.  
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,  
She frames the wond'rous Fabrick of :  
Who therefore, in a Streight, may freely  
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,  
And make it save her, the same way,  
It seldom misses to betray.  
Unless both Parties wisely enter  
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.  
And though some Fits of small Contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best.

That is no more than every Lover  
Does from his Hackney-Lady suffer.  
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,  
But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve.

895 For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace  
Is but between two Legs a Race,  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before and win the Post ;  
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,

900 They're still as kind and constant Friends,  
And to relieve their Weariness,  
By turns give one another Ease :  
So all those false Alarms of Strife,  
Between the Husband and the Wife,

905 And little Quarrels often prove  
To be but new Recruits of Love :  
When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
In Time must either tire or cloy.  
Nor are their loudest Clamours more,

910 Than as they're relish'd, Sweet or Sour :  
Like Musick, that proves bad or good,  
According as 'tis understood.  
In all Amours a Lover burns,

With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns :  
915 And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,  
As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stollen.  
Then why should more bewitching Clamour  
Some Lovers not as much enamour ?  
For Discords make the sweetest Airs,

920 And Curses are a kind of Prayers :  
Too flight Alloys for all those grand  
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.  
For nothing else has Pow'r to settle  
Th' Interests of Love perpetual,

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15 An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart  
Become another's Counter-part,  
And passes Fines on Faith and Love,  
Inroll'd and Register'd above,  
To seal the slippery Knot of Vows,  
Which nothing else but Death can loose.  
20 And what Security's too strong,  
To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,  
That to its Friend is glad to pass  
It self away, and all it has ;  
25 And like an Anchorite gives over,  
This World, for th' Heav'n of a Lover?  
I grant (*quoth she*) there are some few,  
Who take that Course, and find it true :  
But Millions, whom the same does Sentence  
30 To Heav'n b' another way, Repentance.  
Love's Arrows are but shot at Rovers,  
Tho' all they hit they turn to Lovers,  
And all the weighty Consequents  
Depend upon more blind Events,  
35 Than Gamesters, when they play a Set  
With greatest Cunning at Piquet,  
Put out with Caution, but take in  
They know not what, Unsight, Unseen.  
For what do Lovers, when they're fast  
40 In one another's Arms embrac'd,  
But strive to Plunder and Convey  
Each other, like a Prize, away ?  
To change the Property of Selves,  
As Sucking Children are by Elves ?  
45 And if they use their Persons so,  
What will they to their Fortunes do ?  
Their Fortunes ! the perpetual Aims  
Of all their Ecstasies and Flames.

For when the Mony's on the Book,  
 960 And, *All my Worldly Goods*----- but spoke ;  
 (The Formal Livery and Seisin  
 That puts a Lover in Possession)  
 To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,  
 The Bride a Flam that's superseded.  
 965 To that their Faith is still made good,  
 And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.  
 For when we once resign our Pow'rs,  
 W' have nothing left we can call ours ;  
 Our Money's now become the Miss,  
 970 Of all your Lives and Services ;  
 And we forsaken, and post-pon'd,  
 But Bawds to what before we own'd ;  
 Which as it made y' at first Gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 975 Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,  
 (As we had been) for new Amours,  
 For what did ever Heiress yet  
 By being born to Lordships get ?  
 When the more Ladysh'is of Manors,  
 980 She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,  
 Pays for their Projects and Designs,  
 And for her own Destruction fines ;  
 And does but tempt them with her Riches ;  
 To use her as the Devil does Witches ;  
 985 Who takes it for a special Grace,  
 To be their Cully for a Space,  
 That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels  
 For ever may become his Vassals.  
 So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,  
 990 Betrays her self, and all sh' inherets ;  
 Is bought and sold, like stollen Goods,  
 By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds

'Unti

Until they force her to convey,  
And steal the Thief himself away.  
995 These are the everlasting Fruits  
Of all your passionate Love-Suits,  
Th' Effects of all your am'rous Fancies,  
To Portions and Inheritances ;  
Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition  
1000 Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition ;  
To which you make Address and Courtship,  
And with your Bodies strive to worship,  
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake  
Of Love too, for the Mother's sake.  
1005 For these you play at Purposes,  
And love your Loves with A's and B's :  
For these, at *Beste* and *L'Ombre* woo,  
And play for Love and Mony too :  
Strive who shall be the ablest Man  
1010 At right Gallanting of a Fan ;  
And who the most genteely bred  
At sucking of a Vizard Bead ;  
How best t' accost us in all Quarters,  
T' our Question-and-Command New Garters ;  
1015 And solidly Discourse upon  
All sorts of Dresses *Pro* and *Con*.  
For there's no Mystery nor Trade,  
But in the Art of Love is made.  
And when you have more Debts to pay  
1020 Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-Day*,  
And no way possible to do't  
But Love and Oaths, and restless Suit,  
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores  
Of all your cully'd, past Amours ;  
1025 Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,  
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain ;

Which others Influences long since  
Have charm'd your Noses with, and Shins ;  
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,

1030 And like to be, without our Aid.  
Lord ! What an Am'rous thing is Want ?  
How Debts and Mortgages enchant !  
What Graces must that Lady have,  
That can from Execution save !

1035 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,  
And null Decree and Exigent ;  
What Magical Attracts and Graces,  
That can redeem from *Scire Facias* !  
From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,

1040 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge !  
These are the highest Excellencies  
Of all your true or false Pretences.  
And you would damn your selves, and swear  
As much t' an Hostess Dowager,

1045 Grown fat and pursy by Retail  
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale ;  
And find her fitter for your Turn,  
For Fat is wond'rous apt to burn ;  
Who at your Flames wou'd soon take Fire,

1050 Relent, and melt to your Desire,  
And like a Candle in the Socket,  
Dissolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,

1055 Laid on in haste with such a Powder,  
The Blows grew louder still and louder.  
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been  
Bestow'd as freely on his Skin,  
Exounding by his inward Light,

1060 On rather more Prophetick Bright,





part 3.

To be the Wizard, come to search,  
And take him napping in the Lurch,  
Turn'd pale as Ashes, or a Clout ;  
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt :  
1065 For Men will tremble, and turn paler,  
With too much, or too little Valour.  
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd  
To force a Passage through his Side,  
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
1070 But in a Fury to fly at 'em ;  
And therefore beat, and laid about,  
To find a Cranny to creep out,  
But she, who saw in what a taking  
The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
1075 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
Know, I'm resolv'd to break no Right  
Of Hospitality t' a Stranger,  
But to secure you out of Danger,  
Will here my self stand Centinel,  
1080 To guard this Pass 'gainst Sidrophel.  
Women, you know, do seldom fail,  
To make the stoutest Men turn tail ;  
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs  
Upon the desp'satest Attacks,  
1085 At this the Knight grew resolute  
As Ironside, or Hardiknute ;  
His Fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.  
But she besought him to convey  
1090 His Courage rather out o' th' way,  
And lodge in Ambush on the Floor,  
Or fortify'd behind a Door :  
That if the Enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

1095 Mean while they knock'd against the Door,  
As fierce as at the Gate before ;  
Which made the Renegado Knight  
Relapse again t' his former Fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay

1100 Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The Lady for a fresh Reserve.  
His Duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had order'd execute :

1105 Which he resolv'd in hast t' obey,  
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;  
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the Dark, and all alone.  
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,

1110 Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,  
Had drawn him up before a Pass,  
To stand upon his Guard, and face.  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*.

1115 Infconc'd himself as formidable  
As cou'd be, underneath a Table ;  
Where he lay down in Ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his Foes.  
Few Minutes had he lain perdue,

1120 To guard his desp'rate Avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful Shout,  
As loud as putting to the Rout ;  
With which impatiently alarm'd,  
He fancy'd th' Enemy had storm'd,

1125 And after entring, *Sidropol*  
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.  
He therefore sent out all his Senses,  
To bring him in Intelligences ;



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Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,  
1130 Mistake, for falling in a Trance;  
But those that Trade in *Geomancy*  
Affirm to be the strength of Fancy:  
In which the *Lapland Magi* deal,  
And things incredible reveal.  
1135 Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,  
And storm'd the Outworks of his Fortress.  
And as another of the same  
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,  
That in the same Cause had engag'd,  
1140 And War with equal Conduct wag'd,  
By vent'ring only but to thrust  
His Head a Span beyond his Post,  
B' a Gen'ral of the *Cavaliers*  
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears;  
1145 So he was serv'd in his Redoubt,  
And by the other end pull'd out.  
Soon as they had him at their Mercy,  
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,  
As if they'd scorn'd to trade or barter,  
1150 By giving or by taking Quarter:  
They stoutly on his Quarters laid,  
Until his Scoures came in t' his Aid.  
For when a Man is past his Sense,  
There's no way to reduce him thence;  
1155 But twinging him by th' Ears and Nose,  
Or laying on of heavy Blows:  
And if that will not do the Deed,  
To burning with Hot Ir'n proceed.  
No sooner was he come t' himself,  
1160 But on his Neck a sturdy Elf  
Clapp'd in a Trice his Cloven Hoof.  
And thus attack'd him with Reproofs:

Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us  
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,  
 1165 Who for thy horrid Perjuries,  
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,  
The Brethrens Privilege (against  
The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints,  
Has here thy wretched Carcass sent,

1170 For just Revenge and Punishment ;  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open free Confession ;  
For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.

1175 What made thee venture to betray,  
And filch the Lady's Heart away ?  
To spirit her to Matrimony ?—  
That which contracts all Matches, *Mony*.  
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,

1180 That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches ;  
That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,  
The Wear-and-Tear of Conscience :  
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd  
For th' Hundredth Part of what I gain'd.

1185 Didst thou not love her then ? Speak true.  
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.  
How woud' st th' have us'd her and her *Mony* ?  
First turn'd her up to *Allimony* ;  
And laid her Dowry out in Law,

1190 To null her Jointure with a *Flew*,  
Which I before-hand had agreed  
T' have put, on purpose, in the Deed ;  
And bar her Widow's making over  
T' a Friend in Trust, or private Lover.

1195 What made thee pick and chuse her out,  
To employ their Sorceries about ?

That which makes Gamesters play with those  
Who have least Wit, and most to lose.

But didst thou scourge thy Vessel thus,  
1200 As thou hast damn'd thy self to us?

I see you take me for an Ass:

'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd pass,  
Upon a Woman, well enough,  
As 't has been often found by Proof;  
1205 Whose Humours are not to be won  
But when they are impos'd upon.  
For Love approves of all they do  
That stand for Candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful Lies,  
1210 Of Bears and Witches in Disguise?

That is no more than Authors give  
The Rabble Credit to believe;  
A Trick of following their Leaders,  
To entertain their gentle Readers.

1215 And we have now no other way  
Of passing all we do or say;  
Which when 't is natural and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few.  
Beside the Danger of Offence,

1220 The fatal Enemy of Sense.

Why didst thou chuse that cursed Sin,  
Hypocrite, to set up in? —

Because it is the thriving'st Calling,  
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;  
1225 In which all Churches are concern'd,  
And is the easiest to be learn'd:  
For no Degrees, unless th' employ 't,  
Can ever gain much or enjoy 't.  
A Gift that is not only able

1230 To domineer among the Rabble.

But by the Laws empower'd to rout,  
And awe the Greatest that stand out,  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their Hands shou'd slip, and come too near,  
1235 For no Sin else among the Saints  
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted Vows?  
That which makes others break a House,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
1240 Endure the Plague of being Poor.

*Quoth he,* I see you have more Tricks  
Than all our doating Politicks,  
That are grown old, and out of Fashion,  
Compar'd with your New Reformation:  
1245 That we must come to School to you,  
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.

*Quoth he,* If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'd find your self an arrant Chouse,  
1250 If y' were but at a Meeting-House.

'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,  
Because w' have let 'em out by th' Year.

Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine.  
What wond'rous things they will engage in:  
1255 That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell  
Were Angels all before they fell:  
So are you like to be agen,  
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

*Quoth he,* I am resolv'd to be  
1260 Thy Scholar in this Mystery;  
And therefore first desire to know  
Some Principles on which you go.

What makes a Knave a Child of God  
And one of us ~~to~~ *A Livelyhood.*

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1265 What renders beating out of Brains  
And Murther, Godliness ?—*Great Gains.*  
What's tender Conscience ?—'Tis a Botch  
That will not bear the gentlest Touch ;  
But breaking out, dispatches more

1270 Than th' Epidemical<sup>ft</sup> Plague-Sore.  
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,  
And damn all others ?—*To be paid.*  
What's Orthodox and true believing  
Against a Conscience ?—*A good Living.*

1275 What makes Rebelling against Kings  
*A Good Old Cause* ?—*Administrations.*  
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear ?  
*About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.*  
And that which was prov'd true before,

1280 Prove false again ?—*Two Hundred more.*  
What makes the breaking of all Oaths  
A holy Duty ?—*Food and Cloaths.*  
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution ?—  
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.

1285 What makes a Church a Den of Thieves ?—  
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves.  
And what wou'd serve, if those were gone,  
To make it Orthodox ?—*Our own.*  
What makes Morality a Crime,

1290 The most notorious of the Time ;  
Morality, which both the Saints  
And Wicked too cry out against ?  
'Cause Grace and Virtue are within  
Prohibited Degrees of Kin :

1295 And therefore no true Saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse :  
For Saints can need no Conscience,  
That with Morality dispense ;

As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted,  
 1300 In Nature onl', and not imputed ;  
 But why the Wicked should do so,  
 We neither know, or care to do.

What's Liberty of Conscience,  
 I' th' Natural and Genuine Sense ?  
 1305 'Tis to restore, with more Security,  
 Rebellion to its ancient Purity ;  
 And Christian Liberty reduce  
 To th' elder Practice of the Jews.  
 For a large Conscience is all one,

1310 And signifies the same with None.  
 It is enough (*quoth he*), for once,  
 And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones ;

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,  
 (Tho' he gives Name to our Old Nick)

1315 But was below the least of these,  
 That pass i'th' World for Holiness.

This said, the Furies and the Light  
 In th' Instant vanish'd out of sight ;  
 And left him in the Dark alone,

1320 With stinks of Brimstone and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large Command  
 Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,  
 And over moist and crazy Brains,

In high Spring-Tides, at Midnight reigns,

1325 Was now declining to the West,  
 To go to Bed, and take her rest.

When Hudibras, whose stubborn Blows  
 Deny'd his Bones that soft Repose,  
 Lay still expecting worse and more,

1330 Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor :  
 And though he shut his Eyes as fast,  
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,

Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards  
 Do make the Devil wear for Wizards.

1335 And pricking up his Ears, to hark  
 If he cou'd hear too in the Dark ;  
 Was first invaded with a Groan,  
 And after in a feeble Tone,  
 These trembling Words : *Unhappy Witch,*  
 1340 What hast thou gotten by this Fetch ;  
 Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,  
 The holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade ?  
 By sauntering still on some Adventure,  
 And growing to thy Horse a Centaur,  
 1345 To stuff thy Skin with swelling Knobs  
 Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs ;  
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet ;  
 As well in Conquest as Defeat.  
 Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,  
 1350 To rest the Body and the Mind ;  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.

The Knight, who heard the Words, explain'd  
 As meant to him this Reprimand,  
 1355 Because the Character did hit  
 Point blank upon his Ease so fit ;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling Sprite  
 That staid upon the Guard that Night,  
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt  
 1360 The Drubs he had so freely dealt.  
 When, after a short Pause or Groan,  
 The doleful Spirit thus went on :  
 This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears,  
 Pelmell together by the Ears,  
 1365 And after painful Bangs and Knocks,  
 To lie in Limbo in the Stocks,

And from the Pinnacle of Glory,  
 Fall headlong into Purgatory;  
 (Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,  
 1370 That on my late Disasters rallies.)  
 Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,  
 By being more Heroick-minded ;  
 And at a Riding handled worse,  
 With Treats more slovenly and coarse ;  
 1375 Ingag'd with Friends in stubborn Warrs,  
 And hot Disputes with Conjurers ;  
 And when th' hadst bravely won the Day,  
 Wast fain to steal thy self away.  
 (I see, thought he, this shameless Elf,  
 1380 Wou'd fain steal me too from my self,  
 That impudently dares to own  
 What I have suffer'd for and done.)  
 And now but vent'ring to betray,  
 Haft met with Vengeance the same way.  
 1385 Thought he, How does the Devil know  
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?  
*Unholy*  
 His Office of Intelligence,  
 His Oracles, are ceas'd long since ;  
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,  
 1390 But what some treach'rous Spy acquaints.  
 This is some Pettifogging Fiend,  
 Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,  
 That undertakes to understand  
 And juggles at the second Hand ;  
 1395 And now wou'd pass for *Spirit Po*,  
 And all Mens dark Concerns foreknow.  
 I think I need not fear him for't ;  
 These rallying Devils do no hurt,  
 With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,  
 1400 And hastily cry'd our *What art?*

A Wretch (*quoth he*) whom want of Grace:  
Has brought to this unhappy Place.  
I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,  
Thus far I'm sure th' art in the Right;  
1405 And know what 'tis that troubles thee  
Better than thou hast gress'd of me. *QT opn*  
Thou art some paltry, black-guard Sprite,  
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night,  
That hast no Work to do in th' House,  
1410 Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:  
Without the raising of which Sum,  
You dare not be so troublesome,  
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue;  
For leaving you their Weak to do.  
1415 This is your Bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,  
And your Diversion dull dry Bobbing,  
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,  
And wash 'em clean in Ditches for't.  
Of which Conceit you are so proud,  
1420 At ev'ry Jest to laugh aloud,  
As now you wou'd have done by me,  
But that I barr'd your Raillery.  
Sir, (*quo' the Voice*) y'are no such Sophy  
As you would have the World judge of ye.  
1425 If you design to weigh our Talents,  
I' th' Standard of your own false Balance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us Ghosts, as well as we do you: *short*  
We, who have been the everlasting  
1430 Companions of your Drubs and Basting,  
And never left you in Contest,  
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,  
But prov'd as true t'ye and intire,  
In all Adventures, as your Squire. *top*

1435 Quoth he, That may be said as true  
By th' idleft Pug of all your Crew.  
For none could have betray'd us worse  
Than those Allies of ours and yours.  
But I have sent him for a Token

1440 To your Low-Country Hogen Magm,  
To whose Infernal Shores I hope  
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.  
And if y' have been more just to me  
(As I am apt to think) than he,

1445 I am afraid it is as true,  
What th' ill-affected say of you,  
Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
By holding up your Cloven Paws.  
Sir, quo' the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,

1450 We made and took the Covenant.  
But that no more concerns the Cause,  
Than other Perjuries do the Laws,  
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,  
Wear wooden Recoadillo's for't.

1455 And that's the Reason Gov'nanters  
Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bais,  
I see; quoth Hudibras, from whence  
These Scandals of the Saints commence,  
That are but natural Effects

1460 Of Sard's Malice, and his Seas,  
Those Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads  
Spun out o' th' Entrails of their Heads.  
Sir, quo' the Voice, that may as true  
And properly be said of you,

1465 Whose Talents may compare with either,  
Or both the other put together.  
For all the Independants do,  
Is only what you forc'd 'em to.

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You, who are not content alone  
1470 With Tricks to put the Devil down,  
But must have Armies rais'd, to back  
The Gospel-work you undertake :  
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,  
Were th' only Engines to save Souls.  
1475 While He, poor Devil, has no Pow'r  
By force to run down and devour ;  
Has ne'er a Glassis, cannot sentence  
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance ;  
Is ty'd up only to Design,  
1480 T'intice, and tempt, and undermine ;  
In which you all his Arts out-do,  
And prove your selves his Bettors too.  
Hence 'tis Possessions do less evil  
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,  
1485 Which all the horrid'st Actions done,  
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon ;  
Because, unless you help the Elf,  
He can do little of himself,  
And therefore where he's best possess'd,  
1490 Acts most against his Interest ;  
Surprises none but those wh' have Priests  
To turn him out, and Exorcists,  
Supply'd with Spiritual Provision,  
And Magazines of Ammunition,  
1495 With Croziers, Relicks, Crucifixes,  
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,  
The Tools of working out Salvation  
By meer Mechanick Operation,  
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,  
1500 To overflow all Avenues.  
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd  
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,

He never offers to surprise,  
Altho' his falsest Enemies ;  
 1505 But is content to be their Drudge ;  
And on their Errands glad to trudge.  
For where are all your Forfeitures  
Intrusted in safe Hands, but ours ?  
Who have but Jailors of your Holes  
 1510 And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls ;  
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys  
T' your Mittimus Anathema's,  
And never boggle to restore  
The Members you deliver o'er  
 1515 Upon Demand, with fainter Justice  
Than all your covenanting Trustees ;  
Unless to punish them the worse,  
You put them in the Sec'lar Pow'rs,  
And pass their Souls, as some demife  
 1520 The same Estate in Mortgage twice,  
When to a legal Utteration  
You turn your Excommunication,  
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,  
Distain on Soul and Body too.  
 1525 Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil  
State-Prudence, to cajole the Devil.  
And not to handle him too rough,  
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof.  
'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
 1530 Has pass'd between your Friends and ours ;  
That as you trust us, in our way,  
To raise your Members, and to lay,  
We sent you others of our own,  
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,  
 1535 Or frightened with our Oratory,  
To leap down headlong many a Story :

Have us'd all Means to propagate  
Your mighty Interests of State.  
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further,  
1540 Your great Designs of Rage and Murther.  
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,  
We onl' have made that Title good.  
And if it were but in our Power,  
We should not scruple to do more,  
1545 And not be half a Soul behind  
Of all Dissenters of Mankind,  
Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I scorn  
To be ungrateful in Return  
Of all those kind good Offices,  
1550 I'll free you out of this Distress,  
And set you down in Safety, where  
It is no time to tell you here.  
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,  
When 'tis decree'd I must be gone :  
1555 And if I leave you here till Day,  
You'll find it hard to get away,  
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about,  
To find th' Enchanted *Hero* out,  
And try'd with hafte to lift him up ;  
1560 But found his *Forelorn Hope*, his *Crup*,  
Unserviceable with Kicks and Blows  
Receiv'd from hardned-hearted Foes.  
He thought to drag him by the Heels,  
Like *Gresham* Carts, with Legs for Wheels ;  
1565 But Fear, that foonest cures those Sores,  
In danger of Relapse, to worse,  
Came in t' assist him with his Aid,  
And up his sinking Vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
 1570 But both made ready to dislodge ;  
 The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,  
 Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.  
 And bore him headlong into th' Hall,  
 With some few Rubs against the Wall.  
 1575 Where finding th' outer Postern lock'd,  
 And th' *Avenues* as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,  
 And in a Moment gain'd the Pass ;  
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's  
 1580 Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders ;  
 And cautiously began to scour,  
 To find their Fellow-Cattle out.  
 Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,  
 E'er he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,  
 1585 Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,  
 But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,  
 Nor Pistols at the Saddle Bow,  
 Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 1590 And let the Night te steal away ;  
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
 Upon the bare Ridge bolt upright.  
 And groping out for Ralpho's Jade,  
 He found the Saddle too was stray'd,  
 1595 And in the Place a Lump of Soap,  
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;  
 And turning to the Gate the Rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on a main,  
 While *Hudibras* with equal haste,  
 1600 On both sides laid about as fast,

And spurr'd as Jockies use, to break,  
Or Padders to secure, a Neck.  
Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme* ;  
1605 To hold forth their declining State,  
Which now come near an even Rate,





## The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO.

*The Saints engage in fierce Contests,  
About their Carnal Interests ;  
To share their Sacrilegious Preys,  
According to their Rates of Grace ;  
Their various Frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwel left them in a Storm :  
Till in th' Effigy of RUMPS, the Rabble  
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.*

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## CANTO II.

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**T**HE Learned write, *An insect Breeze*  
Is but a mongrel Prince of Bees,  
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,  
And stings the Founderess of his House ;  
From whose corrupted Flesh that Breed  
Of Vermim did at first proceed.  
So, e'er the Storm of War broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various Rout,

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,  
10 The Maggots of corrupted Texts,  
That first run all Religion down,  
And after every Swarm its own.  
For as the *Perſian Magi* once  
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,  
15 Who were incapable t' enjoy  
That Empire, any other way :  
So *Presbyter* begot the other  
Upon the *Good old Cause*, his Mother,  
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,  
20 Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.  
And yet no nat'r al Tie of Blood,  
Nor Int'reft for their Common Good,  
Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,  
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.  
25 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,  
But only by the Ears engag'd :  
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,  
And play together when they've none.  
As by their trueſt Characters,  
30 Their constant Actions, plainly appears.  
Rebellion now began, for lack  
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder*, to grow slack ;  
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,  
And Providence to b' out of Season :  
35 For now there was no more to purchase  
O'th' King's Revenue, and the Church's ;  
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.  
Which forc'd the stubborn'ſt, for the *Cause*,  
40 To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,  
That what by breaking them 't had gain'd,  
By their *Support* might be maintain'd ;

Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot lye,*  
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry.*

45 For *Presbyter* and *Independant*  
Where now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,  
Laid out their *Apostolick Functions*,  
*On Carnal Orders and Injunctions* ;  
And all their precious *Gifts and Graces*

50 On *Outlawries and Scire facias* ;  
At *Michael's Term* had many a Trial,  
Worse than the *Dragon and St. Michael*,  
Where thousands fell, in shapes of *Fees*,  
Into the *Bottomless Abyss*.

55 For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,  
They came to share their *Dividends*,  
And ev'ry Partner to possess  
His Church and State *Joint-Purchases*,  
In which the ablest Saint and best

60 Was nam'd in *Trust* by all the rest,  
To pay their *Mony* ; and, instead  
Of ev'ry Brother, pass the *Deed* ;  
He strait converted all his *Gifts*  
To *pious Frauds and holy Shifts*,

65 And settled all the others *Shares*  
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs* ;  
Held all they claim'd as *Forfeit Lands*,  
Deliver'd up into his *Hands*,  
And past upon his *Conscience*,

70 By *Pre-entail of Providence*,  
Impeach'd the rest for *Reprobates*,  
That had no Title to *Estates*,  
But by their *Spiritual Attaints*  
Degraded from the *Right of Saints*.

75 This being reveal'd, they now begun  
With Law and Conscience to fall on :



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And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
As th' Utter Barrister of Swanswick ;  
Engag'd with Mony-bags, as bold  
80 As Men with Sand-bags did of old ;  
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,  
Than all unsanctify'd Trustees :  
Till he who had no more to show  
1'th' Cause, receiv'd the Overthrow ;  
85 Or both Sides having had the Worst,  
They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now Reduc'd,  
Secluded, and Cashier'd, and Chous'd,  
Turn'd out, and Excommunicate  
90 From all Affairs of Church and State,  
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,  
And glad to turn Itinerant,  
To strole and teach from Town to Town,  
And those he had taught up teach down,  
95 And make those Uses serve agen  
Against the New-inlightned Men ;  
As fit as when at first they were  
Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;  
Damn Anabaptist and Fanatick,  
100 As pat as Popish and Prelatick ;  
And with as little Variation,  
To serve for any Sect i'th' Nation.  
The Good Old Cause, which some believe  
To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve  
105 With Knowledge, and does still invite  
The World to Mischief with New Light,  
Had store of Mony in her Purse,  
When he took her for bet'r or worse ;  
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,  
110 And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The Independants, (whose first Station  
 Was in the Rear of Reformation,  
 A Mungrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,  
 That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,  
 115 And in the Saddle of one Steed  
 The Saracen and Christian rid ;  
 Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,  
 To Preach, and Fight, and Pray, and Murther;) )  
 No sooner got the start to lurch  
 320 Both Disciplines, of War and Church,  
 And Providence enough to run  
 The Chief Commands of 'em down,  
 But carry'd on the War against  
 The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,  
 125 And in a while prevail'd so far,  
 To win of them the Game of War,  
 And be at Liberty once more,  
 T' attack themselves as th' had before.  
 For now there was no Foe in Arms,  
 130 T' unite their Factions with Alarms,  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, *themselves at home*,  
 Wh' had compast all they Pray'd, and Swore,  
 And Fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,  
 135 Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,  
 And all Things but their *Laws and Hate*.  
 But when they came to treat and transact,  
 And share the Spoil of all th' had ransackt,  
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
 140 Religion and the Government,  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the War had spar'd;  
 Agreed in nothing, but t' *Abolish*,  
*Subvert, Extirpate, and Demolish*,

T III PART III. CANTO II. 265

145 For Knayes and Fools b'ing near of Kin,  
As Dutch Boors are t' a *Sooterkin*,  
Both Parties join'd to do their best,  
To Damn the Publick Interest ;  
And Herded only in Consults,  
150 To put by one another's Bolts,  
T' out-cant the *Babylonian Labourers*,  
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,  
And tug at both Ends of the Saw,  
To tear down Government and Law.  
155 For as two Cheats, that play one Game,  
Are both defeated of their Aim ;  
So those who play a *Game of State*,  
And only *cavil* in Debate,  
Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,  
160 The Publick Bus'ness is undone,  
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
Becomes the surer way to Ruin.

This when the *Royalists* perceiv'd,  
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,  
165 And own'd the Right they had paid down  
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*,)  
Th' united constanter, and fided  
The more, the more their Foes divided.  
For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,  
170 And by the Fate of War run down ;  
Their Duty never was defeated,  
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated.  
*For Loyalty is still the same*  
*Whether it win or lose the Game* ;  
175 True as the Dial to the Sun,  
Altho' it be not shin'd upon.  
But when these Brethren in evil,  
Their Adversaries and the Devil,

Began once more to shew them Play,  
 180 And hopes, at least, to have a Day ;  
 They rally'd in Parades of Woods,  
 And unfrequented Solitudes,  
 Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houses,  
 T' appoint New-Rising Rendezvous,  
 185 And with a Pertinacity unmatched,  
 For new Recruits of Danger watch'd :  
 No sooner was one Blow diverted,  
 But up another Party started,  
 And, as if Nature too in haste,  
 190 To furnish out Supplies as fast,  
 Before her time had turn'd Destruction  
 T' a new and numerous Production ;  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,  
 195 That, like the Christian Faith, increas'd  
 The more, the more they were suppress'd :  
 Whom neither Chains, nor Transportation,  
 Proscription, Sale, nor Confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate Events  
 200 Of former try'd Experiments,  
 Nor Wounds, could terrifie, nor Mangling  
 To leave off Loyalty and Dangling,  
 Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the Right,  
 205 From staking Life and Fortune down  
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;  
 But kept the Title of their Cause  
 From Forfeiture, like Claims in Laws :  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation  
 210 Can ever settle on the Nation,  
 Until, in spight of Force and Treason,  
 They put their Loy'lty in Possession ;

And by their Constancy and Faith,  
Destroy'd the mighty Men of *Gath*.  
Toss'd in a furious *Hurricane*,  
Did O L I V E R give up his *Reign* ;  
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,  
As Mortal Men and Miscreants,  
To founder in the *Stygian Ferry*,  
Until he was retriev'd by S T E A R Y :  
Who in a false erroneous Dream,  
Mistook the New *Jerusalem*,  
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,  
False Heaven at the End o' th' *Hall* ;  
Whither it was decreed by Fate,  
His precious Reliques to translate.  
So *Romulus* was seen before  
B' as Orthodox a Senator ;  
From whose Divine Illumination,  
He stole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and Heir *Apparent*  
Succeeded, tho' a Lame Vicegerent,  
Who first laid by the Parliament,  
The only *Crutch* on which he leant ;  
And then sunk underneath the State,  
That rode him above Horseman's Weight.  
And now the Saints began their *Reign*,  
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,  
To see an Empire all of Kings,  
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian Awe  
Of Justice, Government, and Law,  
And free t' erect what Spiritual Cantons  
Should be reveal'd, or *Gospel Hans-Towns*,  
To edifie upon the Ruins  
Of John of Leyton's old *Out-goings* ;

Who for a Weather-cock hung up,  
Upon their Mother Church's Top,  
Was made a Type, by Providence,

250 Of all their Revelations since ;  
And now fulfill'd by his Successors,  
Who equally mistook their Measures :  
For when they came to shape the Model,  
Not one could fit another's Noddle ;

255 But found their Light and Gifts more wide  
From Fadging, than th' Unsanctify'd ;  
While ev'ry individual Brother  
Strove Hand to Fist against another,  
And still the maddest and most crackt,

260 Were found the busiest to Transact ;  
For tho' most Hands dispatch apace,  
And make light Work, (the Proverb says;) Yet many different Intellects  
Are found t' have contrary Effects ;

265 And many Heads t' obstruct Intrigues,  
As slowest insects have moist Legs.  
Some were for setting up a King,  
But all the rest for no such thing,  
Unless King JESUS : Others tamper'd

270 For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and LAMBE  
Some for the Rump, and some more crafty,  
For Agitators and the Safay ;  
Some for the Gospel, and Massacres  
Of Spiritual Affidavit-makers,

275 That swore to any Human Regence,  
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance ;  
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,  
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant.  
Others for pulling down th' High-places

280 Of Synods and Provincial Classes,

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That us'd to make such Hostile Inroads  
Upon the *Saints*, like bloody *Nimrods* :  
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,  
And th' Extirpation of *Excise* ;  
215 And some against th' *Egyptian Bondage*  
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage* :  
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,  
And rectifying *Bakers Loaves* ;  
And some for finding out Expedients  
190 Against the *Slav'ry* of Obedience.  
Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,  
And some for *Red-coat Seculars*,  
As Men most fit t' hold forth the Word,  
And wield *the one and th' other Sword*.  
225 Some were for carrying on the Work  
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk* :  
Some for engaging to suppress  
*The Camisado of Surplices*,  
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,  
300 And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward* ;  
More proper for the cloudy Night  
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.  
Others were for Abolishing  
That Tool of Matrimony, a *Ring*,  
305 With which th' unsanctify'd *Bridegroom*  
Is marry'd only to a *Thumb* ;  
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,  
That us'd to break up Ground and dig ;)  
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,  
310 That nulls the After-Marriage still.  
Some were for th' utter Extirpation  
Of *Linsey Woolsey* in the Nation ;  
And some against all Idolizing  
*The Cross in Shop-Books, or Baptizing*.

315 Others, to make all things recant  
 The Christian or Surname of Saint ;  
 And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,  
 The Holy Title to renounce.  
 Some 'gainst a Third Estate of Souls,  
 320 And bringing down the Price of Coals ;  
 Some for abolishing Black-Pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the Blood in ;  
 To abrogate them Root and Branches ;  
 While others were for eating Hams,  
 325 Of Warriors, and now and then  
 The Flesh of Kings and Mighty Men ;  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With Rods of Iron by Secret Ones,  
 For thrashing Mountains, and with Spells-  
 330 For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.  
 Things that the Legend never heard of,  
 But made the Wicked sore afear'd of.  
 The Quacks of Government, (who sat  
 At th' unregarded Helm of State,  
 335 And understood this wild Confusion  
 Of fatal Madness and Delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a Prodigy,  
 Portend Destruction to be nigh,)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 340 And save their Wind-Pipes from the Law ;  
 For one Renounter at the Bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in War ;  
 And therefore met in Consultation,  
 To Cunt and Quack upon the Nation ;  
 345 Not for the sickly Patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;  
 To feel the Pulses of their Fees,  
 More wise than fumbling Arteries ;

## PART III. CANTO II.

271

Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,  
And from the Grave recover—Gain.

Mong these there was a Politician,  
With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,  
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one  
Than all the Whores of Babylon ;  
So Politick, as if one Eye  
Upon the other were a Spy :  
That to trepan the one to think  
The other Blind, both strove to blink :  
And in his dark pragmatick Way  
As busie as a Child at Play.  
He had seen three Governments ruin down,  
And had a Hand in ev'ry one ;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But Barb'rous when they came to fall ;  
For by Trepanning th' old to Ruin,  
He made his Int'rest with the new one ;  
Plaid true and faithful, tho' against  
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
For by the Witchcraft of Rebellion  
Transform'd t' a feeble State-Chameleon,  
By giving Aim to either side,  
He never fail'd to fave his Tide,  
But got the Start of ev'ry State,  
And at a Change ne'er came too late ;  
Could turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,  
As many ways as in a Lath ;  
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw  
Int' highest Trust, and out for New.  
For when h' had happily incur'd,  
Instead of Hemp, to be preferr'd.  
And past upon the Government,  
He play'd his Trick, and out he went :

But being out, and out of Hopes  
 To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,  
 385 Would strive to raise himself upon  
 The publick Ruin, and his own.  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate Feats he took in hand.  
 For when h' had got himself a Name  
 390 For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game;  
 Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,  
 To shew his play at *Faſt and Loofe* ;  
 And when he chane'd t' escape, mistook  
 For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.  
 395 So right his Judgment was cut fit,  
 And made a Tally to his Wit,  
 And both together moft profound  
 At Deeds of Darkness under Ground:  
 As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd,  
 400 By Vermin Impotent and Blind.  
 By all these Arts, and many more,  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,  
 Our State-Artificer foresaw  
 Which way the World began to draw.  
 405 For as Old Sinners have all Points  
 O' th' Compass in their Bones and Joints ;  
 Can by their Pangs and Aches find  
 All Turns and Changes of the Wind.  
 And better than by *Napier's Bones*,  
 410 Felt in their own the Age of Moons :  
 So guilty Sinners in a State,  
 Can by their Crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their Consciences feel Pain  
 Some Days before a Shower of Rain.  
 415 He therefore wisely cast about,  
 All ways he could, t' insure his Throats ;

And hither came t' observe and smoak  
What Courses other Riskers took :  
And to the utmost do his best  
420 To save himself, and hang the rest. ✓

To match this Saint, there was another,  
As busie, and perverse a Brother,  
An Haberdasher of Small Wares  
In Politicks and State-Affairs ;  
425 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,  
And better gifted to Rebel :  
For when h' had taught his Tribe to 'spouse  
The Cause, aloft, upon one House,  
He scorn'd to set his own in Order,  
390 But try'd another, and went farther ;  
So sullenly addicted still  
To's only Principle, his Will,  
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of Argument cou'd move,  
395 Nor Law, nor Cavalade of Ho'born,  
Cou'd render half a Grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' Opportunity t' Harangue ;  
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,  
400 Than misse his dear Delight to wrangle :  
In which his Parts were so accomplisht,  
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plust ;  
But still his Tongue ran on, the leſs  
Of weight it bore, with greater Ease,  
405 And with its everlasting Clack  
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack.  
No sooner could a Hint appear,  
But up he started to piqueer,  
And made the Routefly yield to Mercy,  
410 When he engag'd in Gunpowder.

Not by the force of Carnal Reason,  
 But indefatigable Teazings  
 With Volleys of eternal Babble,  
 And Glamour most unanswerable.  
 455 For tho' his Tapiicks; frail and weak,  
 Could ne'er amount above a Freak,  
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,  
 Against the desp'ratest Assaults;  
 And back'd their feeble want of Sense,  
 460 With greater Heat and Confidence,  
 As Bones of Horses, when they differ,  
 The more they're cudgeld, grow the Stiffer.  
 Yet when his Profit moderated,  
 The Fury of his Heat abated:  
 465 For nothing but his Interest  
 Could lay his Devil of Content,  
 It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curse,  
 T' espousen her Cousin for Dux' or Worse,  
 And with his worldly Goods and Wit,  
 470 And Soul, and Body, worship'd it;  
 But when he found the fallen Trap,  
 Possess'd with th' Devil, Worms, and Claps;  
 The Trojan Mare, in Foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of Jaded Truths,  
 475 Tho' Squeamish in her outward Woman;  
 As loose and rampant no Dog compon'dt  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the Matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the Obstinate;  
 And still the skittish and loose grew  
 480 Her Freaks appeared, to sit the closer,  
 For Fools are stubborn in their Way,  
 As Coins are blind by the Will of you and I  
 And certainly's master'd Gifford  
 As when his invincible Genius did

485 These Two, with Others, being met,  
And close in Consultation set ;  
After a discontented Pause,  
And not without sufficient Cause,  
The Orator we nam'd of late,

490 Less troubled with the Pangs of State,  
Than with his own Impatience,  
To give himself first Audience,  
After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke Silence, and the *Ice.*

495 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last Out-going's brought about,  
More than to see the Characters  
Of real Jealousies and Fears,  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,

500 Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead :  
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of Weather,  
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,  
And Revolutions in their Corps ;

505 And, since our Workings-out are crost,  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away, we meant,  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest Cripples of the Brothers

510 Took Oaths, to run before all others ;  
But, in their own Sense, only swore  
To strive to run away before ;  
And now wou'd prove, that Words and Oath  
Inrage us to renounce them both ?

515 'Tis true, the Cause is in the Lurch,  
Between Right and Mangrel Church,  
The PRESBYTER and INDEPENDANT,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't,

And 'twas made out to us the last  
 520 Expedient, — (I mean Marg'ret's Fast)  
 When Providence had been suborn'd,  
 What Answer was to be return'd.  
 Else why should Tumults fright us now,  
 We have so many Times gone through,  
 525 And understand as well to tame,  
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all Engagements of the Rabble,  
 Whose Frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 530 With Drums and Rattles, like a Child ;  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us ;  
 For all our scouring of Religion  
 Began with Tumults and Sedition ;  
 535 When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion  
 Became strong Motives to Devotion ;  
 (As Carnal Seamen, in a Storm,  
 Turn pious Converts, and reform).  
 When rusty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,  
 540 Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,  
 And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,  
 Made Bills to pass the Grand Committee ;  
 When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,  
 Gave Chase to Rockets, and White Gloves,  
 545 And made the Church, and State, and Law,  
 Submit t' Old Iron, and the Cause,  
 And as we thriv'd by Tumult them,  
 So we might better now agen,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 550 To use them rightly in our need.  
 Tumults, by which the Mutinions  
 Betray themselves instead of us,

The Hollow-hearted, Disaffected,  
And close Malignants are detected ;  
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,  
For Pledges to secure our own ;  
And freely sacrifice their Ears  
T' appease our Jealousies and Fears.  
And yet for all these Providences  
555 W' are offer'd, if we had our Senses,  
We idly sit like stupid Blockheads,  
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,  
And nothing but our Tongues at large,  
To get the Wretches a Discharge.  
560 Like Men condemn'd to Thunder Bolts,  
Who, e'er the Blow, become meer Dolts :  
Or Fools, besotted with their Crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the Hearts to stay,  
565 Nor Wit enough to run away ;  
Who, if they cou'd resolve on either,  
Might stand (or fall at least) together ;  
No mean nor trivial Solaces  
To Partners in extream Distress,  
570 Who use to lessen their Despairs,  
By parting them int' equal Shares ;  
As if the more there were to bear,  
They felt the Weight the easier ;  
And every one the gentler hung,  
575 The more he took his Turn among.  
But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
If we had Courage left, or Wit ;  
Who, when our Fate can be no worse,  
Are fitt'd for the bravest Course,  
580 Have time to rally, and prepare  
Our last and best Defence, Despair ;

Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats  
Have been atchiev'd in greatest Straits,  
And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,

590 By b'ing courageously out-brav'd ;  
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,  
And Poisons by themselves expell'd ;  
And so they might be now agen,  
If we were, what we shou'd be, Men ;

595 And not so dully desperate,  
To side against our selves with Fate :  
As Criminals condemn'd to suffer,  
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
This comes of Breaking Covenants,

600 And setting up Exams of Saints,  
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,  
To be excus'd the Efficace.  
For Spiritual Men are too Transcendent,  
That mount their Banks for Independent,

605 To hang like Mahomet in th' Air,  
Or St. Ignatius at his Prayers, burst right  
By pure Geometry, and hate  
Dependency on Church or State :  
Disdain the Pedantry o'th' Letter,

610 And since Obedience is better  
(The Scripture sayes), than Sacrifice,  
Presume the less on't will suffice  
And scorn so have the moderat'st minds  
Prescrib'd their peremptory Hints,

615 Or any Opinion, true or false,  
Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,  
But left at large to make their best on,  
Without b'ing call'd to Account or Question,  
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,

620 As Whittington explain'd the Ball,

And bid themselves turn back agen  
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem,  
But look so big and over-grown,  
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,  
625 Who taught them all their Sprinkling Lessons,  
Their Tones, and Sanctify'd Expressions ;  
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a SAINT,  
Like Charity on those that want ;  
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots  
630 T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes ;  
For which they scorn and hate them, worse  
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders,  
For who first bred them up to Pray,  
And Teach, the *House of Commons* way ?  
635 Where had they all their Gifted Phrases,  
But from our CALAMIES and CASES ?  
Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,  
Who had e'er heard of NYE or OWEN ?  
Their Dispensations had been iffied,  
640 But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD,  
And had they not begun the War,  
Th' had never been Sanctified as they are.  
For SAINTS in Peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to Reprobate ;  
645 Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water,  
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter ;  
Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,  
Without the Power of Sacrilege.  
And tho' th' have Tricks to call their Sins,  
650 As easie as Serpents do the Skins,  
That in a while grow out agen,  
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,  
And from the most refined of Saints,  
As naturally grow Milcreants,

655 As Barnacles turn'd Sol and Geese  
In th' Islands of the Orcades.  
Their Dispensation's bur a Ticker,  
For their conforming to the Wicked ;  
With whom the greatest Difference

660 Lies more in Words and Shews than Sense :  
For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate  
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State ;  
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,  
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three Heads as well :

665 And, if the World has any Troth,  
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.  
But that which does them greatest Harm,  
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,  
Which puts the over-heated Sots

670 In Fevers still, like other Goats ;  
For tho' the Whore bends Hereticks  
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks ;  
Our Schismaticks so vastly differ,  
Th' hotter they are, they grow the stiffer ;

675 Still setting off their Spiritual Goods,  
With fierce and pertinacious Fewds.  
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,  
That reaches Saints to tear and rant,  
And INDEPENDANTS to profess

680 The Doctrine of Dependences ;  
Turns Meek and Secret sneaking ones,  
To Raw-heads force and Bloody-bones :  
And not content with endless Quarrels  
Against the Wicked and their Morals,

685 The Gibellines, for want of Guelphs,  
Divert their Rage upon themselves.  
For now the War is not between  
The Brethren and the Men of Sin ;

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But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood  
690 Of one another's Brotherhood ;  
Where neither side can lay pretence  
To Liberty of Conscience,  
Or Zealous suff'ring for the Cause,  
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause :  
695 For tho' endur'd with Resolution,  
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.  
Shall precious Saints and secret ones  
Break one another's outward Bones,  
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,  
700 Instead of Kings and mighty Men ?  
When Fiends agree among themselves,  
Shall they be found the greater Elves ?  
When Bell's at Union with the Dragon,  
And Baal-Peur friends with Dagon ;  
705 When Savage Bears agree with Bears,  
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,  
And not stonē their fatal Wrath,  
When common Danger threatens both ?  
Shall Mastiffs, by the Collars pull'd,  
710 Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold ?  
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,  
No Notice of the Danger take ?  
But tho' no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell  
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal ;  
715 Who wou'd not gues there might be Hopes,  
The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,  
Before their Eyes, might reconcile  
Their Animosities a while ?  
At least until th' had a clear Stage,  
720 And equal Freedom to engage,  
Without the Danger of Surprise  
By both our common Enemies ?

This none but we alone cou'd doubt,  
Who understand their Workings out ;  
 725 And know 'em both in Soul and Conscience,  
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonsense,  
As Spiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r  
Of Miracle cannot restore.  
 We, whom at first they set up under,  
 730 In Revelation only of Plunder,  
Who since have had so many Trials  
Of their encroaching Self-denials,  
That rook'd upon us with Design  
To Out-reform and Undermine ;  
 735 Took all our Interests and Commands  
Perfidiously out of our Hands ;  
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,  
Without the Motive Gains allow'd,  
And made us serve as Ministerial,  
 740 Like younger Sons of Father Belial.  
 And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong  
Th' had done, us, and the Cause so long  
We never fail'd to carry on  
The Work still, as we had begun :  
 745 But true and faithfully obey'd,  
And neither Preach'd them Hurt, nor Pray'd  
Nor publisd them to crop our Ears,  
Nor hang us, like the Cavaliers ;  
Nor put them to the Charge of Jails,  
 750 To find us Pillories and Cart-Tails,  
Or Hang-man's Wages, which the State  
Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;  
That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps  
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,  
 755 And burnt our Vessels, like a New  
Seal'd Peck or Bushel, for being true.

## III. PART III. CANTO. NO

23.

But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,  
Held for the Gau~~n~~<sup>t</sup> against all others;  
Disdaining equally to yield,  
760 One Syllable of what we held.  
And though we differ'd now and then  
'Bout outward Things and outward Men:  
Our inward Man and constant Frame  
Of Spirit still were near the same.  
765 And till they first began to Cant,  
And sprinkle down the COVENANT,  
We ne'er had Call in any Place,  
Nor dream'd of Teaching down Free GRACE;  
But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
770 Against the COMMON ENEMY.  
Although it was our and their Opinion,  
Each other's Church was but a RIMMON.  
And yet for all this Gospel UNION,  
And outward shew of Church COMMUNION,  
775 They ne'er admit us to our Shares,  
Of RULING CHURCH or STATE AFFAIRS:  
Not give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
T' our own CONDITIONS of Repentance:  
But shar'd our DIVIDEND o' th' CROWN,  
780 We had so painfully Preach'd down:  
And forc'd us, tho' against the Grain,  
T' have CALLS to teach it up again:  
For 'twas but JUSTICE to restore  
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before:  
785 And when 'twas held forth in our way,  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:  
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,  
Have earn'd our TEMPORAL SALVATION,  
And put our Vessels in a way,  
790 Once more to come again in Play?

For if the turning of us out,  
Has brought this Providence about ;  
And that our only Suffering  
Is able to bring in the King :

795 What would our Actions not have done,  
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share  
At least in carrying on th' Affair,  
But whether that be so or not,

800 W' have done enough to have it thought ;  
And that's as good as if w' had don't,  
And easier pass upon account :  
For if it be but half deny'd,  
'Tis half as good as justify'd.

805 The World is naturally averse  
To all the Truth it sees or hears,  
But swallows Nonsense and a Lye,  
With Greediness and Gluttony ;  
And tho' it have the Pique, and long,

810 'Tis still for something in the Wrong :  
As Women long when they're with Child,  
For things extravagant and wild,  
For Meats ridiculous, and fulsome ;  
But seldom any thing that's wholsome ;

815 And, like the World, Mens Jobbernoles  
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles ;  
And what they're confidently told,  
By no Sense else can be controul'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the Means,

820 Once more to hedge in Providence.  
For as Relapses make Diseases  
More desp'rate than their first Accesses ;  
If we but get again in Pow'r,  
Our Work is easier than before ;

825 And we more ready and expert  
I' th' Mystery, to do our Part.  
We, who did rather undertake  
The first War to create, than make;  
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,  
830 Rais'd Funds as strange, to carry't on:  
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,  
With Plots and Projects of our own:  
And if we did such Feats at first,  
What can we now we're better vers'd;  
835 Who have a freer Latitude  
Than Sinners give themselves, allow'd?  
And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
On fairest Terms, our Discipline,  
To which it was reveal'd long since,  
840 We were ordain'd by Providence:  
When three Saints Ears, our Predecessors,  
The C A U S E's Primitive Confessors,  
B'ing Crucified, the Nation stood  
In just so many Years of Blood:  
845 That multiply'd by Six, express'd  
The perfect Number of the Beast,  
And prov'd that we must be the Men,  
To bring this Work about agen:  
And those who laid the first Foundation,  
850 Compleat the thorow Reformation:  
For who have Gifts to carry on  
So great a Work, but we alone?  
What Churches have such able Pastors?  
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching Masters?  
855 Possess'd with absolute Dominions,  
O'er Brethrens Purses and Opinions?  
And trusted with the double Keys  
Of Heaven and their Ware-houses;

Who, when the CAUSE is in Distress,  
 860 Can furnish out what Sums they please,  
 That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their Commands:  
 And daily Increase and multiply,  
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury,  
 865 Can fetch in Parties (as in War,  
 All other Heads of Cattle are;) From th' Enemy of all Religions,  
 As well as High and Low Conditions;  
 And share them from Blue Ribbands down  
 870 To all Blue Aprons in the Town.  
 From Ladies hurried in Calleches,  
 With Cor'nets at their Footmens Breeches,  
 To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;  
 All Guts and Belly like a Crab.  
 875 Our Party's great, and better ty'd  
 With Oaths, and Trade, than any side:  
 Has one considerabl' Improvement,  
 To double fortifie the COV'NT.  
 I mean our Covenants, to purchase  
 880 Delinquents Titles and the Churches:  
 That pass in Sale, from Hand to Hand,  
 Among our selves, for currant Land;  
 And Rise or Fall, like Indian Actions,  
 According to the Rate of Factions.  
 885 Our best Reserve for Reformation,  
 When New Out-goings give Occasion:  
 That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,  
 The COV'NT (their Creed) to assert:  
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,  
 890 Wilf once more try th' Expedient:  
 Who can already muster Friends,  
 To serve for Members, to our Ends;

That represent no part o' th' Nation,  
But FISHER's-FOLLY Congregation ;  
895 Are only Tops to our Intrigues,  
And sit like Geese to hatch our Eggs,  
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,  
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-fit,  
Can order Matters under-hand,  
900 To put all Business to a stand :  
Lay Publick Bills aside, for Private,  
And make 'em one another drive out ;  
Divert the Great and Necessary,  
With Trifles to contest and vary ;  
905 And make the Nation represent,  
And serve for us in Parliament ;  
Cut out more Work than can be done  
In PLATO's Year ; but finish none,  
Unless it be the Bulls of LENTHAL,  
910 That always past for Fundamental ;  
Cou'd set up Grandee against Grandee,  
To squander Time away, and bandy ;  
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges  
To one another's Privileges ;  
915 And, rather than compound the Quarrel,  
Engage, to th' inevitable Peril  
Of both their Ruins ; th' only Scope  
And Consolation of our Hope :  
Who, tho' we do not play the Game,  
920 Assist as much by giving Aim.  
Can introduce our Ancient Arts,  
For Heads of Factions t' act their Parts ;  
Know what a Leading Voice is worth,  
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth  
925 How much a calling Voice comes to,  
That turns up Trump of 1, or Ab;

And by adjusting all at th' End,  
 Share ev'ry one his Dividend.  
 An Art that so much Study cost,

930 And now's in danger to be lost,  
 Unless our Ancient *Virtuoso's*,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the Courses that we took  
 To carry things by Hook or Crook :

935 And practis'd down from Forty Four,  
 Until they turn'd us out of Door :  
 Besides the Herds of *Bombeaus*,  
 We set on Work without the House.  
 When ev'ry Knight and Citizen

940 Kept Legislative Journey-men,  
 To bring them in Intelligence,  
 From all Points of the Rabbles Sense ;  
 And fill the Lobbies of both Houses  
 With Politick Important Buzzes :

945 Set up Committees of Cabals,  
 To pack Designs without the Walls,  
 Examine, and draw up all News,  
 And fit it to our present Use.  
 Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,

950 And every one his Part rehearse.  
 Make Q's of Answers, to way-lay  
 What th' other Party's like to say :  
 What Repartees, and smart Reflections  
 Shall be return'd to all Objections :

955 And who shall break the Master-Jest,  
 And what, and how, upon the rest :  
 Help Pamphlets out, with false Editions,  
 Of proper Slanders and Seditions :  
 And Treason for a Token send,

960 By Letter, to a Country Friend :

Dispens

Disperse Lampoons, the only Wit,  
That Men like Burglary, commit :  
Wit falser than a Padder's Face,  
That all its Owner does, betrays ;  
965 Who therefore dares not trust it, when  
He's in his Calling to be seen.  
Disperse the Dung on Barren Earth,  
To bring new Weeds of *Discord* forth.  
Be sure to keep up *Congregations*,  
970 In spight of Laws and Proclamations ;  
For *Charlatans* can do no good,  
Until they're mounted in a Crowd :  
And when they're punish'd, all the Hurt  
Is but to fare the better for't ;  
975 As long as *Confessors* are sure  
Of double Pay for all th' endure :  
And what they earn in *Persecution*,  
Are paid t' a Groat in *Contribution*.  
Whence some TUB-HOLDERSFORTH have made  
980 In *Powd'ring-Tubs* their richest Trade ;  
And, while they kept their Shops in Prison,  
Have found their Prices strangely risen.  
Dissain to own the least Regret,  
For all the Christian Blood w' have let ;  
985 'Twill save our Credit, and maintain  
Our Title to do so again :  
That needs not cost one drop of Sense,  
But pertinacious I M P U D E N C E.  
Our Constancy t' our Principles,  
990 In time will wear out all things else :  
Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,  
With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kisses ;  
While those who turn and wind their Oaths  
Have swell'd and funk, like other Froths.

O

995 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long  
 Before from World to World they swung :  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the Changlings liv'd, they dy'd.  
 This said, th' impatient States-Monger

1000 Could now contain himself no longer ;  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his Piques  
 Against th' Haranguer's Politicks,  
 With smart Remarks of Leering Faces,  
 And Annotations of Grimaces,

1005 After h' had ministred a Dose  
 Of *Snuff-Mundungus* to his Nose,  
 And powder'd th' Inside of his Skull,  
 Instead of th' Outer Jobbernol,  
 He shook it with a scornful Look

1010 On th' Adversary, and thus he spoke :  
 In dressing a Calf's-Head, altho'  
 The Tongue and Brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a Distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;

1015 For who did ever play his Gambols,  
 With such insufferable Rambles ?  
 To make the bringing in the KING,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?  
 Which none cou'd do, but those that swor

1020 T' as point-blank Nonsense heretofore :  
 That to defend, was to invade,  
 And to assassinate, to aid :  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a Doubt)

1025 No Pow'r is able to restore  
 And bring him in, but on your Score.  
 A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your Uses.

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'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is said  
1030 To cure the Wounds the Vermin made ;  
And Weapons dress'd with Salves restore  
And heal the Hurts they gave before :  
But whether PRESBYTERIANS have  
So much good Nature as the Salve,  
1035 Or Virtue in them as the Vermine,  
Those who have try'd 'em can determine.  
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
Th' Arrears of all your Services,  
And for th' Eternal Obligation  
1040 Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation,  
B' us'd so unconscionably hard,  
As not to find a just Reward.  
For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,  
To rage just so far, but no further :  
1045 And setting all the Land on Fire,  
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher :  
For vent'ring to assassinate,  
And cut the Throats of Church and State :  
And not b' allow'd the fittest Men  
1050 To take the Charge of both again,  
Especially that have the Grace  
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face ;  
Who when your Projects have miscarry'd,  
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,  
1055 On those you painfully trepann'd,  
And sprinkled in at second Hand ;  
As we have been, to share the Guilt  
Of Christian Blood, Devoutly spilt ;  
For so our Ignorance was flamm'd  
1060 To damn our Selves, t' avoid being damn'd :  
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,  
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon

And win your Necks upon the Set,  
As well as ours, who did but Bet :  
 1065 (For he had drawn your Ears before,  
And nick'd 'em on the self-same Score)  
We threw the Box and Dice away,  
Before y' had lost us at foul Play ;  
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,  
 1070 And Fancy only, on the By ;  
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,  
From perching upon lofty Poles ;  
And rescu'd all your outward Traitors  
From hanging up like *Alligators* :  
 1075 For which ingenuously y' have shew'd  
Your Presbyterian Gratitude ;  
Wou'd freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one Rope behind.  
Those were your Motives to divide,  
 1080 And scruple, on the other side,  
To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,  
To Fits of Conscience and Remorse :  
To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
And face about for New again :  
 1085 For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,  
Than Maggots when they turn to Flies :  
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls  
Are but Apocryphal, and False,  
To charge us with the Consequences  
 1090 Of all your Native Insolencies ;  
That to your own imperious Wills,  
Laid Law and Gospel Neck and Heels ;  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for Precedent :  
 1095 T' amend its Errors and Defects,  
With Murder and Rebellion-Texts ;

Of which there is not any one,  
 In all the Book, to sow upon ;  
 And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian Doctrine forth in Use ;  
 As Mahomer (your Chief) began  
 To mix them in the Alchoran ;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,  
 And bended Elbows on the Cushion ;  
 110 Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,  
 And gifted mortifying Groans ;  
 Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,  
 As Pigs are said to see the Wind :  
 Fill'd Bedlam with Predestination,  
 And Knights-Bridge with Illumination :  
 Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as Bloody-Bones or Lunsford.  
 While Women, Great with Child, miscarry'd  
 For being to Malignants marry'd ;  
 115 Transform'd all Wives to Dalilahs,  
 Whose Husbands are not for the Cause ;  
 And turn'd the Men to Ten-horn'd Cattel,  
 Because they came not out to Battel :  
 Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,  
 120 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ;  
 And rather forfeit their Indentures,  
 Than not espouse the Saints Adventures.  
 Could Transubstantiate, Metamorphose,  
 And charm whole Herds of Beasts, like Orpheus,  
 125 Inchant the King's and Church's Lands,  
 T' obey and follow your Commands ;  
 And settle on a new Freehold,  
 As Marely-Hill had done of Old.  
 Cou'd turn the COVENANT, and translate  
 130 The Gospel into Spoons and Plate :

Exound upon all Merchants Cashes,  
And open th' intricatest Places :  
Could Catechize a Mony-Box ;  
And prove all Powches Orthodox ;  
Until the CAUSE became a Damon,  
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spight of all your Charms,  
To conjure LEGION up in Arms ;  
And raise more Devils in the R-OUT,  
Than e'er y' were able to cast out ;  
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those Tools,  
Bred up (you say) in your own Schools ;  
Who, though but Gifted at your Feet,  
Have made it plain they have more Wit.

By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd,  
And held-forth out of all Command :  
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,  
And Out-reveal'd at CARRYINGS-ON.  
Of all your Dispensations Worm'd,  
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd ;  
Ejected out of Church and State,  
And all things but the Peoples Hate :  
And spirited out of th' Enjoyments  
Of precious, edifying Employments,

By those who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,  
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.  
All which you bore, with Resolution,  
Charg'd on th' Account of Persecution ;  
And though most righteously opprest,

Against your Wills, still acquiest :  
And never Humm'd and Hau'd Sedition,  
Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision.  
That is, because you never durst ;  
For had you preach'd, and pray'd your woe

1165 Alas! you were no longer able  
 To raise your Posse of the RABBLE:  
 One single Red-Coat Sentinel  
 Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;  
 And with his Squirt-fire, could disperse  
 1170 Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verse:  
 We know too well those Tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your Powers:  
 Or trust our Safeties, or Undoings,  
 To your Disposing of Out-goings:  
 1175 Or to your Ord'ring Providence,  
 One Farthings-worth of Consequence.  
 For had you Pow'r to undermine,  
 Or Wit to carry a Design,  
 Or Correspondence to trepan,  
 1180 Inveigle, or betray one Man;  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your Zeal to use the Means:  
 And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out:  
 1185 Brave Undertakers to restore,  
 That could not keep your selves in Pow'r;  
 T' advance the Int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted Wit to keep your own.  
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 1190 To wrong ye) done your Parts, in both;  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;  
 For 'twas your Zealous want of Sense,  
 And sanctify'd Impertinence;  
 1195 Your carry'ing Bus'ness in a Huddle,  
 That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;

To Reformado, One and All,  
 1200 T' your Great *Croysado* General.  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r,  
 That sprung the Game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the Net :  
 1205 Your Spite to see the Church's Lands  
 Divided into other Hands,  
 And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,  
 Laid out in Tickets and Debentures ;  
 Your Envy to be sprinkled down,  
 1210 By under Churches in the Town ;  
 And no Course us'd to stop their Mouths,  
 Nor th' INDEPENDENT'S spreading Growth.  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true,  
 None bring him in so much as you :  
 1215 Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,  
 The Midnight Junto's, and seal'd Knots ;  
 That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,  
 Than all their own rash Politicks.  
 And this way you may claim a Share,  
 1220 In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair ;  
 Else Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the Jew  
 From Pharaoh, and his Brick-kilns loose ;  
 And Flies, and Mange, that set them free,  
 From Task-Masters, and Slavery,  
 1225 Were likelier to do the Feat,  
 In an Indiff'rent Man's Conceit ;  
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,  
 Until your thorough Reformation ?  
 That is, the King's and Church's Lands  
 1230 Were sequestred int' other Hands :  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your Eyes were open'd to restore.

And when the Work was carrying on,  
Who crost it, but your selves alone ?

1235 As, by a World of Hints appears,  
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.  
But first, o' th' first ; The Isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you shou'd deny't.  
Where HENDERSON, and th' other Masses,  
1240 Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases :  
To pass for Deep and Learned Scholars ;  
Although but paltry OB AND SOLLERS :  
As if th' unseasonable Fools  
Had been a Coursing in the Schools ;  
1245 Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author  
O' th' COV'NANT ; and the CAUSE, his Daughter.  
For when they charg'd him with the Guilt  
Of all the Blood that had been spilt ;  
They did not mean he wrought th' Effusion  
1250 In Person, like Sir PRIDE, or HUGHSON :  
But only those who first begun  
The Quarrel, were by him set on.  
And who could those be but the SAINTS,  
Those Reformation Termagants ?

1255 But e'er this past, the wise Debate  
Spent so much Time, it grew too late ;  
For OLIVER had gotten Ground,  
T' inclose him with his Warriors round :  
Had brought his Providence about,

1260 And turn'd th' untimely Sophists out.  
Nor had the Uxbridge Bus'ness less  
Of Nonsense in't, or Sottishness ;  
When from a Scoundrel HOLDER-FORTH,  
The Scum as well as Son o' th' Earth,

1265 Your mighty Senators took Law,  
At his Command were forc'd t' withdraw ;

And sacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation,  
 To *Doctrine, Use, and Application.*

So when the *SCOTS*, your constant Cronies,  
 1270 Th' Espousers of your Cause and Monies,  
 Who had so often, in your Aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid ;  
 Came in at last for better Ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty Friends ;  
 1275 You basely left them, and the Church,  
 They'd train'd you up to, in the Lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own Tribes of Christians  
 To fall before, as true *Philistines*.  
 This shews what Utensils y' have been,  
 1280 To bring the King's Concernments in :  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you ;  
 And if he take you into Trust,  
 Will find you most exactly Just.  
 1285 Such as will punctually repay  
 With double Int'rest, and betray.  
 Not that I think those Pantomimes,  
 Who vary Action with the Times,  
 Are less ingenious in their Art,  
 1290 Than those who dully act one Part ;  
 Or those who turn from Side to Side,  
 More guilty than the Wind and Tide.  
 All Countries are a wise Man's Home,  
 And so are Governments to some,  
 1295 Who change them for the same Intrigues  
 That States-Men use in breaking Leagues :  
 While others in old Faiths and Troths,  
 Look odd, as in out of fashion'd Cloaths :  
 And nastier, in an old Opinion.  
 1300 Than those who never shift their Linnen.

For *True* and *Faithful's* sure to lose,  
Which way soever the Game goes:  
And whether Parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.

1305 While *Pow'r usurp'd*, like stol'n Delight,  
Is more bewitching than the Right.  
And when the Times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the Halter.

And so may We, if w' have but Sense

1310 To use the necessary Means,  
And not your usual Stratagems  
On one another, Lights and Dreams.  
To stand on Terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give:

1315 Set up the COVENANT on Crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches,  
And dream of pulling Churches down,  
Before w' are sure to prop our own:

Your constant Method of Proceeding,  
1320 Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:  
Who, 'twixt your inward Sense, and outward,  
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, all Courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again;

1325 The only way that's left us now,  
But all the Difficulty's, How?  
'Tis true! w' have *Mony*, th' only *Pow'r*:  
That all Mankind falls down before:

1330 *Mony*, that, like the Word of Kings,  
Is the last Reason of all things:  
And therefore need not doubt our Play:  
Has all Advantages that way:  
As long as Men have Faith to sell;  
And meet with those that can pay well,

1335 Whose half starv'd Pride and Avarice,  
One Church and State will not suffice  
T' expose to Sale ; besides the Wages  
Of storing Plagues to after-Ages.  
Nor is our Money less our own,

1340 Than 'twas before we laid it down ;  
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,  
If we are brought in Play upon't ;  
Or, but by casting Knaves, get in,  
What Pow'r can hinder us to win ?

1345 We know the Arts we us'd before,  
In Peace and War, and something more.  
And by th' unfortunate Events,  
Can mend our own Experiments :  
For when w' are taken into Trust ;

1350 How easie are the Wisest chous'd ?  
Who see but th' Outsidess of our Feats,  
And not their secret Springs and Weights :  
And while th' are busie, at their Ease,  
Can carry what Designs we please :

1355 How easie is't to serve for Agents,  
To prosecute our own Engagements ?  
To keep the GOOD OLD CAUSE on Foot,  
And prevent Pow'r from taking Root ?  
Inflame them both with false Alarms

1360 Of Plots, and Parties taking Arms ;  
To keep the Nations Wounds too wide  
From healing up of Side to Side,  
Profess the passionat' Concerns,  
For both their Interests, by Turns.

1365 The only way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none ;  
(As Bowls run true by being made  
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)

For if we shou'd be true to either,  
1370 'Twou'd turn us out of both together ;  
And therefore have no other Means,  
To stand upon our own Defence,  
But keeping up our Ancient Party  
In Vigour, Confident and Hearty :  
1375 To reconcile our late *Dissenters*,  
Our Brethren, tho' by other Venters,  
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,  
As long and short Sticks are in Faggots,  
And make them join against us close ;  
1380 As when they first began t' Espouse ;  
Erect them into Separate, New Jewish Tribes, in Church and State ;  
To join in Marriage and Commerce,  
And only 'mong themselves Converse,  
1385 And all that are not of their Mind,  
Make Enemies to all Mankind ;  
Take all Religions in, and stickle From Conclave down to Conventicle ;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
1390 According to the Light in Being.  
Sometimes, for *Liberty of Conscience*,  
And Spiritual Mis-rule, in one Sense ;  
But in another quite contrary,  
As Dispensations chance to vary ;  
1395 All stand for, as the Times will bear it,  
All Contradictions of the Spirit :  
Protect their Emissaries, empow'r'd  
To preach Sedition and the Word :  
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,  
1400 Release the Lab'lers for the Cause ;  
And turn the Persecution back  
On those that made the first Attack.

To keep them equally in Awe,  
For breaking, or maintaining Law ;  
 1405 And when they have their Firs too soon,  
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon :  
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Season,  
For sowing *Fallion* in, and *Treason* ;  
And kept them hooded, and their Churches,  
 1410 Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.  
That when the blessed Time shall come,  
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,  
They may be ready to restore  
Their own *Fifth Monarchy* once more ;  
 1415 Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,  
Against Revolts of Providence :  
By watching narrowly, and snapping  
All blind Sides of it, as they happen :  
For, if Success cou'd make us SAINTS,  
 1420 Our Ruin rush'd us Miscreants :  
A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard  
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.  
These are the Courses we must run,  
Spite of our Hearts, or be undone :  
 1425 And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,  
Before we have sever'd our Necks,  
But do our Work, as out of Sight,  
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night :  
All Licence of the People own,  
 1430 In Opposition to the Crown.  
And for the *Crown* as fiercely side,  
The Head and Body to divide.  
The End of all we first design'd,  
And all that yet remains behind :  
 1435 Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,  
On all Emergencies that happen ;

For 'tis as easie to supplant  
Authority, as Men in Want :  
As some of us, in Trust, have made  
1440 The one Hand with the other Trade ;  
Gain'd vastly by their Joint Endeavour,  
The Right, a Thief, the Left, Receiver ;  
And what the one, by Tricks, forestall'd,  
The other, by as fly, retail'd.  
1445 For Gain has wonderful Effects,  
T' improve the Factory of Sects :  
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,  
And great Dians of th' Ephesians :  
Whence turning of Religion's made  
1450 The Means to turn and wind a Trade :  
And tho' some change it for the worse,  
They put themselves into a Course ;  
And draw in store of Customers,  
To thrive the better in Commerce :  
1455 For all Religions flock together,  
Like Tame and Wild Fowl of a Feather ;  
To nab the Itches of their Sects,  
As Jades do one another's Necks.  
Hence 'tis, HYPOCRISIE, as well,  
1460 Will serve t' improve a Church, as ZEAL :  
As Persecution, or Promotion,  
Do equally advance Devotion :  
Let Business, like ill-Watches, go  
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow :  
1465 For things in order are put out  
So easie, Ease it self will do't,  
But when the Feat's design'd and meant,  
What Miracle can bar th' Event ?  
For 'tis more easie to betray,  
1470 Than Ruin any other way.

All possible Occasions starr,  
 The weighty'st Matters to divert :  
 Obstruct, Perplex, Distract, Intangle,  
 And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle :

1475 But in Affairs of less import,  
 That neither do us Good nor Hurt,  
 And they receive as little by,  
 Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply :  
 And seem as scrupulously just,

1480 To bait our Hooks for greater Trust.  
 But still be careful to cry down  
 All publick Actions, tho' our own :  
 The least Miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the State ;

1485 Express the horrid'st Detestation,  
 And pity the distracted Nation.  
 Tell Stories, scandalous and false,  
 I' th' proper Language and Cabals ;  
 Where all a subtle States-man says,

1490 Is half in Words, and half in Face ;  
 (As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,  
 Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)  
 Entrust it under Solemn Vows  
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,

1495 To be Retail'd again in Whispers,  
 For th' easie Credulous to disperse.

Thus far the States-Man—When a Shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;  
 And strait another, all aghast,

1500 Rush'd in with equal Fear and Haste :  
 Who star'd about, as pale as Death,  
 And for a while, *as out of Breath* ;  
 Till having gather'd up his Wits,  
 He thus began his Tale by fits :



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1505 That Beastly RABBLE,—that came down  
From all the Garrets—in the Town,  
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,---in vast Swarms,  
With new chalk'd Bills,—and rusty Arms,  
To cry the CAUSE up, heretofore,  
1510 And bawl the BISHOPS out of Door;  
Are now drawn up—in greater Shoals,  
To Roast—and Broil us on the Coals,  
And all the Grandees—of our Members  
Are Carbonading—on the Embers;  
1515 Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses—  
Held forth by RUMPS—of Pigs and Geese,  
That serve for Characters—and Badges  
To represent their Personages.  
Each Bon-fire is a Funeral Pile,  
1520 In which they Roast, and Scorch, and Broil,  
And ev'ry Representative  
Have vow'd to Roast—and Broil alive:  
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not  
Already sacrific'd Incarnate.  
1525 For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
W' are Grilly'd all at Temple-Bar:  
Some, on the Sign-Post of an Ale-house,  
Hang in Effigy, for the Gallows,  
Made up of Rags to personate  
1530 Respective Officers of State;  
That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
Proscrib'd in Law, and Executed,  
And while the Work is carrying on,  
Be ready Listed under Dun;  
1535 That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,  
And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows;  
The activ'it Member of the Five,  
As well as the most Primitive;

Who, for his faithful Service then,

1540 Is chosen for a Fifth agent;

(For, since the State has made a Quint  
Of Generals, he's listed in't.)

This Worthy, as the World will say,

Is paid in Specie, his own way;

1545 For, moulded to the Life in Cloots,

Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills thereabouts,

He's mounted on a Hazel-Bavin,

A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:

And, to the largest Bone-fire riding,

1550 They've roasted Cook already, and PRIDE in.

On whom, in Equipage and State,

His Scare-crow Fellow-Members wait;

And march in order, Two and Two,

As at Thanksgivings th' us'd to do:

1555 Each in a tatter'd Talisman,

Like Vermin in Effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)

Those RUMPS are but the Tail o' th' Beast,

Set up by Popish Engineers,

1560 As by the Crackers plainly appears:

For, none but Jesuits have a Mission,

To preach the Faith with Ammunition,

And propagate the Church with Powder,

Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.

1565 Those Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,

That have the Charge of all her Stores:

Since first they fail'd in their Designs,

To take in Heav'n by springing Mines;

And with unanswerable Barrels

1570 Of Gun-powder, dispute their Quarrels:

Now take a Course more practicable,

By laying Trains to fire the R.A.B.B.L.E,

And blow us up in th' open Streets;  
Disguis'd in R U M P S, like *Sambenites*;

1575 More like to Ruin and Confound,  
Than all their Doctrines under Ground.

Nor have they chosen R U M P S amiss,  
For Symbols of State *Mysteries*;  
Tho' some suppose, 'twas but to shew  
1580 How much they scorn'd the S A I N T S, the Few;

Who, 'cause they're wasted to the Stumps,  
Are represented best by R U M P S.

But Jesuits have deeper Reaches  
In all their Politick Far-fetchedes:

1585 And from their Coptick Priest, *Kircherus*,  
Found out this *Mystick* way to jeer us:

For, as th' *Egyptians* us'd by Bees,  
T' express their Antique *Protomies*:

And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,  
1590 Held forth Authority and Pow'r:

Because these subtle Animals  
Bear all their Int'rests in their Tails;

And when they're once impair'd in that,  
Are banish'd their well-order'd State:

1595 They thought, all Governments were best,  
By Hieroglyphick R U M P s express.

For, as in Bodies Natural,  
The R U M P s the Fundament of all;

So, in a Common-wealth, or Realm,

1600 The Government is call'd the *Hebe*:  
With which, like Vessels under Sail,

They're turn'd and winded by the Tail.  
The Tail, which Birds and Fishes steer

Their Courses with, thro' Sea and Air;

1605 To whom the Rudder of the R U M P is  
The same thing with the Stern and Compass.

This shews how perfectly the R U M P  
And C O M M O N - W E A L T H in Nature jump.

For, as a Fly, that goes to Bed,

1610 Rests with his Tail above his Head ;  
So in this Mungrel State of ours,

The R A B B L E are the Supreme Powers ;  
That Hors'd us on their Backs, to show us  
A J adish Trick at last, and throw us.

1615 The Learned Rabbins of the Jews  
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luz*,  
I' th' Rump of Man, of such a Virtue,  
No Force in Nature can do hurt to ;

And therefore, at the last Great Day,

1620 All th' other Members shall, they say,  
Spring out of this, as from a Seed,  
All Sorts of Vegetals proceed :  
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,  
*Os Sacrum*, justly style that Part.

1625 Then what can better represent,  
Than this R U M P Bone, the Parliament ?  
That after several rude Ejections,  
And as prodigious Resurrections ;  
With new Reversions of nine Lives,

1630 Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives ?  
But now, alas, they're all expir'd,  
And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd,  
Consum'd in Kennels, by the R O U T ,  
With which they other Fires put out :

1635 Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,  
And poultry, private Wretchedness ;  
Worse than the Devil to Privation,  
Beyond all Hopes of Restauration ;  
And parted like the Body and Soul,

1640 From all Dominion and Controul.

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We, who cou'd lately with a Look  
Enact, Establish, or Revoke ;  
Whose Arbitrary Nods gave Law,  
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe ;  
1645 Before the Bluster of whose Huff,  
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off ;  
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,  
Down to the Foot-man and Valet :  
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,  
1650 And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats ;  
Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
For Ruin's just as low as high ;  
Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
The Horror, that attends our Fall :  
1655 For, some of us have Scores more large  
Than Heads and Quarters can discharge ;  
And others who, by restless scraping,  
With publick Frauds, and private Rapine ;  
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amass'd,  
1660 Wou'd gladly lay down all at last :  
And to be but undone, Entail  
Their Vessels on perpetual Jail ;  
And blest the Devil to let them Farms  
Of forfeit Souls, on no worse Terms.  
1665 This faid, a near and louder Shout  
Put all th' Assembly to the Rout :  
Who now begun t' out-run their Fear,  
As Horses do, from those they bear :  
But crowded on with so much haste,  
1670 Until th' had block'd the Passage fast ;  
And Barricado'd it with Haunches  
Of Outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,  
That with their Shoulders strove to squeeze,  
And rather save a crippled Piece

1675 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,  
Than have them Grilled on the Embers:  
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,  
Of one another, on their Backs:  
The Van-Guard cou'd no longer bear  
1680 The Charges of the Forlorn Rear:  
But born down headlong by the R OUT,  
Were trampled sorely under Foot.  
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
As th' horrid *Cookery* of the R ABBLE:  
1685 And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,  
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,  
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply  
Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,  
And beat a Tuscan Running-Horse,  
1690 Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.





## The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

*The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight,  
To quit th' enchanted Bow'r by Night:  
He plods to turn his Am'rous Suit  
T' a Plea in Law and prosecute  
Repairs to Counsel, to advise  
'Bout managing the Enterprize:  
But first Resolves to try by Letter,  
And one more fair Address, to get her.*

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## CANTO III.

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**W**HOM wou'd believe what strange Bugbears  
Mankind creates it self, of Fears,  
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,  
Equivocally, without Seed;  
And have no possible Foundation,  
But meerly in th' Imagination:  
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,  
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats!

1675 Of all their crush'd and broken Members,  
Than have them Grilled on the Embers :  
Still pressing on with heavy Packs,  
Of one another, on their Backs :  
The Van-Guard cou'd no longer bear  
1680 The Charges of the Forlorn Rear :  
But born down headlong by the Rout,  
Were trampled sorely under Foot.  
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
As th' horrid Cookery of the RABBLE :  
1685 And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,  
As lesser Pains are by the Gout,  
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply  
Of rally'd Force, enough to fly,  
And beat a Tuscan Running-Horse,  
1690 Whose Jockey-Rider is all Spurs.





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Mankind creates it self, of Fears,  
That spring like Fern, that Insect Weed,  
Equivocally, without Seed ;  
And have no possible Foundation,  
But meerly in th' Imagination :  
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,  
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats !

Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 10 Than all their *Nurseries of Elves*.  
 For Fear does things so like a Witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which :  
 Sets up Communities of Seases,  
 To chop and change Intelligences ;  
 15 As *Ros-crucian Virtuous*'s,  
 Can see with *Ears*, and hear with *Noses* :  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by Fear ;  
 That makes 'em in the Dark *see Visions*,  
 20 And hag themselves with *Apparitions* ;  
 And when their Eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subt'lest Objets best.  
 Do Things not contrary alone  
 To th' Course of Nature, but its own :  
 25 The Courage of the Bravest daunt,  
 And turn Pultroons as valiant ;  
 For Men as resolute appear  
 With too much, as too little Fear.  
 And when they're out of Hopes of flying,  
 30 Will run away from Death by dying :  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like Lions, Rout.  
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies, left perdue,  
 35 And haunted with Detachments, sent  
 From Marshal Legions Regiment ;  
 Was by a Fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and Rescu'd with a Cheat :  
 When nothing but Himself, and Fear,  
 40 Was both the *Imps* and *Conjuror* :  
 As by the Rules o' th' *Virtuous*,  
 It follows in due Form of Posie.

Disguis'd

PART III. CANTO III. 313

Disguis'd in all the Mask of Night,  
We left our Champion on his Flight :  
At Blindman's-Buff to grope his way,  
In equal fear of *Night and Day* :  
Who took his dark and desp'rete Course,  
He knew no better than his Horse ;  
And by an unknown Devil led,  
He knew as little whither) fled.  
He never was in greater need,  
Nor less Capacity of Speed.  
Disabled, both in Man and Beast,  
To fly, and run away, *his best* ;  
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,  
From equal falling on his Rear.  
And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd  
The further and the nearer Side :  
(As Seamen ride with all their force,  
And *Tug* as if they *Row'd the Horse* ;  
And when the Hackney fails most swift,  
Believe they *lag*, or *run a-drift*)  
So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,  
His Fear was greater than his *Haste* :  
For Fear, tho' fleeter than the Wind,  
Believes 'tis always left behind.  
But when the Morn-began t'appear,  
And shift t'*another Scene* his Fear,  
He found his new officious *Shadow*,  
That came so timely to his Aid,  
And forc'd him from the Foe t'escape,  
Had turn'd it self to *Ralpho's Shape* ;  
So like in Person, Garb, and *Rich*,  
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which,  
For *Ralpho* had no sooner told  
The Lady all he had t'unfold,

But she convey'd him out of sight,  
To entertain th' approaching Knight.  
And while he gave himself Diversion,

80 T' accommodate his Beast and Person;  
And put his Beard into a Posture,  
At best Advantage, to accost her;  
She order'd th' *Antimasquerade*,  
(For his Reception) aforesaid:

85 But when the Ceremony was done,  
The Lights put out, and Fairies gone;  
And Hudibras, among the rest,  
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd:  
The wretched Caitiff all alone,

90 (As he believ'd) began to moan,  
And tell his Story to himself;  
The Knight mistook him for an Elf:  
And did so still, till he began  
To scruple at Ralph's Outward Man;

95 And thought, because they oft agreed,  
T' appear in one another's stead,  
And act the Saint's and Devil's Part,  
With undistinguishable Art;  
They might have done so now perhaps,

100 And put on one another's Shapes;  
And therefore, to resolve the Doubt,  
He starr'd upon him, and cry'd out;  
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite  
That took his Place and Shape to Night?

105 Some busie Independent Pug,  
Retainer to his Synagogue?  
Alas, quoth he, I'm none of those  
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;  
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,

110 Wh' has dragg'd your *Densibip* out o' th' Min-

PART III. CANTO III. 315

And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,  
Wh'had turn'd ye int'a Beast, have freed you;  
And, tho' a Prisoner of War,  
Have brought you safe, where now you are ;  
115 Which you wou'd gratefully repay,

Your constant PRESBYTERIAN way.

That's stranger (*quo' the Knight*) and stranger :  
Who gave thee notice of my Danger ?

*Quoth he*, Th' infernal Conjurer

120 Pursu'd and took me Prisoner ;  
And knowing you were hereabout,  
Brought me along, to find you out.

Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
Have noted all they said and did,

125 And tho' they lay to him the Pageant,  
I did not see him, nor his Agent ;  
Who play'd their Sorceries out of sight,  
T' avoid a fiercer, secoad Fight.

But, didst thou see no Devils then ?

130 Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,  
A little worse than Fiends in Hell,  
And that She-Devil, Jezebel ;  
That laugh'd and teh-he'd with Derision,  
To see them take your Deposition.

135 What then (*quoth Hudibras*) was he,  
That plaid the Devil, t' examine me ?

A rallying Weaver in the Town,

That did it in a Parson's Gown :

Whom all the Parish takes for gifted,

140 But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it ?  
In which you told them all your Feats,  
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,  
Deny'd your Whipping, and confes'd  
The naked Truth of all the rest,

### 316. CANTO III. PART III.

145 More plainly than the Reverend Writer,  
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.  
All which they took in Black and White,  
And cudgell'd me to under-write.  
What made thee, when they all were gone,  
150 And none but thou and I alone,  
To act the Devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my Hellish Fear?  
*Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,*  
And Frame of Sp'rit, too obstinate,  
155 To be by me prevail'd upon,  
With any Motives of my own:  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit:  
The Devil, that is your constant Crony,  
160 That only can prevail upon ye;  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.  
The Knight, who now began to find  
Th'had left the Enemy behind;  
165 And saw no farther Harm remain,  
But feeble Weariness and Pain;  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their Way,  
Th'had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day:  
And by declining of the Road,  
170 They had by Chance their Rear made good,  
He ventur'd to dismiss his Fear,  
That parting's wont to Rent and Tear,  
And give the desperat'st Attack  
To Danger still behiwd its Back.  
175 For, having paus'd to recollect,  
And on his past Success reflect,  
To examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, he came to By:

## PART III. CANTO III.

317

And when no Devil had appear'd,  
180 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd,  
It put him in so fierce a Rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
Toss'd like a Foot-ball back again,  
With *Shame*, and *Vengeance*, and *Disdain*.  
185 Quoth he, it was thy Cowardise  
That made me from this Leaguer rise ;  
And when I had half reduc'd the Place,  
To quit it infamously base.  
Was better cover'd by the New  
190 Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew :  
To slight my new Acquests, and run  
Victoriously from Battels won.  
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
To sell them cheaper than they cost.  
195 To make me put my self to flight,  
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night ;  
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe  
Durst never have presum'd to do.  
To mount me in the dark by force,  
200 Upon the bare Ridge of my Horse,  
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,  
Without my Arms, and Equipage ;  
Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
I might th' unequal Fight renew ;  
205 And, to preserve thy outward Man,  
Assum'd my Place, and led the Van.  
All this, quo' Ralph, I did, 'tis true,  
Not to preserve my self, but you.  
You, who were damn'd to baser Drubs,  
210 Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs ;  
To mount two wheel'd Carroaches, worse  
Than managing a Wooden Horse :

Dragg'd out thro' straiter Holes by th' Ears,  
Eras'd or Coup'd for Perjurors.

215 Who, tho' th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,  
Had had no reason to complain;  
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
To blame the Hand that paid your Ransom,  
And rescu'd your obnoxious Bones

220 From unavoidable Battoons.  
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,  
And we disabled, and unhors'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight;  
And no way left but hasty Flight.

225 Which, tho' 'twas desperate in th' Attempt,  
Has given you Freedom to condemn't.  
But were our Bones in fit Condition  
To reinforce the Expedition,  
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,

230 To think of Falling on again:  
No Martial Project to surprise,  
Can ever be attempted twice;  
Nor cast Design serve afterwards,  
As Gamesters tear their Losing-Cards.

235 Besides, our Bangs of Man and Beast  
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally, and prove serviceable;  
And therefore I with reason chose

240 This Stratagem t' amuse our Foes,  
To make an Hon'able Retreat,  
And wave a Total Sure Defeat:  
For those that Fly, may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.

245 Hence timely Running's no mean Part  
Of Conduct in the Martial Art.

III.  
Ears,  
in,  
afom,  
pt,  
III. PART III. CANTO III. 319

By which some Glorious Feats atchieve,  
As Citizens, by Breaking, thrive;  
And Cannons conquer Armies, while  
250 They seem to draw off and recoil.  
'Tis held the Gallant'st Course, and Bravest,  
To great Exploits, as well as Safest,  
That spares th' Expence of Time and Pains  
And dangerous Bearing out of Brains.  
255 And in the end prevails as certain,  
As those that never trust to Fortune;  
To make their Fear do Execution  
Beyond the stoutest Resolution;  
As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,  
260 And, only trembling, overthrow.  
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest Men,  
That only sav'd a Citizen,  
What Victory cou'd e'er be won,  
If ev'ry one wou'd save but one?  
265 Or Fight endanger'd to be lost,  
Where all resolve to save the most?  
By this means, when a Battel's won,  
The War's as far from being done:  
For those that save themselves, and fly,  
270 Go halves, at least, i'th' Victory;  
And sometimes, when the Loss is small,  
And Danger great, they challenge All.  
Print new Additions to their Feats,  
And Emendations in Gazettes;  
275 And when, for furious haste to run,  
They durst not stay to fire a Gun,  
Have don't with Bonfires, and at home  
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome.  
To set the Rabble on a Flame,  
280 And keep their Governors from Blame,

Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:  
 And tho' reduc'd to that Extream,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Tu Deum* ;  
 Yet, with Religious Blasphemy.  
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a Lie ;  
 And for their Beating, giving Thanks,  
 They've rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks,  
 For those who run from th' Enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly ;  
 And when the Fight becomes a Chace,  
 Those win the Day, that win the Race ;  
 And that which wou'd not pass in Fights,  
 Has done the Feat with easie Flights.  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne.  
 Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty,  
 With Brandy-wine and Aqua-vitæ ;  
 And made them stoutly overcome,  
 With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum ;  
 Whom th' uncontrol'd Decrees of Fate  
 To Victory necessitate ;  
 With which, altho' they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return :  
 Or else their Sultan Populaces  
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.  
 Quoth *Hudibras*, I understand  
 What Fights thou mean'st at Sea and Land ;  
 And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out th' had won the Day :  
 Altho' the Rabble sou'd them for't,  
 O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.  
 'Tis true our Modern Way of War  
 Is grown more Politick by far,

PRAT III. CANTO III. 321

315 But not so resolute and bold,  
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.  
For now they laugh at giving Battle,  
Unless it be to Herds of Cattle:  
Or fighting Convoys of Provision,  
320 The whole Design o'm Expedition;  
And not with downright Blows to rout  
The Enemy, but Eat them out:  
As Fighting, in all Beasts of Prey,  
And Eating, are perform'd one way;  
325 To give Defiance to their Teeth,  
And fight their stubborn Guts to Death,  
And those atchieve the highest Renown,  
That bring the other's Stomach down.  
There's now no fear of Wounds nor Maiming.  
330 All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine:  
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Design,  
Surprise, and Stratagem, and Mine,  
But have no Need, nor Use of Courage,  
Unless it be for Glory, or Forage:  
335 For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,  
When one side vent'ring to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charged unmercifully i'th' Rear:  
And forc'd, with terrible Resistance,  
340 To keep hereafter at a Distance,  
To pick out Ground t' encamp upon,  
Where stóre of largest Rivers run,  
That serve, instead of Peaceful Barriers,  
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors.  
345 Where both from Side to Side may skip,  
And only encounter at Bo-peep:  
For Men are found the stouter-hearted,  
The certainer they're to be parted;

## 322 CANTO III. PART III.

And therefore post themselves in Bogs,  
 350 As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;  
 And made their Mortal Enemy,  
 The Water Rat, their strict Ally.  
 For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold;  
 But who bears Hunger best and Cold.  
 355 And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
 Who longest can hold out at Starving:  
 And he that routs most Pigs and Cows, is  
 The formidablest Man at Prowess.  
 So th' Emperor *Caligula*,  
 360 That triumph'd o'er the British Sea;  
 Took Crabs and Oysters Prisoners,  
 And Lobsters, 'stead of Cuirasiers;  
 Engag'd his Legions in fierce Bustles,  
 With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muscles;  
 365 And led his Troops with furious Gallops,  
 To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;  
 Not like their ancient Way of War  
 To wait on his Triumphal Carr:  
 But when he went to Dine or Sup,  
 370 More bravely eat his Captives up;  
 And left all War, by his Example,  
 Reduc'd to viest'ling of a Camp well.  
 Quoth *Ralph*, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,  
 375 'Tis plain, you cannot now do worse,  
 Than take this Out-of-fashion'd Course;  
 To hope, by Stratagem to woo her,  
 Or waging Battel to subdue her,  
 Tho' some have done it in Romances,  
 380 And bang'd them int'amorous Fancies;  
 As those, who won the *Amazons*,  
 By wanton drubbing of their Bones:

III.  
PART III. CANTO III. 323

And stout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride  
By courting of her Back and Side.  
385 But since these Times and Feats are over,  
They are not for a Modern Lover:  
When Mistresses are too cross-grain'd,  
By such Addresses to be gain'd;  
And if they were, would have it out,  
390 With many other kind of Bout.  
Therefore I hold no Course s'infesible,  
As this of force to win the *Jezebel*;  
To storm Her Heart, by th' Antique Charms  
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms,  
395 But rather strive by Law to win her,  
And try the Title you have in her.  
Your Case is clear, you have her Word,  
And me to witness the Accord;  
Besides two more of her Retinue,  
400 To testifie what pass'd between you;  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd,  
405 And Bills upon Record been foun'd,  
That forc'd the Ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the Matter,  
Is all the Busines you look after:  
Besides, Encounters at the Bar.  
410 Are braver now, than those in War,  
In which the Law does Execution,  
With less Disorder and Confusion:  
Has more of Honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the New Way, but the Old;  
415 When those the Pen had drawn together  
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,

And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,  
 Nay, more than Bullets now of Lead :  
 So all the Combats now, as then,  
 420 Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen ;  
 That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,  
 In Words at length, as well as Figures.  
 Is Judge of all the World performs  
 In voluntary Feats of Arms.

425 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,  
 Determines which is wrong or right ;  
 For whether you prevail or lose,  
 All must be try'd there in the Close,  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun,

430 What you must trust to, e'er y' have done.  
 The Law, that settles all you do,  
 And Marries where you did but woo ;  
 That makes the most perfidious Lover,  
 A Lady, that's as false, recover :

435 And if it judge upon your side,  
 Will soon extend her for your Bride ;  
 And put her Person, Goods or Lands ;  
 Or which you like best, int' your Hands.  
 For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages,

440 And manag'd by the ablest Sages ;  
 Who though their Bus'ness at the Bar,  
 Be but a kind of Civil War,  
 In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,  
 Than e'er the Grecians did the Trojans,

445 They never manage the Contest,  
 T' impair their publick Interest ;  
 Or by their Controversies lessen  
 The Dignity of their Profession :  
 Not like us Brethren, who divide

450 Our Commonwealth, the Cause and Side ;

## PART III. CANTO III. 325

And though w're all as near of Kindred,  
As th' outward Man is to the Inward :  
We agree in nothing but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle,

455 While Lawyers have more sober Sense,  
Than t'argue at their own Expence,  
But make their best Advantages,  
Of others Quarrels, like the Swiss :  
And out of Foreign Controversies,

460 By aiding both sides fill their Purses ;  
But have no Int'rest in the Cause,  
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws ;  
Nor further Prospect than their Pay,  
Whether they lose or win the Day.

465 And though th' abounded in all Ages,  
With sundry learned Clerks, and Sages ;  
Though all their Business be Dispute,  
Which way they canvas ev'ry Suit ;  
Th' have no Disputes about their Art,

470 Nor in Polemicks controvert :  
While all Professions else are found,  
With nothing but Disputes t'abound ;  
Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,  
Philosophers, Mathematicians ;

475 The Galenist, and Paracelsian,  
Condemn the way each other deal in ;  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;  
Astrologers dispute their Dreams,

480 That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes ;  
And Heralds stickle, who got who,  
So many Hundred Years ago.  
But Lawyers are too wise a Nation,  
T' expose their Trade to Disputation ;

326 CANTO III. PART III.

485 Or make the busie Rabble Judges,  
Of all their secret Piques, and Grudges ;  
In which whoever wins the Day,  
The whole Profession's sure to pay.  
Besides, no Mountebank, nor Cheats,

490 Dare undertake to do their Feats ;  
When in all other Sciences  
They swarm, like Insects, and increase.  
For what Bigot durst even draw,  
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law ?

495 Or could hold forth by Revelation,  
An Answer to a Declaration ?  
For those that meddle with their Tools,  
Will cut their Fingers if th'are Fools.  
And if you follow their Advice,

500 In Bills, and Answers, and Replies ;  
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,  
Shall bring her upon Oath to answer ye,  
And soon reduce her to b'your Wife,  
Or make her weary of her Life.

505 The Knight, who us'd with Tricks and Shifts  
To edifie by Ralpho's Gifts,  
But in appearance cry'd 'em down,  
To make them better seem his own,  
( All Plagiary's Constant Course

510 Of sinking, when they take a Purse ),  
Resolv'd to follow his Advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise :  
And after stubborn Contradiction,  
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,

515 And by Transition, fall upon  
The Resolution as his own.  
*Quoth he ; This Gambol thou advisest,*  
*Is of all others the unwisest ;*

## PART III. CANTO III. 327

For if I think by Law to gain her,  
520 There's nothing sillier nor vainer.  
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence ;  
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence ;  
To Act against my self, and Traverse  
My Suit and Title to her Favours.  
525 And if she shou'd, which Heav'n forbid,  
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did ;  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at Stake ?  
He that with Injury is griev'd,  
530 And goes to Law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish Chouse,  
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his House,  
Applies himself to Cunning Men,  
To help him to his Goods again ;  
535 When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain.  
And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult, to play.  
For to reduce her by main Force,  
540 Is now in vain ; by fair Means worse :  
But worst of all, to give her over,  
Till she's as desperate to recover.  
For bad Games are thrown up too soon,  
Untill they're never to be won.  
545 And since I have no other Course ;  
But is as bad t'attempt, or worse ;  
He that complies against his Will,  
Is of his own Opinion still ;  
Which he m'adhere to, yet disown,  
550 For Reasons to himself best known :  
But 'tis not to b'avoided now,  
*For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;*

## 328 CANTO ND PART III

Whom I must answer, or begin  
Inevitably first with him.

555 For I've receiv'd Advertisement,  
By times, enough of his Intent ;  
And knowing, he that first complains,  
Th' Advantage of the Business gains :  
For Courts of Justice understand

560 The Plaintiff to be eldest Hand :  
Who, what he pleases, may aver,  
The other, nothing till he swear :  
Is freely admitted to all Grace,  
And Lawful Favour by his Place :

565 And for his bringing Custom in,  
Has all Advantages to win.  
I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky Opportunity,  
Will go to Council to advise

570 Which way to encounter, or surprise,  
And after long Consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' Occasion ;  
Most apt for what I have to do,  
As Counsellor, and Justice too.

575 And truly so, no doubt, he was,  
A Lawyer fit for such a Case.  
An Old dull Sot, who told the Clock  
For many Years at Bridewell-dock,  
At Westminster, and Hick's-Hall,

580 And Hiccius-Doccius play'd in all ;  
Where in all Governments and Times,  
H' had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,  
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
By hindring Justice, or maintaining :

585 To many a Whore gave Privilege,  
And whipp'd, for want of Quarteridge ;

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PART III. CANTO III. 329

Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,  
For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent;  
And many a trusty Pimp and Croney  
590 To Puddle-dock for want of Money.  
Engag'd the Constable to seize  
All those, that would not break the Peace;  
Nor give him back his own foul Words,  
Though sometimes Commoners, or Lords;  
595 And kept 'em Prisoners of Course,  
For being sober at ill Hours,  
That in the Morning he might Free,  
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.  
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet-Plays,  
600 For leave to Practice, in their ways:  
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a share  
With th' Headborough, and Scavenger.  
And made the Dirt i'th' Streets compound,  
For taking up the publick Ground:  
605 The Kennel, and the King's High-way,  
For being unmolested, Pay.  
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Post,  
And Cage, to those that gave him most;  
Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,  
610 And for False Weights on Chandlers.  
Made Victuallers and Vintners fine  
For Arbitrary Ale and Wine.  
But was a kind and constant Friend  
To all that Regularly offend:  
615 As Residential Bawds,  
And Brokers that receiv'd stol'n Goods;  
That cheat in Lawful Mysteries,  
And pay Church Duries, and his Fees  
But was implacable and awkward,  
620 To all that Interlop'd and Hawker'd,

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs  
For Counsel in his Law-Affairs:  
And found him mounted, in his Pew,  
With Books and Mony plac'd, for Shew,  
625 Like Nest-Eggs, to make Clients lay,  
And for his false Opinion pay:  
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,  
Put off his Hat, to put his Case:  
Which he as proudly entertain'd,  
630 As th' other courteously strain'd,  
And to assure him, 'twas not that  
He look'd for; bid him put on's Hat.  
Quoth he; There is one Sidrophel,  
Whom I have cudgell'd-----Very well.  
635 And now he brags to have beaten me.  
Better and better still, quo' he.  
And vows to stick me to the Wall,  
Where'er he meets me-----Best of all.  
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath  
640 That I robb'd him-----Well done, in Troth.  
When h' has confess'd, he stole my Cloak,  
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;  
Which was the Cause that made me bang him,  
And take my Goods again-----Marry hang him.  
645 Now whether I should before-hand  
Swear he robb'd me?-----I understand.  
Or bring my Action of Conversion  
And Trover for my Goods?-----Ab Whoreson.  
Or if 'tis better to indite,  
650 And bring him to his Trial?-----Right.  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' State against him?-----True.



part 3, page 284.



BRITISH MUSEUM

PART III. CANTO III. 331

Or whether he that is Defendant,  
In this Case, has the better End on't;  
655 Who putting in a new Cross-Bill,  
May traverse th' Action ---- *Better still.*  
Then there's a Lady too, ---- *I marry,*  
That's easily prov'd accessory.  
A Widow, who; by solemn Vows,  
660 Contracted to me, for my Spouse,  
Combin'd with him to break her Word,  
And has abetted all. ---- *Good Lord!*  
Suborn'd th' aforesaid *Sidrophel,*  
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*  
665 Who put m' into a horrid Fear,  
Fear of my Life. ---- *Make that appear.*  
Made an Assault, with Fiends and Men,  
Upon my Body. ---- *Good agen.*  
And kept me in a deadly Fright,  
670 And false Imprisonment all Night;  
Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horse,  
And stole my Saddle. ---- *Worse and worse.*  
And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,  
T' avoid a wretcheder Miscarriage.  
675 Sir, quo' the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
You have as good and fair a Battery  
As heart can wish, and need not shame  
The proudest Man alive to claim.  
For if they've us'd you, as you say;  
680 Marry, quo' I, God give you Joy:  
I wou'd it were my Case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:  
I wou'd so trounce her, and her Purse,  
I'd make her kneel for bett'r or worse;

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180 MARRY E. SMITH

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## CANTO III. PART II

685 For Matrimony, and Hanging here,  
Both go by Destiny so clear,  
That you as sure may pick and chuse,  
As Crofs I win, and File you lose:  
And if I durst, I would advance

690 As much, in ready Maintenance;  
As upon any Case I've known,  
But we that practise dare not own,  
The Law severely contrabands,  
Our taking Busines off Men's Hands;

695 'Tis common Barratry, that bears  
Point blank an Action 'gainst our Ears,  
And crops them till there is no Leather,  
To stick a Pin in, left of either;  
For which, some do the Summer-sault,

700 And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.  
But you may swear at any rate,  
Things not in Nature, for the State:  
For in all Courts of Justice here  
A Witness is not said to swear,

705 But make Oath, that is, in plain Terms,  
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, quo' the Knight, for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat-----  
For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,

710 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,  
Like Charity; else Right and Wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind Fortune, with a slight,  
Convey Mens Interest, and Right,

715 From Stiles's Pocket, into Nokes's,  
As easily as Hecus Poens;

Plays fair and loose, makes Men obnoxious,  
And clear again, like *Hiccas Doccins.*  
Then whether you wou'd take her Life,  
Or but recover her for your Wife:  
Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other Matters pass,  
The Busines to the Law's all one,  
The Proof is all it looks upon;  
And you can want no Witnesses,  
To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly get their meere Expences  
By th' Labour of their Consciences;  
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,  
To Affidavit Customers,  
At inconsiderable Values,  
To serve for Jury-Men, or Tallyes,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters,  
Of Trustees, and Administrators.  
For that, *Quo' he,* let me alone;  
W'have more of such, and all our own;  
Bred up and Turor'd, by our Teachers,  
The ablest of Conscience-stretchers.  
That's well! *Quo' he,* but I shou'd Guesse,  
By weighing of Advantages,  
Your furest way is first to pitch  
On *Bongoy*, for a Water-Witch:  
And when y' have hang'd the Conjuror,  
Y'have time enough to deal with her.  
In th' interim; spare for no Trepans,  
To draw her Neck, into the Banes;  
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,  
And Bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quilletts,

## 334 CANTO III. PART II

With Trains t' inveigle, and surprise,  
750 Her Heedless Answers and Replies :  
And if she miss the Mouse-trap Lines,  
They'll serve for other By-Designs :  
And make an Artist understand,  
To Copy out her Seal or Hand ;  
755 Or find void Places in the Paper,  
To steal in something to Intrap her.  
'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,  
Spite of her Heart, she has endow'd ye ;  
Retain all sorts of Witnesses,  
760 That ply i'th' Temples, under Trees ;  
Or Walk the Round, with Knights, their Hob  
About the cross legg'd Knights, o'th' Posts ;  
Or wait for Customers between  
The Pillar Rows in *Lincolns-Inn* :  
765 Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,  
And Affidavit-Men, ne'er fail  
T' expose to Sale, all sorts of Oaths,  
According to their Ears and Cloaths,  
Their only necessary Tools,  
770 Besides the Gospel, and their Souls.  
And when y'are furnish'd with' all Purveys,  
I shall be ready at your Service.  
I wou'd not give, quoth *Hudibras*,  
A Straw to understand a Case,  
775 Without the admirable Skill,  
To wind and manage it at Will :  
To Vere, and Tack, and steer a Cause,  
Against the Weather-gage of Laws ;  
And ring the Changes upon Cases,  
785 As plain as Noises upon Faces,

As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee;  
I long to practise your Advice,  
And try the subtle Artifice;  
To bait a Letter as you bid,  
As not long after thus he did,  
For having pump'd up all his Wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ,



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An Heroical  
E P I S T L E  
O F  
*Hudibras to his Lady*

I Who was once as great as *Cesar*,  
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezzar*.  
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,  
As ever took degree in War,  
5 Or did his *Exercise in Battle*,  
By you turn'd out to *Graze with Cattle*.  
For since I am deny'd Access  
To all my Earthly Happiness,  
Am fallen from the *Paradise*  
10 Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*;

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 337

Lost to the World, and you, I'm seat  
To everlasting Banishment.  
Where all the Hopes I had t'have won  
Your Heart, being dash'd, will break my Own.  
15 Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your Doom, before you hear,  
You'll find, upon my just Defence,  
How much y'have wrong'd my Innocence.  
That once I made a Vow to you,  
20 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;  
But not, because it is unpaid,  
'Tis Violated, though delay'd.  
Or if it were, it is no Fault,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought,  
25 To undergo the Loss of Ears,  
Like vulgar Hackney Perjurors;  
For there's a Difference in the Case,  
Between the Noble and the Base,  
Who always are observ'd t'have don't  
30 Upon as different account:  
The one for great and weighty Cause,  
To save, in Honour, ugly Flaws.  
For none are like to do it sooner,  
Than those who're nicest of their Honour.  
35 The other for base Gain and Pay,  
Forswear, and Perjure by the Day;  
And make th' Exposing and Retailing  
Their Souls and Consciences, a Calling.  
It is no Scandal, or Aspersion,  
40 Upon a Great and Noble Person,  
To say, he nat'rally abhor'd  
Th' old fashion'd Trick, *To keep his Word;*  
Though 'tis Perfidiousness and Shame  
In meaner Men, to do the same.



338 An Heroical Epistle of PART III.

4; For to be able to Ferger,  
Is found more useful, to the Great,  
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,  
To make 'em pass for wond'rous Wise.  
5; Inflicts the Forfeture of Ears;  
It is not just, that does exempt  
The Guilty, and punish th' Innocent:  
To make the Ears repair the Wrong,  
Committed by th' ungovern'd Tongue;  
55 And when one Member is forsworn,  
Another to be cropt or torn.  
And if you shou'd, as you design,  
By Couſe of Law, recover mine,  
You're like, if you consider right,  
60 To gain but little Honour by't.  
For he that for his Lady's sake  
Lays down his Life or Limbs at stake,  
Does not so much deserve her Favour,  
As he that pawns his Soul to have her.  
65 This y<sup>e</sup> have acknowledg'd I have done,  
Altho' you now disdain to own;  
But sentence, what you rather ought  
T' esteem Good Service, than a Fault.  
" Besides, Oaths are not bound to bear  
70 " That Literal Sense the Words infer;  
" But by the Practice of the Age,  
" Are to be judg'd how far th'engage.  
" And where the Sense by Custom's checkt,  
" Are found Void, and of none effect.  
75 " For no Man takes or keeps a Vow,  
" But just as he sees others do.  
" Nor are th'oblig'd to be so brittle,  
" As not to yield and bow a little:

" For as best temper'd Blades are found,  
10 " Before they break, to bend quite round :  
" So truest Oaths are still most tough,  
" And tho' they bow, are Breaking proof.  
Then wherefore shou'd there not b' allow'd  
In Love a greater Latitude?  
1; For as the Law of Arms approves  
All ways to Conquest, so shou'd Love's ;  
And not be ty'd to True or False,  
But make that justest that prevails ;  
For how can that which is above  
90 All Empire, High and mighty Love,  
Submit its great Prerogative,  
To any other Pow'r alive ?  
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place,  
Become the Subject of a Case ?  
95 The Fundamental Law of Nature,  
Be over-rul'd by those made after ?  
Commit the Censure of its Cause  
To any but its own great Laws ?  
Love, that's the World's Preservative,  
100 That keeps all Souls of things alive ;  
Controls the mighty Power of Fate,  
And gives Mankind a longer Date ;  
The Life of Nature, that restores,  
As fast as Time and Death, devours ;  
11; To whose Free-Gift the World does owe,  
Not only Earth, but Heav'n too :  
For Love's the only Trade that's driv'n,  
The Interest of State in Heav'n,  
Which nothing but the Soul of Man  
110 Is capable to entertain.  
For what can Earth produce, but Love,  
To represent the Joys above ?

340 *An Heroical Epistle of PART HI.*

Or who but Lovers, can converse,  
Like Angels, by the Eye-Discourse?

115 Address and Complement by Vision,  
Make Love, and court by Intuition?  
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,  
As those Celestial Ministers?

Then how can any thing offend,

120 In order to so great an End?  
Or Heav'n it self a Sin-rent,  
That for its own Supply was meant?  
That merits, in a kind Mistake,  
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.

125 Or if it did not, but the Cause  
Were left to th' Injury of Laws,  
What Tyranny can disapprove?  
There shou'd be Equity in Love?  
For Laws, that are inanimate,

130 And feel no Sense of Love, or Hate,  
That have no Passion of their own,  
Nor Pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge, on Criminals, as strict.

135 But to have Power to forgive,  
*Is Empire, and Prerogative;*  
And 'tis in Crowns, a nobler Gem,  
*To grant a Pardon, than Condemn.*  
Then since so few do what they ought,

140 'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant Fault;  
For why shou'd he who made Address,  
All humble ways, without Success,  
And met with nothing in return,  
But Insolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

145 Not strive by Wit to countermine,  
And bravely carry his Design?

He who was us'd so unlikt a Soldier,  
Blown up with Philters of Love Powder;  
And after letting Blood and Purging,  
110 Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging;  
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright;  
And claw'd by Goblins, in the Night;  
Insulted on, Revil'd and Jeer'd,  
With rude Invasion of his Beard;  
115 And when your Sex was foully scandal'd,  
As foully by the Rabble handled;  
Attack'd by despicable Foes,  
And drub'd with mean and vulgar Blows;  
And after all, to be debarr'd  
120 So much as standing on his Guard;  
When Horses being spurr'd and prick'd,  
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?  
Or why shou'd you, whose Mother-Wits  
Are furnish'd with all Perquisits;  
125 That with your Breeding Teeth begin,  
And Nursing Babies, that Lie in;  
B'allow'd to put all Tricks upon  
Our Cully Sex, and we use none?  
We who have nothing but frail Vows  
130 Against your Stratagems t'oppose;  
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,  
By which we are no less put down?  
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
And kill, with a Retreating Eye;  
135 Retire the more, the more we press,  
To draw us into Ambushes.  
As Pyrats all false Colours wear,  
T'intrap th' unwary Mariner:  
So Women to surprise us, spread  
140 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.

342 *An Heroical Epistle of PART III.*

Display 'em thicker on their Cheeks,  
Then their old Grand-mothers, the *Pids*:  
And raise more Devils with their Looks,  
Than *Conjurers less subtil Books*.

185 Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,  
In *Towers*, and *Curls*, and *Perriwigs*,  
With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,  
Than *PHILIP NYE's Thanksgiving Beard*.  
Prepost'rously to entice, and gain,

190 Those to adore 'em they disdain:  
And only draw 'em in, to clog,  
With idle Names, a Catalogue.  
A Lover is, the more he's brave,  
T' his Mistress but the more a Slave;

195 And whatsoever she commands,  
Becomes a Favour from her Hands;  
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
Whether it be unjust, or just.  
Then, when he is compell'd by her

200 T' Adventures, he wou'd else forbear,  
Who, with his Honour, can withstand,  
Since Force is greater than Command?  
And when Necessity's obey'd,  
Nothing can be unjust or bad:

205 And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs  
Of Love, our great Allie, and *Tours*,  
Join'd Forces not to be withstood  
By frail enamour'd Flesh and Blood;  
All I have done, unjust or ill,

210 Was in Obedience to your Will:  
And all the Blame that can be due,  
Falls to your Cruelty and you.  
Nor are those Scandals I confess,  
Against my Will and Interest,

PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 343

215 More than is daily done of Course  
By all Men, when they're under Force:  
Whence some, upon the Rack, confess  
What th' Hangman and their *Prompters* please;  
But are no sooner out of Pain,  
220 Than they deny it all again.  
But when the Devil turns Confessor,  
*Truth is a Crime*, he takes no Pleasure  
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*  
Of *Liars*, whom they all claim under.  
225 And therefore, when I told him none,  
I think it was the wiser done.  
Nor am I without Precedent,  
The first that on th' Adventure went:  
All Mankind ever did of Course,  
230 And daily does the same, or worse.  
For what *Romance* can shew a Lover,  
That had a *Lady to recover*,  
And did not steer a nearer Course,  
To fall aboard in his Amours?  
235 And what at first was held a Crime,  
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.  
To what a Height did *Infant Rome*,  
By Ravishing of Women, come?  
When Men upon their Spouses sciz'd,  
240 And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:  
They ne'er *Forswore* themselves nor *Ly'd*,  
Nor in the Mind they were in, *Dy'd*:  
Nor took the Pains t' *address* and *sue*,  
Nor *plaid* the *Masquerade* to *woo*.  
245 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents;  
Nor juggled about Settlements:  
Did need no *License*, nor no *Priest*,  
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to assist;

344 An Heroical Epistle of PART III.

Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money,  
250 In th' Holy State of Matrimony,  
Before they settled Hands and Hearts,  
Till Alimony, or Death them parts:  
Nor wou'd endure to stay until  
Th' had got the very Bride's good Will,  
255 But took a wise and shorter Course  
To win the Ladies, Down-right Forces,  
And justly made 'em Prisoners then,  
As they have often since, us Men,  
With Acting Plays, and Dancing Figs,  
260 The luckiest of all Love's Intrigues:  
And when they had them at their Pleasure,  
Then talk'd of Love, and Flames, at leisure,  
For after Matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but Half a Lover,  
265 Deserves, for ev'ry Minute, more,  
Than half a Year of Love before:  
For which the Dames, in Contemplation  
Of that best way of Application,  
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known;  
270 By Suit, or Treaty, to be won:  
And such as all Posterity  
Could never equal, nor come nigh.  
"For Women first were made for Men,  
Not Men for them. — It follows then,  
275 That Men have Right to every one,  
And they no Freedom of their own:  
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuse,  
But they no Charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Course  
280 So e'er we take to your Amours,  
Tho' by the Indirectest way,  
'Tis no Injustice, nor Foul Play.

## PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 343

And that you ought to take that Course,  
As we take you, for better or worse;

285 And gratefully submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose.  
For why shou'd every Savage Beast  
Exceed his great Lord's Interest?  
Have fitter Pow'r than he, in Grace

290 And Nature, o'er the Creature has?  
Because the Laws he since has made,  
Have cut off all the Power he had:  
Retrench'd the absolute Dominion  
That Nature gave him over Women;

295 When all his Pow'r will not extend,  
One Law of Nature to suspend:  
And but to offer to Repeal  
The smallest Cause, is to Rebel.  
This, if Men rightly understood

300 Their Privilege, they wou'd make good;  
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives  
T' encroach on their Prerogatives,  
For which Sin they deserve to be  
Kept, as they are, in Slavery;

305 And this, some precious Gifted Teachers,  
Unrev'rently reputed Teachers,  
And disobey'd in making Love,  
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,  
And make ye suffer, as ye ought,

310 For that uncharitable Fault.  
But I forget my self, and rove  
Beyond th'instructions of my Love.  
Forgive me (Fair) and only blame  
Th' Extravagancy of my Flame,

315 Since 'tis too much, at once to show  
Excess of Love, and Temper too.

346 *An Heroical Epistle of PART II*

PAR

All I have said that's bad, and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you;

Who have so Sov'reign a Controul

320 O'er that poor Slave of yours, my Soul:

That rather than to forfeit you,

Has ventur'd loss of Heav'n too.

Both with an equal Pow'r possest,

To render all that serve you blest:

325 But none like him, who's destin'd either

To have, or lose you, both together.

And if you'll but this Fault release,

(For so it must be, since you please,) (325)

I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,

330 Which you commanded, and I swore,

And expiate upon my Skin,

Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.

For 'tis but just, that I shou'd pay

Th' accruing Penance for delay.

335 Which shall be done, until it move

Your equal Pity, and your Love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,

Believ'd he'd brought her to his Whistle;

And read it like a jocund Lover,

340 With great Applause to himself, twice over

Subscrib'd his Name, but at a fit

And humble distance, to his Wit :

And dated it with wondrous Art,

Giv'n from the Bottom of his Heart:

345 Then seal'd it with his Coat of Love,

A smoaking Faggot---and above,

Upon a Scroll----I burn and weep,

And near it----For her Ladyship;

Of all her Sex most excellent,

350 These to her gentle Hands present,

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PART III. Hudibras to his Lady. 347

Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,  
With Lessons how to observe and eye her.  
She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the Letter.  
But guessing that it might import,  
Tho' nothing else, at least her Sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a Smile and leering Flour:  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd.



THE  
LADY's Answer  
TO THE  
KNIGHT.

**T**HAT you're a Beast, and turn'd to Grass,  
Is no strange News, nor ever was;  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the Pound Replevin you,

5 When both your Sword and Spurs were won  
In Combat, by an Amazon;  
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine  
Th'inevitable Death of Vermin;  
And never dealt its furious Blows,  
10 But cut the Threads of Pigs or Cows;  
By Trulla was, in single Fight,  
Disarm'd, and wretched from its Knight.  
Your Heels Degraded of your Spurs,  
And in the Stocks close Prisoners:  
15 Where still they'd lain, in base Restraint,  
If I, in Pity of your Complaint,  
Had not, on Hon'able Conditions,  
Releas't em from the worst of Prisons;  
And what Return that Favour met,  
20 You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;

PART III. *The Lady's Answer.* 349

When being free, you strove t' evade  
The Oaths you had in Prison made:  
Forswore your self, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd, and justify'd it:

25 And when y'had falsely broke one Vow,  
Absolv'd your self, by breaking two.  
For while you sneckingly submit,  
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:  
Discourag'd by your guilty Fears,

30 To hope for Quarter for your Ears;  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as your due.  
Declare that Treachery and Force  
To deal with us, is th'only Course.

35 We have no Title nor Pretense,  
To Body, Soul, or Conscience:  
But ought to fall to that Man's share,  
That claims us for his proper Ware.  
These are the Motives, which t'induce

40 Or fright us into Love, you use,  
A pretty new Way of Gallantring,  
Between Solliciting and Ranting;  
Like sturdy Beggars, that intreat  
For Charity at once, and threat.

45 But since you undertake to prove  
Your own Propriety in Love,  
As if we were but Lawful Prize  
In War, between two Enemies;  
Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover,

50 That won'd but sue for, might recover;  
It is not hard to understand  
The Mystery of this bold Demand:  
That cannot at our Persons aim,  
But something capable of Claim.

350 The Lady's Answer PART III.

55 'Tis not those paltry Counterfeit  
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set,  
But our Right Diamonds, that inspire,  
And set your Am'rous Hearts on fire:  
Nor can those false St. Martin's Beads,  
60 Which on our Lips you lay for Reds;  
And make us wear, like Indian Dames,  
Add Fuel to your scorching Flames;  
But those true Rubies of the Rock,  
Which in our Cabinets we lock.  
65 'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,  
That you are so transported with;  
But those we wear about our Necks,  
Produce those Amorous Effects.  
Nor is't these Threads of Gold, our Hair,  
70 The Perriwigs you make us wear;  
But those bright Guinea's in our Chests,  
That light the Wild-Fire in your Breasts.  
These Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
That all their fly Intrigues I know,  
75 And can unriddle, by their Tones,  
Their Mystick Cabals, and Jargons:  
Can tell what Passions, by their Sounds,  
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;  
What Raptures fond, and Amorous,  
80 O'th' Charms and Graces of my House;  
What Extasie, and scorching Flame,  
Burns for my Mony, in my Name.  
What from th'unnatural Desire,  
To Beasts and Cattel, take its Fire;  
85 What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,  
Longs for a Thousand Pound a Year;  
And languishing Transports are fond  
Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill and Bond.

These are th' Attract's which most Men fall  
90 In amour'd, at first Sight, withal.  
To these th' Address with Sorenades,  
And Court with Balls and Masquerades.  
And yet, for all the yearning Pain  
Y'have suffer'd for their Loves, in vain:  
95 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;  
That all your Oaths, and Labour lost,  
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.  
This is not meant to disapprove  
100 Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;  
Which is so wise, the greatest Part  
Of Mankind study't as an Art;  
For Love shou'd, like a Deodand,  
Still fall to th' Owner of the Land.  
105 And where there's Substance, for its Ground  
Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
Than that which has the slighter Basis  
Of Airy Virtue, Wit and Graces:  
Which is of such thin Subtlety,  
110 It steals and creeps in at the Eye,  
And, as it can't endure to stay,  
Steals out again, as nice a way.  
But Love, that its Extraction owns  
From solid Gold, and precious Stones;  
115 Must, like its shining Parents, prove  
As Solid, and as Glorious Love.  
Hence 'tis, you have no way t'express  
Our Charms and Graces, bur by these:  
For, what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,  
120 Which Beauty invades, and conquers with?  
But Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds,  
With which, as Philters, Love Commands?

352 *The Lady's Answer* PART III.

This is the way all Parents prove,  
In managing their Childrens Love ;

125 That force 'em t'inter-marry and wed,  
As if 'twere *Bur'ng of the Dead.*  
Cast Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,  
To join in Wedlock all they have ;  
And when the Settlement's in force,

130 Take all the rest, for Better, or Worse :  
For Money has a Power above  
The Stars and *Fate*, to manage Love :  
Whose Arrows, Learned Poets hold,  
That never miss, are nipp'd with Gold,

135 And tho' some say, the Parents claims  
To make Love in their Childrens Names :  
Who many times, at once, provide  
The *Nurse*, the Husband, and the Bride.  
Feel Darts and Charms, Attralts and Flames ;

140 And wot, and contract, in their Names ;  
And as they Christen, use to marry 'em,  
And, like their Gossips, answer for 'em :  
Is not to give in Matrimony,  
But sell and prostitute for Money.

145 'Tis better than their own Betrothing,  
Who often do't for worse than nothing.  
And when th'are at their own Dispose,  
With greater disadvantage chuse.  
All this is right ; but for the Course

150 You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,  
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
As told, 'tis never to be done ;  
No more than *Sisters can betray*,  
That tell what Tricks they are to play.

155 Marriage, at best, is but a Vow ;  
Which all Men either break, or b'w :

Then what will those forbear to do,  
Who *perjure*, when they do but *want*  
Such as beforehand *Swear and Lie*,

160 For *Earnest* of their Treachery:  
And rather than a Crime confess,  
With greater strive to make it *less*;  
Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence past,  
Maintain their Innocence to th' last;

165 And when their Crimes were made appear,  
As plain as Witnesses can swear;  
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,  
Will take upon their Death a Lie.  
Nor are the Virtues, you confess'd

170 T'your *Ghastly Father* as you guess'd,  
So slight, as to be justify'd,  
By b'ing, as shamefully, deny'd.  
As if you thought your Word wou'd pass  
Point-blank on both sides of a Case;

175 Or Credit were not to be lost,  
B'a brave *Knight-Errant of the Post*,  
That *eats*, perfidiously his *Ward*,  
And *swears* his *Ears* thro' a two-Inch Board:  
Can own the same Thing, and disown;

180 And *perjure* Booty, *Pro and Con*:  
Can make the *Gospel* serve his *Turk*,  
And help him out to be forsworn;  
When 'tis laid *Hands* upon and kiss'd,  
To be betray'd, and sold, like Christ.

185 These are the Virtues, in whose Name,  
A Right to all the World you claim:  
And boldly challenge a Dominion,  
In *Grace* and *Nature*, o'er all the Women,  
Of whom, no less will sacrifice,

190 Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.

354 *The Lady's Answer* PART II.

PAR

Altho' you'll find it a hard Province,  
 With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,  
 To govern such a numerous Crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you:

195 For if you all were Solomons,  
 And Wise and Great, as he was once:  
 You'll find th're able to subdue,  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon,

200 'Tis by your own Temptation done:  
 That with your Ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the Slight.  
 For when we find y're still more taken  
 With false Attracts of your own making,

205 Swear that's a Rose, and that a Stone,  
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on?  
 And what we did but lightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:  
 You force us in our own Defences,

210 To copy Beams, and Influences;  
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,  
 To draw Attracts upon our Faces:  
 And in compliance to your Wit,  
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit.

215 For, by the Practice of those Arts,  
 We gain a greater share of Hearts:  
 And those deserve in Reason most,  
 That greatest Pains and Study cost;  
 For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,

220 Too rich a Present, to be giv'n.  
 Nor are those Master-strokes of Beauty  
 To be perform'd without Hard Duty.  
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple Natural excel.

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225 How fair and sweet's the Planted Rose,  
Beyond the Wild in Hedges grows; For, without Art, the noblest Seeds  
Of Flowers degenerate into Weeds;  
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground.

230 And polish'd, looks a Diamond? Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without Care.  
The whole World, without Art and Dress,  
Would be but one great Wilderness;

235 And Mankind but a Savage Herd,  
For all that Nature has conferr'd. This does but Rough-hew, and Design,  
Leaves Art to Polish and Refine.  
Tho' Women first were made for Men,

240 Yet Men were made for them agen; For when (~~out-witted by his Wife.~~) Man first turn'd Tenant, but for Life;  
If Women had not interven'd,  
How soon had Mankind had an End;

245 And that it is in Being yet, To us alone you are in Debt.  
And where's your Liberty of Choice,  
And our unnatural No Voice?  
Since all the Privilege you boast,

250 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, Is now our Right; to whose Creation,  
You owe your Happy Restoration.  
And if we had not weighty Cause  
To not appear in making Laws,

255 We could, in spight of all your Tricks,  
And Shallow, Formal Politicks,  
Force you our Managements t'obey,  
As we to yours (in shew) give way.

256 *The Lady's Answer PART III.*

Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
260 T' advance your high Prerogative,  
You basely, after all your Brav's,  
Submit, and own your selves our Slave.  
And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publickly our Int'rests own;  
265 Like Sots, suppose we have no Shakes  
In ord'ring you, and your Affairs:  
When all your Empire and Command,  
You have from us at second Hand,  
As if a Pilot, that appears  
270 To sit still only, while he fleets,  
And does not make a noise and stir,  
Like every common Mariner,  
Knew nothing of the Card, nor Star,  
And did not guide the Man of War.  
275 Nor we, because we don't appear  
In Councils, do not govern there.  
While, like the mighty Prester John,  
Whose Person none dares look upon,  
But is preserv'd in close Disguise  
280 From being made cheap to vulgar Eyes,  
We joy as large a Pow'r unseen,  
To govern him, as he does Men:  
And in the Right of our Pope Joan,  
Make Emp'rs at out Feet fall down.  
285 O! Joan de Pucel's braver Name,\*  
Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim;  
Who, tho' a Spinst'r, yet was able  
To serve France for a Grand Constable,  
We make, and execute all Laws;  
290 Can judge the Judges, and the Cause.  
Prescribe all Rules of Right and Wrong,  
To th' Long Robe, and the Lenger Tongue.

'Gainst which the World has no Defence,  
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.

305 We manage Things of greatest Weight  
In all the World's Affairs of State,  
And Ministers of War and Peace,  
That sway all Nations how we please.  
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,

310 Heretical, and Orthodox,  
And are the Heavenly Vehicles  
O'th' Spirits, in all Conventicles :  
By us is all Commerce and Trade  
Improv'd, and Manag'd, and Decay'd.

315 For nothing can go off so well,  
Nor bears that Price, as what we sell.  
We rule in ev'ry Publick Meeting,  
And make Men do what we judge fitting :  
Are Magistrates in all Great Towns,

320 Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns,  
We make the Man of War strike Sail,  
And to our braver Conduct vail,  
And, when h'as chac'd his Enemies,  
Submit to us upon his Knees.

325 Is there an Officer of State,  
Untimely rais'd, or Magistrate,  
That's Haughty and Imperious ?  
He's but a Journeyman to us.  
That, as he gives us cause to do't,

330 Can keep him in, or turn him out.  
We are your Guardians, that increase,  
Or waste your Fortunes how we please ;  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your Matters, Ill or Well.

335 'Tis we that can dispose alone,  
Whether your Heirs shall be your own.

358 *The Lady's Answer* PART III.

To whose Integrity you must,  
In spight of all your Caution, trust;  
And 'less you fly beyond the Seas,

330 Can fit you with what Heirs we please:  
And force you t'own 'em, tho' begotten  
By French Valets, or Irish Footmen.  
Nor can the rigorouſest Course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse.

335 Who, still the harsher we are us'd  
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;  
And Scorn t'abate, for any Ills,  
The leaſt Punctilio's of our Wills.  
Force does but whet our Wits t'apply

340 Arts, born with us, for Remedy:  
Which all your Politicks, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat;  
For when y'have try'd all sorts of Ways,  
What Fools do we make of you in Plays?

345 While all the Favours we afford,  
Are but to gird you with the Sword,  
To fight our Battels in our steads,  
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:  
Encounter, in despite of Nature,

350 And fight at once with Fire and Water,  
With Pyrates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,  
Our Pride and Vanity t'appease.  
Kill one another, and cut Throats,  
For our good Graces and best Thoughts;

355 To do your Exercise for Honour,  
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;  
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon  
Things that are never to be known:  
And still appear the more Industrious,

360 The more your Projects are Preposterous,

To square the Circle of the Arts:  
And run stark mad to shew your Parts.  
Exound the Oracle of Laws,  
And turn them which way we see Cause.  
Be our Sollicitors, and Agents,  
And stand for us in all Engagements.

And these are all the *Mighty Powers*,  
You vainly boast, to cry down ours.  
And what in real Value's wanting,  
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:  
Because your selves are terrify'd,  
And stoop to one another's Pride:  
Believe we have as little Wit  
To be *out-hector'd* and submit:  
By your *Example*, lose that Right  
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:  
And terrify'd into an *Awe*,  
Pass on our selves a *Salique Law*:  
Or, as some Nations use, give place,  
And truckle to *your Mighty Race*,  
Let Men usurp th'unjust Dominion,  
As if they were the *better* Women.



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# ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART.

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Page 2. Line 24. *That cou'd as well bind o'er, as swaddle.*

**B**IND over to the Sessions, as being a Justice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

Ibid. l. 38. *As Montaigne playing with his Cat.*

Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes his Cat thought him a Fool, for losing his Time in playing with her.

P. 3. l. 66. *Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.*

Analytique is a Part of Logick, that teaches to decline and construe Reason, as Grammar does Words.

P. 4. l. 93. *A Babylonish Dialect.*

Confusion of Languages, such as some of our Modern Virtues us'd to express themselves in.

P. 5. l. 115. *That ball the Orator, who once,*

*Emphates,* who is said to have a Defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by using to speak with little Stones in his Mouth,

P. 5. l. 143. *He cou'd reduce all Things to Atis.*

The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences; and when they had refin'd them into the nicest Subtilities, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as Seneca says) the subtillier Things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

P. 6. l. 147. *Where Truth in Person does appear.*

Some Authors have mistaken Truth for a Real Thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting those Notions or Images of Things (in the Understanding of Man) into the same State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore Aristotle says, *Unum quodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Ibid. l. 148. *Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.*

Same report, that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Men's Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

Ibid. l. 153. *We know the Seat of Paradise.*

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*; where those who are unsatisfy'd, may be fully inform'd.

P. 7. l. 180. *By a high Dutch Interpreter.*

*Copius Decimus* endeavours to prove, that High-Dutch was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise*.

Ibid. l. 181. *If either of them had a Navel.*

*Adam* and *Eve* being made, and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as some Learned Men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

P. 7.

# FIRST PART.

363

P. 7. l. 82. Who first made Musick malleable.

Musick is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

P. 8. l. 232. Like Mahomet's, were Af's and Widgion.

Abomes had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Af was so intimate with him, the Abomes believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and stays there with him, to bring him back again.

P. 9. l. 257. It was Monastick, and did grow  
In Holy Orders, by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his Beard, until the Parliament had subdu'd the King; of which Order of Phantique Votaries, there were many in those Times.

P. 10. l. 281. So Learned Taliacotius, &c.

Taliacotius was an Italian Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair lost and decay'd Noses.

P. 13. l. 389. But left the Trade, as many more  
Have lately done, &c.

Dinner Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both Brewers.

P. 14. l. 433. That Caesar's Horse, who, as Fame goes,  
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Caesar had a Horse with Feet like a Man's. Ut  
et equo insigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum dixerunt  
unguis fisis. Suet. in Jul. Cap. 61.

P. 15. l. 467. The mighty Tyrian Queen that gain'd  
With subtle Shreds, a Tract of Land.  
Dido, Queen of Carthage, who bought as much Land as She  
could compass with an Ox's Hide, which She cut into  
small Thongs, and cheated the Owner of so much Ground  
as serv'd her to build Carthage upon.

R. 2.

P. 15.

P. 15. l. 476. *As the bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell.*

*Aeneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to use a Golden Bough for a Pass to Hell; and *Taylor* call that Place Hell, where they put all they steal.

P. 17. l. 530. *In Magick, Talisman, and Cabal.*

*Talisman* is a Device to destroy any sort of Vermin, by casting their Images in Metal, in a precise Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the Mischief they can. This has been experimented by some Modern *Virtuosi* upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Success.

*Raymond Lully* interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to signify *Scientia Supermundana*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has render'd a very superfluous Foppery.

Ibid. l. 532. *As far as Adam's first Green Breeches.*

The Author of *Magna Adanica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that Knowledge which God himself taught *Adam* in *Paradise*, before the Fall.

Ibid. l. 535. *And much of Terra Incognita,  
The Intelligible World, cou'd say.*

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pymatuum Regis*, discover'd only by the Philosophers; of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

Ibid. l. 538. *As learn'd as the Wild-Irish are.*

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the Wild-Irish, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

## FIRST PART. 365

P. 17. l. 545. *In Rosy-Crucian Lore as learned,  
As he that Vere Adeptus earned:*

The Fraternity of the Rosy-Crucians, is very like the Sect of the Ancient Gnostici, who call'd themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, altho' they were really the most ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phantastic Extravagance.

P. 20. l. 647. *Thou that with Ale, or other Liquors,  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars.*

This Vickars was a Man of as great Interest and Authority in the late Reformation, as Pryn, or Withers, and as able a Poet: He translated Virgil's *Aeneis* into as horrible Tragedy in earnest, as the French Scarron did in *Bacchusque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

P. 22. l. 717. *We that are wisely mounted higher.*

This Speech is set down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own Words: But since it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to speak wisely alike, and too much of so Extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent; the rest of his Harangues have only his Sense express'd, in other Words, unless in some few Places, where his own Words could not be so well avoided.

P. 23. l. 755. *In bloody Cynarctomachy.*

Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between Dogs and Bears, tho' both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in such Words very great Knowledge is contain'd: And our Knight, as one, or both, of those, was of the same Opinion.

P. 24. l. 761. *Of Force, we overmatch it.*

Another of the same kind, which though it appear even so Learned and Profound, means nothing else but the Weeding of Corn.

P. 24. l. 780. *The Indians fought for the Truth,  
Of the Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians ador'd, is written by Mons. le Blanc. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipp'd it, and though they offer'd a vast Ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuad'd by their Priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the Fire was kindled; all the People present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the same Ingredients, with which Seamen use to compose that kind of Granado's, which they call Stinkards.

Ibid. l. 789. *The Rage in them like Boute-fens.*

*Boute-fens* is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English Person (especially of Quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an Exposition.

P. 28. l. 906. *'Tis Jung, there is a Valiant Mamaluke.*

*Mamaluke's* the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of Egypt; it signify'd a Servant or Soldier; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongst the Christians, and instructed in Military Discipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, besides that the *Sultans* were chosen out of their Body, they dispos'd of the most Important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at last *Selim*, Sultan of the Turks, routed them, and kill'd their *Sultans*, near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the Empire of the Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 Years. *Paulus Jovinus, &c.*

Ibid. l. 916. *Honour is like a Widow-won.*

Our English Proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose;  
*He that woos a Maid, must seldom come in her sight;*  
*But he that woos a Widow, must woo her Day and Night.*  
*He that woos a Maid, must feign, lie, and flatter;*  
*But he that woos a Widow, must down with his Britches and other.*

This

# FIRST PART.

367

This Proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have inserted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, Entituled, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaim'd*; Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Physick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counsel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an Eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a Rich Widow, in whose House he lodg'd. In case he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promis'd *Hilkiah* a Chamber gratis; the whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

P. 32. l. 60. *As Indian Britains are from Penguins.*

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which signifies the same thing in the *British Tongue*: From whence (with other Words of the same kind) some Authors have endeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Britons*.

P. 38. l. 275. *And tho' his Country-Men, the Huns.*

This Custom of the *Huns* is describ'd by *Annius Marcellinus*. *Hunni semiranda enjafas Tectoris cornu vestimenta, quam inter femora sua & equorum targa subserat, fots calfascient brevi.* P. 686.

P. 39. l. 283. ----- *He spos'd in India,*  
*Of Noble House a Lady gay.*

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a Bear that marry'd a King's Daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most Travellers, that pass with allowance; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their Labour, and observ'd nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

P. 40. l. 343. *In Magick he was deeply read,*  
*As he that made the Braten-Head;*  
*Profoundly skill'd in the Black-Art,*  
*As English Merlin for his Heart.*

*Roger Bann and Merlin; see Collier's Dictionary.*

R. 4.

P. 41.

P. 41. l. 368. As Joan of France, or English Mail.

Two Notorious Women ; the last was known here by the Name of *Mail Cuir-puise*.

Ibid. l. 378. That is Amazonian *Boas* Penthesile.

*Penthesile*, Queen of the *Amazons*, succeeded *Orithya* ; She carry'd Succours to the *Trojans*, and after having given Noble Proofs of her Bravery, was kill'd by *Achilles*. They saith, it was She that invented the Battle-Ax. If any one desire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanson*.

P. 42. l. 385. They would not suffer the *front'st Dame*  
To swear by Hercules's Name.

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to swear by, and therefore *Macrobius* says, *Viri per Castrum non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculum ; sed post annos iuramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune, &c.*

Ibid. l. 393. As stout Armida, bold Thalestris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were engag'd into Love by their Gallants.

Ibid. l. 395. Of Gundibert, &c.

*Gundibert* is a feign'd Name, made use of by Sir *William D'Avranch*, in his Famous Epick Poem, so call'd ; wherein you may find also that of his Mistress. This Poem was design'd by the Author to be an Imitation of the *English Drama* ; it being divided into Five Books, as the other is into Five Acts ; the *Cant's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this difference, that this is deliver'd Narratively, the other Dialogue-wise. It was usher'd into the World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobbes*, and by the Pens of two of our best Poets, viz. Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*, which one would have thought might have prov'd a sufficient Defence and Protection against snarling Critics. Notwithstanding which, four Eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir

*John*

## FIRST PART. 369

John Denham and Mr. Donne,) publish'd several Copies of Verses to Sir William's Discredit, under this Title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be Reprinted with the Second Edition of Gundibert, in 8vo. Lond. 1653.* These Verses were as wittily answered by the Author, under this Title, *The Incomparable Poem of Gundibert, vindicated from the War Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding;* Printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. vid. Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.

P. 45. l. 496. *What Ostrum, &c.*

Ostrum is not only a Greek Word for Madness, but signifies also a Gad-Bee, or Horse-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes 'em run about as if they were mad.

P. 45. l. 525. *Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.*

Some few Days after the King had accus'd the five Members of Treason in the House of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to Westminster hall, with printed Copies of the Protestation, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Ibid. l. 526. *When 'twas resolv'd by either House,  
Six Members quarrel to espouse.*

The Six Members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hambden, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the King order'd to be apprehended, and their Papers seized; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late Tumults; but the House voted against the Arrest of their Persons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles against those Members, he went with his Guard to the House to demand them; but they having Notice, withdrew.

P. 47. l. 579. *Make that Sarcasmus Scandal true!*

Abusive or insulting had been better, but our Knight believ'd the Learned Language more convenient to understand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

P. 49. l. 650. And is indeed the self-same Case  
With theirs, that swore t' Et cetera's.

The Convocation, in one of the Short Parliaments that usher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for observing of Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Consciences, to swear to Articles with &c.

Ibid. l. 652. Or the French League, in which Men us'd  
To fight to the last drop of Blood.

The Holy League in France, design'd and made for the Extirpation of the Protestant Religion, was the Original, out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of Circumstances) most faithfully transcrib'd. Nor did the Success of both differ more than the Intent and Purpose; for after the Destruction of vast Numbers of People of all sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation; so did the French in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of Blood.

P. 70. l. 134. *First Trulls flay'd, and Cerdon tail'd.*

*Flaying and Tailing* are Terms of Art us'd in the Bear-Garden, and signify there only the parting of Dogs and Bears: Then they are us'd Metaphorically in several other Professions, for moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

P. 71. l. 153. Or like the late caraffed Leatherne  
Ears of the circumcised Brethren.

*Tryn, Befwick, and Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profession of the Godly Party, not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who first of all took Possession of it in their Names,

## FIRST PART. 371

P. 76. l. 328. *That old Pygmalion, &c.*

*Pygmalion*, King of Tyre, was the Son of *Margenus* or *Mechres* whom he succeeded, and liv'd 56 Years, whereof he Reign'd 47. *Dido*, his Sister, was to have Governed wth him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient : She married *Sicau*, who was the King's Uncle, and very Rich ; wherefore he put him to Death ; and *Dido* soon after departed the Kingdom. Poets say, *Pygmalion* was punished for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

P. 99. l. 1122. *By him that baited the Pope's Bull.*

A Learned Divine in King James's Time wrote a Pole-mick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of, *The Pope's Bull baited*.

P. 100. l. 1266. *Canonical Crabs of Smeck.*

*Smeckymans* was a Club of Five Parliamentary Hobblers-forth ; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves express't, in that senseless and insignificant Word : They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats. About the beginning of the Long-Parliament, in the Year 1641, these five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscrib'd their Names ; being *Stephen Marball*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcommen*, *William Spinshaw*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smeckymans*. They are remarkable for another Pious Book, which they wrote some time after that, Entitl'd, *The King's Cabinet Unlock'd*, wherein all the chaste and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that pass'd betwixt his Majesty King *Charles I.* and his Royal Consort, are by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turn'd into Burlesque and Ridicule : Their Books were answered with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend *M. Symonds*, then a depriv'd Clergyman, as theirs was stuff'd with Malice, Spleen, and rascally Invectives.

P. 103

P. 103. l. 1249. *So Cardinals, they say, do grope  
At th' other End the new made Pope.*

This relates to the Story of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Plaina faith She was of English Extraction, but born at Menz; who having disguised her self like a Man, travell'd with her Paramour to Athens, where She made such Progress in Learning, that coming to Rome, She met with few that could equal her, so that on the Death of Pope Leo IV. She was chosen to succeed him; but being got with Child by one of her Domesticks, her Trayel came upon her between the Colosian Theatre and St. Clements, as She was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the Place, having sat two Years, one Month, and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that for Shame of this the Popes decline going through this Street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is plac'd in the Porphyry Chair, his Genitals are felt by the youngest Deacon, through a Hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the Reason of that to be, to put him in Mind that he is a Man, and Obnoxious to the Necessities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria.*

Ibid. l. 1262. *To leave your Visilitigation.*

*Visilitigation* is a Word the Knight was passionately in Love with, and never fail'd to use it upon all possible Occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverse Humour of Wrangling.

P. 707. l. 1373. *Mere Disparata, &c.*

*Disparate*, are things separate and unlike; from the Latin Word *Dif.ans.*

Some

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# Some Additional ANNOTATIONS TO THE FIRST PART.

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Page 1. Line 1. *When Civil Dudgeon, &c.*

**D**udgeon. Who made the Alterations in the last Editions of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word so proper in that Place, as *Dudgeon* is, for that of *Fury*, as it is in the last Editions; *To take in Dudgeon*, is inwardly to resent some Injury or Affront, a sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

P. 3. l. 62. *To make some think him Circumcis'd.*

Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

*And truly so he was, perhaps  
Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.*

Are

Are thus changed ;

*And truly so perhaps he was,  
'Tis many a Pious Christian's Case.*

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a strange Reason why Moses impas'd the Law of Circumcision on the Jews, which, how untrue soever, I will give the Learned Reader an Account of, without Translation, as I find it in the Annotations upon Horace, wrote by my Worthy and Learned Friend Mr. William Baxter, the great Restorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

*Curtis ; Quia pellicula immunit sunt : quia Moses Rex Iudeorum, cuius Legibus reguntur, negligenter dispensat medicinaliter effectus est & non solus effet notabilis, annes circumcisus voluit. Vet. Schol. Vossem dispensat medicinaliter effectus que nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pugano excidisse ? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hac habet ; Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudensissime disputant.*

P. 4. l. 103. Or Cerberus himself, &c.

*Cerberus ; A Name which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which they feign'd Door-keeper of Hell, that carest'd the Unfortunate Souls sent thither, and devour'd them that would get out again ; yet Hercules ty'd him up and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Past, the Present, and the Time to come ; which receive, and as it were devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that Heroick Actions are always Victorious over Time, because they are present in the Memory of Posterity.*

P. 5. l. 110. Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater.

*Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish Mathematician. Queri in Collici's Dictionary, or elsewhere.*

Ibid.

Ibid.  
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Ibid.

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Ibid. l. 131. Whatever Sceptick cou'd enquire for.

Sceptick, Pyrrho was the Chief of Sceptick Philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus faith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of Driso, and at last the Disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India to see the Gymnophists. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom; that there was neither Honesty nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very Solitary, lived to be 90 Years old, was highly esteemed in his Country, and created Chief Priest. He lived in the Time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120 Olympiad. His Followers were call'd Pyrrhonians; besides which they were named the Ephesticks, and Aphoesticks, but more generally Scepticks. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Passions, which they called Attaxia and Metriopathia, and in suspending their Judgment in regard of Good and Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they called Epochi. Sextus Empiricus, who liv'd in the Second Century under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ Ten Books against the Mathematicians or Astrologers, and Three of the Pyrronian Opinion. The Word is deriv'd from the Greek *ενθύλεια*, quod est, *confidere*, *speculari*.

P. 6. l. 151. In School-Divinity as able.

As be that Hight Irrefragable, &c.

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specifick Epithets were added to the Title of some famous Doctors; as Angelicus, Seraphicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c. Vide Vossii Etymolog. Bailler Jugemens de Scavans, & Possevin's Apparatus.

Ibid. l. 153. A Second Thomas, or at once,  
To name them all, another Duns.

Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican Fryar, was born in 1224. Studied at Cologne and Paris. He new-modelled the School Divinity,

Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The most illustrious Persons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendship, and put a high Value on his Merits, so that they offer'd him Bishopricks, which he refused with as much Ardor as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was Canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his Works in 18 Volumes, several times printed.

*Johannes Dunscotus* was a very Learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The English and Scots strive which of them shall have the Honour of his Birth. The English say, he was born in Northumberland; the Scots alledge, he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunscotus*: *Mervi*, *Buchanan*, and other Scotch Historians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph;

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at *Cologne*, Novemb. 8th, 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave's Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary Learned in Physicks, Metaphysicks, Mathematicks and Astronomy; that his Fame was so great when at *Oxford*, that 30000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures: That when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a Festival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but such that were of this Mind. He was a great Opposer of *Thomas Aquinas*'s Doctrine, and for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reason also, that an old Punkler always called him the *Lusty Doctor*.

Ibid. l. 158. *As rough as Learned Sorbonist.*

*Sorbon* was the first and most considerable College of the University of *Paris*; founded in the Reign of St. Lewis by *Robert Sorbon*, which Name is sometimes given to the whole University of *Paris*, which was founded about the Year 741, by *Charlemagne*, at the Persuasion of the Learned

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Learned *Alewives*, who was one of the first Professors there; since which Time it has been very Famous. This College has been Rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal *Ricchieri*, and contains Lodgings for 36 Doctors, who are called the *Society of Surben*. Those which are received among them before they have received their Doctors Degree, are only said to be of the *Hospitality of Surben*. Claud. Hemicraus de Acad. *Paris Spondan* in Annal.

P. 10. l. 281. *To Learned Taliacotius from.*

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De curis Membris*, which he Dedicates to this great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Operations in restoring of lost Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Instruments and Ligatures he made use of therein; from hence our Author (*cum Poetica Licentia*) has taken his Simile.

Ibid. l. 289. *For as Æneas bore his Ero.*

*Æneas* was the Son of *Anchises* and *Venus*; a Trojan, who after long Travels came into Italy, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and Reigned three Years; his Story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Aeneids*. *Troy* being laid in Ashes, he took his aged Father *Anchises* upon his Back, and rescued him from his Enemies. But being too sollicitous for his Son and Household Gods, he lost his Wife *Creusa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his Excellent Translation thus expresseth:

Haste, my dear Father, ('tis no time to wait,)  
And load my Shoulders with a willing Fraight.  
Whate'er befalls, your Life shall be my Care,  
One Death, or one Deliverance, we will share.  
My Hand shall lead our little Son, and you,  
My Faithful Comfort, shall our Steps pursue.

P. 11. l. 337. *For Arthur wore in H.A.*

Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reign'd in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very Day. However, the History of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject sufficient for the Poet to be pleasant upon.

P. 12. l. 359. ————— *Toledo trufy,*

The Capital City of *New-Castile* in *Spain*, with an Arch-bishoprick and Primacy : It was very Famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best Metal for Swords, as *Damascus* was, and perhaps may be still.

P. 17. l. 526. *As three or four-legg'd Oracle.*

Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word

Ibid. l. 539. *Or Sir Agrippa*-----

They who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the Great *Dictionary*.

Ibid. l. 541. *He Anthroposopius and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen understand.*

*Anthroposopius* is only a compound Greek Word, which signifies a Man that is Wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is us'd by some Anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an *English Rosy-Crucian*, whose Works are Extant, and as Intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

P. 28. l. 906. *'Tis sung there is a Vahant Mamaluke.*

No Question but the Rhime to *Mamaluke*, was meant Sir *Samuel Lukk*, of whom in the Preface. *Vid. p. 365.* of the foregoing Annotations.

# FIRST PART.

379.

P. 32. l. 47. *That is to say, whether Tollutation,  
As they do term't, or Succussion.*

Tollutation and Succussion are only Latin Words for Ambling and Trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans; since I never read, they made use of the Tramel, or any other Art to pace their Horses.

Ibid. l. 65. *The dire Pharsalian Plain, &c.*

Pharsalia is a City of *Thessaly*, Famous for the Battel won by *Julius Cesar* against *Pompey the Great*, in the Neighbouring Plains, in the 607 Year of *Rome*, of which read *Lucan's Pharsalia*.

P. 34. l. 129. *Chiron, that four-legg'd Bard, &c.*

Chiron, a Centaur, Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, when being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the most Famous Physicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Esculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo's Governor*, until being Wounded by *Hercules*, and desiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

Ibid. l. 133. *In Staffordshire, where Virtuous Worth  
Does raise the Minstrelsy, not Birth, &c.*

The whole History of this Ancient Ceremony, you may read at large in Dr. *Plot's History of Staffordshire*, under the Town *Turbury*.

P. 35. l. 155. *Grave as the Emperor of Pegu.*

For the History of *Pegu*, read *Mahiba and Olavini's Travels*.

P. 381

P. 35. l. 172. In Military Garden Paris.

*Paris Garden in Bushwark took its Name from the Professor.*

P. 37. l. 237. Though by Promethean Fire made.

*Promethean Fire.* *Prometheus* was the Son of *Iapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feign'd, that having first formed Men of the Earth and Water, he stole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that having thereby displeased *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucasus* with Iron Chains, and that a *Vulture* should prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Astrologer, and constant in observing the Stars upon that Mountain, and that among other things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the Means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun Beams in a Glass. *Botham* will have *Mages* in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the Pagans.

He here and before Sarcastically derides those who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in those Days, and much promoted by the Great Sir *Knebne Diby*, who wrote a Treatise *ex professo* on that Subject, and I believe thought what he wrote to be true; which since has been almost exploded out of the World.

P. 38. l. 157. And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred.

*Cossacks* are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleness; for *Cosa* or *Kosa* in the *Polish Tongue*, signifies a Goat. He that would know more of them, may read *La Labour et Thibidimus*.

P. 93. l. 913. For as the French we conquer'd once,  
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, &c.

*Pantaloons* and *Port-Cannons*, were some of the Fantastick Fashions, wherein we Ap'd the French.

# FIRST PART. 381

*At quisquis Insula satus Britannica  
Sic patriam Insolens fassidet suam,  
Ut more simia laboret fingere,  
Et amulari Gallicas ineptias,  
Et amne Gallo ego bunc opinor ebrum,  
Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nesciu,  
Sic Diis jubite, fiat ex Gallo Caput.*

Tho. More.

*Gallus* is a River in *Pbrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celena*, and discharging it self into the River *Sanger*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but largely drank, it makes Men Frantick. *Pliny, Historians.*



182. *THEATRE FRANÇAIS*

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# ANNOTATIONS TO THE SECOND PART.

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Page 112. Line 1. *But now to observe, &c.*

**T**HE beginning of this Second Part, may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know, that it was written on purpose in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneis* in the very same manner, *Ne Regna gravis, &c.* And this is enough to satisfie the Curiosity of those, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be measur'd (like Cases in Law) by Precedents, or else they are in the Power of the Critick.

P. 117. l. 205. *A Saxon Duke did grow so fat.*

This History of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether so strange as that of a Bishop, his Country-Man, who was quite easen up with Rats and Mice.

P. 118. l. 237. *King Pyrrhus tur'd his Splendidick  
And tufft Couriers with a Kick.*

*Pyrrhus King of Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Tullicit in dente Tode rotin Licetis medo-*  
*biam*, *L. 7. C. 41.*

P. 118

P. 119. l. 259. *In close Catasta just, &c.*

*Catasta* is but a pair of Stocks in *English*. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar Word (especially of paltry Signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight Errantry; and as in the one they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them: So they have abused the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such Stories upon them, as this upon Saint *Fran-*  
*cis.*

P. 123. l. 393. *This made the Beaurous Queen of Crete.*

The History of *Psophæ* is common enough; only this may be observ'd, That though She brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Husband was fain to Father it; as appears by the Name, perhaps because the Country being an Island, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

P. 124. l. 438. *As your own Secretary Albertus.*

*Albertus Magnus* was a *Swedish* Bishop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mysteriorum.*

P. 125. l. 470. *Unless it be to squint and laugb.*

*Pliny* in his *Natural History* affirms, that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cagnina Strabonum.* & *Patrum.* Lib. 2.

P. 127. l. 532. *As Friar Bacon's Noddy was.*

The Tradition of *Friar Bacon* and the *Brazen-Head*, is very commonly known; and considering the Times he liv'd in, is not much more strange than what another great Phil-

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Philosopher of his Name, has since deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it self, and tell exactly against the sides of the Divining Cup, the same thing with, Time is, Time was, &c.

P. 127. l. 533. *Nor (Like the Indian's Scull,) so rough,  
That, Authors say, 'twas Musquet proof.*

American Indians, among whom (the same Authors affirm) that there are others, whose Sculls are so soft, to use their own Words, *Ut Dicimus perforari possunt.*

P. 128. l. 550. *Or Oracle from Hairs of Oak.*

Jupiter's Oracle in Epirus, near the City of Dodona, *Ubi Nymphae erat Ypsi Sacrum, queruntur stutum, in quo Jovis Dodonae templum fuisse narratur.*

P. 332. l. 715. *Semiramis of Babylon.*

Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented Horsemanship. *Semiramis tenet mares egestatis omnibus prima.* Am. Marcel. l. 14. p. 22. Which is something strange in a Lady of her Constitution, who is said to have receiv'd Horses into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull); but that perhaps may be the Reason why She after thought Men not worth the while.

P. 133. l. 725. *For some Philosophers of late here.*

S. K. D. in his Book of Ecclesiastes; who has this Story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good, by several Natural Reasons; by which those who have the Dexterity to believe what they please, may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

P. 136. l. 845. *A Persian Emp'r'or whip'd his Grammar.*

Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind. *In Cœstu aigue Eurus solitus securi Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

P. 140. l. 75. *So th' ancient Greeks in the Turke.*

In Turcian (Asiaeorum Schola Athenæ) Disciplinam statim illam, multa quadrangulis triginta Cross interficiunt. Diog. Laert.

*in vita Zenonis*, p. 383. Those old *Virtus's* were better Proficients in those Exercises, than Modern, who seldom improve higher than Guffing and Kicking.

P. 140. l. 19. *That Bonum is an Animal.*

*Bonum* is such a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Philofis* from Don Quixot will have Windmills under Sail to be. The same Authors are of Opinion, That all Ships are Fishes while they are afloat, but when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

P. 151. l. 413. *Is a Town.*

*There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.*

The History of the Cobler has been attested by Persons of good Credit, who were upon the Place when it was done.

P. 155. l. 548. *Have been exchang'd for Thos of Ale.*

The Knight was kept Prisoner in Exeter, and after several Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at last reliev'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occasions to dealeare.

P. 159. l. 678. *Bar a Slave with him in his Chariot.*

*Et sibi Consul*

*Ad plausus, curru servus portans videt;*

Juvan. Sat. 10.

Ibid. l. 683. *Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.*

*Taking Cocaine a sollebat pridie quam dimicandum esset. Supra Pre-*  
*torium ponit, quasi admonitio, & incitatio futurae pugnae.* Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

Ibid. l. 687. *Wore Lamps and Torches, &c.*

That the Roman Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by Day) in publick, appears by Herodotus in Persicæ. Lipsius in Tacit. p. 16.

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P. 165. l. 879. Vespasian being danc'd with Devils.

C. Caesar successoris, proper curam verendis vix non adhibebat,  
Latè justis mali, exigit per milites in presence suum, Sueton.

In Vespasi C. 5.

P. 170. l. 139. Has not this present Parliament  
A Ledger to the Devil sent?

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Presbyterian Times had a Commission to discover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd to be hang'd within the compass of one Year, and among the rest, the old Minister, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

P. 173. l. 359. Did he not help the Dutch to purge  
At Antwerp their Cathedral Church?

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Anwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demolish Images and Shrines; and did so much Mischief in a small time, that *Strackwitz*, there were several Devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

Ibid. l. 151. Sing Catches to the Saints at *Mascon*.

This Devil at *Mascon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Fore-fathers, in Verse, which he sung to Tunes: He made several Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his *Memoirs*, written in French.

Ibid. l. 163. Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly,  
And speak to the Nun as Loudon's Belly.

The History of Dr. *Doe* and the Devil, publish'd by *Mer. Cansabon*, *Ysc. Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all those Passages; in which the Stile of the true and false Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the same Person. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been seen by many Persons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Observations upon the French Book, written upon that occasion.

§ 2

Ibid.

Ibid. l. 165. Meet with the Parliament's Committee  
At Woodstock, in a Part'nal Treaty.

A Committee of the long Parliament sitting in the King's House in Woodstock Park, were terrify'd with several Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

Ibid. l. 167. At Sarum took a Convales.

Whibers has a long Story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a single Pane of Glass.

P. 173. L 224. Since old Hedge Bacon.

Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, liv'd in the Reign of our Edward I. and for some little Skill he had in the Mathematicks, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjuror, and had the fottish Story of the Brazen Head fater'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of those days. Robert Grosseteste was Bishop of Lincoln in the Reign of Edward III. He was a Learned Man for those Times, and for that Reason, suspected by the Clergy to be a Conjuror; for which Crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summon'd to appear at Rome, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Christ; which our Lawyers say is illegal, if not a Practione, for offering to sue in a Foreign Court.

P. 175. L 313. Which Socrates, and Charophonus,  
In vain affoy'd to bring again.

Misterophonus in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in Socrates and Charophonus, measuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

P. 178. l. 404. Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This Fisk was a late famous Astrologer, who flourish'd about the time of Subtile, and Fawcett, and was equally celebrated by Ben. Johnson.

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P. 179. l. 436. Unless it be the Cannon-Ball.

This Experiment was try'd by some foreign Virtuoso's, who planted a piece of Ordnance point-blank against the Zenith, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it sticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

P. 180. l. 477. As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick.

This Sedgwick had many Persons (and some of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were disappointed; for which the false Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of Doomsday Sedgwick.

P. 184. l. 609. *Tour Modern Indian Magician*

*Makes but a Hole i' th' Earth to piss in.*

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by *Monsieur Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the East-India.

P. 185. l. 627. *Bumbastus kept a Devil's Bird, &c.*

*Paracelsus* is said to have kept a small Devil Prisoner in the Pommel of his Sword, which was the Reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his Drink: Howsoever, it was to better purpose than *Annibal* carried Poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surpriz'd in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of so great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Ibid. l. 635. *Agrippa kept a Stygian Pug.*

*Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was suspected to be a Spirit, for some Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that Aspercion; in which he has shewn a very great Respect and Kindness for them both.

S 3

P. 186.

P. 186. l. 679. As Averrhois play'd but a mean Trick,  
Averrhois Astronomiam proper Eccentricos emitemus. Phil. Me-  
lanchton in Elem. Phil. p. 781.

P. 187. l. 691. The Median Emp'r dreams his Daughter.  
*Abyges*, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Daughter  
*Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; where-  
fore he married her to a *Persian* of a mean Quality, by  
whom She had *Cyrus*, who conquered all *Asia*, and trans-  
lated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Persians*. Her-  
odot. 7. 2.

Ibid. l. 679. When Cæsar in the Senate fell,  
Erunt aliquando prodigijs, & Longiores Salis Defectus, quales occiso  
Cæsare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore con-  
tinuo. Plin.

Ibid. l. 701. Augustus having b'Overight, &c.  
Divers Augustus Lævum sibi prodidit calcum propositere indutum,  
quo die seditione Militum prope affictus est. Idem, l. 2.

Ibid. l. 709. The Roman Senate, when within  
The City Walls an Owl was seen,  
Romani L. Crasso & C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso urbem insfra-  
bant.

P. 188. l. 737. For Anaxagoras long agone,  
Saw Hills as well as you b'to' Moon.  
Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum esset, & Peloponnesum  
majorem; Lunam Habitacula m se habete, & Celles, & Valles.  
Ferrum dixisse Colum omne ex Lapidibus esse compositum; Dam-  
natus & in exilium pulsus est, quod impie Solem candentem lumi-  
nam esse dixisset. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 12, 13.

P. 192. l. 865. The Egyptians say, the Sun has twice  
Shifted his Setting, and his Rise.  
Egyptii Decem milia Annorum & amplius recensent; & obser-  
vatum est in hoc tempore Spatio, bis mutata esse Loca Oriuum &  
Occasuum Solis, ita ut sol his ortus sit ubi mente occidit, & his  
descenderit

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*Apendent ali nunc oriar.* Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. Pag. 60.

Ibid. l. 871. *Soms bold the Heavens, like a Top,  
Are kept by Circulation up.*

*Causa quare Caelum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.* Comment. in L. 2. Aristot. de Caelo.

Ibid. l. 877. *Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon  
Below all other Planets run.*

*Plato Solem & Lunam ceteris Planeis inferiores esse putavit.* G. Gunnin. in Cosmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

Ibid. l. 188. *The learned Scaliger complain'd.*

*Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reimboldus, post etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perspicuis Demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis Apsida Terris esse praeiorum, quam Ptolomei etatis duodecim partibus, i. e. una & trigesita terre semidiametris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455.

P. 193. l. 895. *Cardan believ'd great States depend,* &c.

*Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices seu Majoris Urse omne magnum Imperium pendere.* Idem p. 325.

Ibid. l. 913. *Than th' old Chaldean Conjurers  
In so many hundred thousand Tears.*

*Chaldei jaectant se quadringinta septuaginta Annorum milia in periclitandis, experiundisque Puerorum Animis posuisse.* Cicero.

P. 195. l. 975. *Likes Monj by the Druids borrow'd,* &c.

*Druide pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

P. 196. l. 1001. *That paltry Story is untrue,  
And forg'd to cheat such Gulls as you.*

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here describ'd by the Name and Character of Whackum) who counterfeited a Second Part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who

who could not write himself, and yet made a Shift to stand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens Hands, as his Fellow *Whacum* no doubt deserv'd; in whose abominable Doggerel, this Story of *Habibas* and a French Mountebank at Brentford Fair, is as properly described.

P. 197. l. 1024. *That the Vibration of this Pendulum  
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one  
Unanimous Opinion.*

The Device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to settle a certain Measure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that should have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by swinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would last, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time, compute the exact Length of any String that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of Time: So that if a Man should ask in China for a Quarter of an Hour of *Satin*, or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to measure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

P. 199. l. 1113. *Before the Secular Prince of Darkness.*  
As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more impiously.

ANNO.

# ANNOTATIONS TO THE THIRD PART.

Page 212. Line 15. *And mire afterward to be worn.*  
*Than by Caligula the Moon.*

**C**aligula was one of the Emperors of Rome, Son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a God, and had the Heads of the Ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the Statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the Moon.

P. 213. l. 43. *And us'd the only Antique Philters,*  
*Derived from old Heroick Tilters.*

*Philters* were Love Potions, reported to be much in Request in former Ages; but our true *Knight-errant* Hero made use of none other, but what his noble Achievements by his Sword produced.

Ibid. l. 52. To th' Ordeal Tryal of the Land.

Ordeal Tryals were, when supposed Criminals, to discover their Innocence, went over several red hot Coulter Irons. These were generally such whose Chastity was suspected, as the Vestal Virgins, &c.

P. 214. l. 93. So Spanish Heroes, with their Lances,  
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies;  
And he acquires the noblest Spouse,  
That widow's greatest Herds of Cows.

The young Spaniards signaliz'd their Valour before the Spanish Ladies at *Bull Feasts*, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild Bull, kept up on purpose, and let loose at the Combatant; and he that kill'd most carries the Laurel, and dwells highest in the Ladies Favour.

P. 215. l. 137. To pawn his inward Ears to marry her.

His *Exterior Ears* were gone before, and so out of Danger; but by *inward Ears* is here meant his Conscience.

P. 219. l. 252. Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice.

A speaking Trumpet, by which the Voice may be heard at a very great distance, very useful at Sea.

Ibid. h. 275. As if it had been by Lovers plac'd  
In Raptures of Platonick Lathing.

This alludes to some abject Betchers, who used to be disciplined with amorous *Lasses* by their *Mistresses*.

P. 221. l. 323. Bewitch Hermetick ~~Mercurius~~  
Stark staring mad with Manicen.  
Dolive Medicinalis Virtus.  
Cure Miserable Mankind in Potosi.

*Hermes Trismegistas*, an Egyptian Philosopher, and said to have lived *Annis Mundi* 20-5, in the Reign of *Ninus* after *Abel*. He was a wonderful Philosopher, and prov'd, that there was but one God, the Creator of all Things; and

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and was the Author of several most excellent and useful Inventions; but those *Hannick Men*, here mentioned, though the pretended Sectaries of this great Man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of Enthusiasts, who make a Hodge-podge of Religion and Philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every considering Person's contempt.

*Pus* is a City of *Pow*, the Mountains wherof afford great Quantities of the finest Silver in all the Indies.

P. 229. l. 603. *More wretched than an Ancient Villain,  
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling.*

*Villainage* was an Ancient Tenure, by which the Tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slaves Services for their Lords.

P. 230. l. 639. *Like Indian Widows gone to Bed,  
In flatt'ring Curtains to the Dead.*

The Indian Women richly attir'd, are carried in a splendid and pompous Machine to the funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceased Husbands are to be consumed, and there voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse, their Virtue is ever after suspect, and they live in the utmost Contempt.

Ibid. l. 647. *For as the Pythagorean Souls  
Run thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,  
And has a Smack of every one,  
So Love does, and has ever done.*

It was the Opinion of Pythagoras, and his Followers, that the Soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse Species of Animals; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different Natures and Constitutions.

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P. 232. l. 707. *For the Chinese go to Bed, / And do it in their Ladies Bed;*  
*And for the Twins they took by two, / Are nurst and pupper'd to do more.*

The Chinese Men of Quality, when their Wives are brought to Bed, are nurst and tended with as much care as Women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing Diet, in orders to qualify them for future Services.

P. 233. l. 751. *Transform them into Rams and Goats, / Like Sirens with their charming Notes.*

The Sirens, according to the Poets, were three Sea-Monsters, half Women, and half Fish; their Names were *Barbenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucosia*. Their usual Residence was about the Island of Sicily, where by the charming Melody of their Voices, they us'd to detain those that heard them, and then transform'd them into some sort of brute Animals.

P. 234. l. 735. *By th' Husband Mandrake, and the Wife.*

Naturalists report, that if a Male and Female Mandrake lyas near each other, there will often be heard a sort of a Murmuring Noise.

P. 235. l. 797. *The World is but two Parts ther more, / And close at th' Equinoctial st.*

The Equinoctial divides the Globe into North and South.

Ibid. l. 819. *Unles amongst the Amazons, / Or Vestal Friars, or Clappar'd Nuns.*

The Amazons were Women of *Sarmatia*, of Heroick and great Achievements; they suffered no Men to live among them; but once every Year used to have Conversation with Men of the Neighbouring Countries, by which if they had a Male Child, they presently either kill'd or crippled it; but if a Female, they brought it up to the Use of Arms, and burnt off one Breast, leaving the other to suckle Girls.

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P. 237. l. 865. *The Nymphs of chess Diana's Train,*  
*The same with those in Lewknor's Lane.*

Diana's Nymphs, all of them vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Observation of their Vow.

Lewknor's Lane, some Years ago, swarm'd with notoriously lascivious and profligate Strumpets.

Ibid. l. 877. *The Reason of it is, the Wife*  
*Runs greater Hazards of her Life,*  
*Is trusted with the Form and Matter*  
*Of all Mankind by careful Nature,*  
*While Man brings nothing but the Stuff*  
*She frames the wondrous Fabrick of;*  
*Who therefore in a freight may freely*  
*Demand the Clergy of her Belly.*

Demanding the Clergy of her Belly, which, for the Reasons aforesaid, is pleaded in Excuse by those who take the Liberty to oblige themselves and Friends.

P. 243. l. 1086. *As Ironside or Hardiknute.*

Two Famous and Valiant Princes of this Country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

P. 245. l. 1131. *But those that Trade in Geomancy,*  
*Afirm to be the Strength of Fancy,*  
*In which the Lapland Magi deal,*  
*And bring incredible reveal.*

*The Lapland Magi.* The Laplanders are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called Magick.

Ibid. l. 1158. *To burning with hot Irons proceed.*

An Allusion to cauterizing in Apoplexies, &c.

P. 250. l. 1321. *The Queen of Night, whose large Command*  
*Rules all the Sea, and half the Land.*

The Moon influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies, and Persons distemper'd in Mind are called Lunaticks.

P. 251.

P. 252. l. 1342. And running is thy Horse, a Centaur.

The *Centauri* were a People of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them *Mensters*, half Men and half Horses.

P. 253. l. 1423. Sir, (quoth the Voice) you are no Sophy.

*Sophy* is at present the Name of the Kings of Persia, not superadded as *Pharaoh* was to the Kings of Egypt; but the Name of the Family it self, and the Religion of *Hus*, whose Descendants by *Fatimah*, *Mabomé's* Daughter, took the Name of *Sophy*.

P. 254. l. 1474. When wooden Peccadillo's for't.

*Peccadillo's* were Miss Pieces that went about the Neck, and round about the Shoulders to pin the Band, worn by Persons nice in Dressing; but his wooden one is a *Pillory*.

P. 255. l. 1483. Hence 'tis Possession does left Evil  
Than meer Temptations of the Devil,  
Which all the world of Actions done,  
Are charged in Courts of Law upon.

Criminals, in their Indictments, are charged with not having the Fear of God before their Eyes, but being led by the Insigntion of the Devil.

P. 256. l. 1521. When to a Legal Uttagation.  
Then turn your Excommunication.

When they return the Excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out a Writ against the Person.

Ibid. l. 1524. Deprive in Soul and Body too.

Excommunication, which deprives Man from being Members of the visible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

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P. 260. l. 1. *The Learned wife, an Insect Breeze.*

An *Insect Breeze*; Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Insects, which, some are of Opinion, are generated from viscous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a Cow's Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that from whence it received its Original.

P. 261. l. 13. *For as the Persian Magi once,  
Upon their Mothers got their bane.*

The *Magi* were Priests and Philosophers amongst the *Persians*, intrusted with the Government both Civil and Ecclesiastick, much addicted to the Observation of the Stars. *Zoroaster* is reported to be their first Author: They had this Custom amongst them to preserve and continue their Families, by incestuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wise Men that came out of the *East* to worship our Saviour were some of these.

P. 262. l. 51. *At Michael's Term had many a Trial,  
Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael, &c.*

St. Michael, an Archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistle, Verse 9.

P. 263. l. 78. *Wherewithal about us here was Drury, son  
of Mr. Utter Barrister of Swanwick.*

William Drury of Lincoln's-Inn, Esq; born at Swanwick, who styled himself Utter Barrister, a very warm Person, and voluminous Writer; and after the Restoration, Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

P. 265. l. 146. *As Dutch Women are to of Sobterkin.*

It is reported of the Dutch Women, that making so great use of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly Monster, which is called a *Sobterkin*.

Ibid. l. 151. *T' sur-tant the Babylonian Labouress,  
At all their Dialects of gabber.*

At the Building of the Tower of Babel, when God made the Confusion of Languages.

Annotations to the

P. 267. l. 235. *To'st in a furious Hurricane,*

*Our Oliver goes to his Reign.*

*And was believed as well by Saints*

*As Moral Men and Miserables,*

*To founder in the Stygian Ferry,*

*Until he was relieved by Sterry.*

At Oliver's Death was a most furious Tempest, such as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus,

Ibid. l. 234. *False Heaven at the end o'th' Hall,*

*Whither it was decreed by Fate,*

*His precious Reliques to translate.*

After the Restoration Oliver's Body was dug up, and his Head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall; near which Place there is an House of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of Heaven.

Ibid. l. 237. *So Romulus was seen before,*

*By an Orthodox Senator :*

*From whose divine Illumination,*

*He stole the Pagan Revelation.*

A Roman Senator, whose Name was Proculus, and much beloved by Romulus, made Oath before the Senate, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that City, promising to be Protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there under the Name of Quirinus; and he had his Temple on Mount Quirinal.

Ibid. l. 231. *Next him his Son and Heir apparent  
Succeeded, who's a lame Vicegerent &c.*

Oliver's eldest Son Richard was, by him before his Death, declared his Successor; and by Order of Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the Compliments of Congratulation and Confidence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Councillors of Aldermen; and Addresses were presented to him from all parts of the Nation, promising to stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster, which recog-

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recognized him *Lord Protector*; yet notwithstanding, *Morwood*, *Dobson*, and their Partisans, managed Affairs so that he was obliged to resign.

Ibid. l. 245. *To edifie upon the Ruins  
Of John of Leyden's old Out-goings.*

*John of Leyden*, whose Name was *Buckbold*, was a Member of the same Place, but a crafty, eloquent and seditious Fellow, and one of those called *Anabaptists*. He went and set up at *Münster*, where, with *Kniperkirk*, and others of the same Faction, they spread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in Enthusiastical Raptures, crying, *Repent*, and be baptized, pronouncing dismal *Woes* against all those that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533 they broke out into an open Insurrection, and seized the *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their Perswasion to dwell in *Münster*; but at length he and his Associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at *Münster*, had his Flesh pull'd off by two Executioners with red-hot Pincers, for the Space of an Hour, and then run thro' with a Sword.

P. 271. l. 351. *Mongt these there was a Politician  
With more Heads than a Beast in Vision,  
And more Intrigues in every one,  
Than all the Whores of Babylon.*

This was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of Governments.

P. 272. l. 409. *And better than by Napier's Bones.*

The famous Lord *Napier of Scotland*, the first Inventer of *Logarithms*, contrived also a Sett of square Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of Ivory (which perform Arithmetical and Geometrical Calculations) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*.

P. 273. l. 422. *To match this Saint, there was another.*

The Great Colonel *John Lilburn*, whose Tryal is so remarkable, and well known at this time,

P. 274

P. 274. l. 473. The Trojan Horse in Full with Greeks.

After the *Greeks* had spent ten Years in the Siege of *Troy* without the least Prospect of Success, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed Men; this they filled with the choicest of their Army, and then pretended to raise the Siege; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a Breach in the Walls of their City to bring in this fatal Plunder; but when it was brought in, the inclosed Heroes soon appeared, and surprizing the City, the rest entered in at the Breach.

P. 276. l. 520. (I mean St. Margaret's Fath.)

That Parliament used to have their publick Fast kept in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as is done to this present Time.

P. 278. l. 603. To hang Mr. Mahomet in th' Air,

Or St. Ignatius or his Prayer.

It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great Impostor, that having built a *Mosque*, the Roof whereof was *Leadstone*, and ordering his Corps, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Leadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less fabulous is what the Legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some considerable time together.

P. 279. l. 650. As easy as Serpents do their Skins.

Naturalists report, that *Snakes*, *Serpents*, &c. cast their Skins every Year.

P. 280. l. 655. As Barnacles were Solan Geese.

In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.

It is said, that in the Islands of the *Orcades*, in *Scotland*, there are Trees which bear those *Barnacles*, which dropping off into the Water receive Life, and become those Birds called *Solan Geese*.

Ibid.

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Ibid. l. 663. *As he that keeps the Gates of Hell,  
Troud Cerberus, wears three Heads as well.*

The Poets feign the Dog Cerberus, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

Ibid. l. 685. *The Gibellins, for want of Guelphs,  
Divert their Rage upon themselves.*

Two great Factions in Italy, distinguish'd by those Names which miserably distract'd and wasted it about the Year 1130.

P. 285. l. 841. *When three Saints Ears, our Prelateffors,  
The Cause's Primitive Confessors;  
But crucified, the Nation stood,  
In just so many Tears of Blood.*

Burton, Tyrone and Bassetwick, three notorious Ring-leaders of the Factious, just at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

P. 287. l. 894. *But Fisher's Folly Congregation,  
Fisher's Folly was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and  
was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.*

Ibid. l. 907. *Cut out more Work than can be done,  
In Plato's Year, but finish none.*

Plato's Year, or the grand Revolution of the istim, [Ma]chine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

P. 296. l. 1200. *To your great Croysado Generals,  
General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside, after he had done  
some of their Drudgery for them.*

P. 297. l. 1241. *To pass for deep and learned Scholars,  
Although but panty Ob and Sollett.*

Two ridiculous Scribblers that were often pestering the World with Nonsense.

Ibid. l. 1250. *Liks Sir Pride & Hewson;*  
The one a Brewer, the other a Sherriff, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

P. 309,

Annotations to the W.P.

P. 305. l. 1509. *The Beastly Babble that came down  
From all the Garrets in the Town.*

This is an accurate Description of the Mobs burning Rumps upon the Admission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump-Parliament.

Ibid. l. 1534. Be ready-listed under Don.

The Hangman's Name at that time was Don.

P. 306. l. 1550. *They've raised Cook already and Pride-w.  
Cook acted as Sollicitor-General against King Charles the First at his Tryal; and afterwards received his just Reward for the same. Pride, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army,*

Ibid. l. 1564. *Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.*

*Equitas Loyola*, the Founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a Gentleman of Bistoy in Spain, and bred a Soldier, was at Pamphoue when it was besieged by the French in the Year 1521, and was so very Lame in both Feet by the Damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

Ibid. l. 1585. *And from their Coptic Priest Kircherus.*

*Athenaeus Kircher a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian Mystical Learning.*

Ibid. l. 1587. *For as the Egyptians w'd by Bees  
To express their Antique Ptolomies.*

The Egyptians represented their Kings (many of whose Names were Ptolomy,) under the Hieroglyphick of a Bee, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Dissolute.

P. 311. l. 8. *Then Hags with all their Imps and Teats.*

Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that Witches have their *Ewes*, or *Familiar Spirits*, that are employ'd in their Diabolical Practices, and suck private Teats they have about them.

P. 312. l. 15. *As Rosi-crucian Virtuoso's  
Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses.*

The Rosi-crucians were a Sect that appeared in Germany, in the beginning of the XVII<sup>th</sup> Age. They are also call'd the

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the *Indolent, Immortal, and Irrefutable*; they are a very *Entusiasized Sort of Men, and hold many wild and Extravagant Opinions.*

Ibid. l. 36. *Two Martial Legion's Regiment,*

He used to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Cause.

P. 316. l. 145. *More plainly than that Reverend Writer,  
That to our Churches weild his Miter.*

A most Reverend Prelate, A. B. of T. who sided with the disaffected Party.

P. 319. l. 261. *If th' Ancients crown'd their brave Men,  
That only serv'd a Citizen.*

The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded those Persons that were instrumental in the Preservation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battle or other wise.

P. 320. l. 305. *Or else their Sultan Populaces,  
Will strangle all their royal Belles.*

The Author compares the Arbitrary Actions of the un-governable *Mohs*, to the *Sultan* or *Grand Signor*, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his Chief Commanders, called *Basses*, if they prove unsuccessful in Battle.

P. 322. l. 350. *As th' Ancients mice attack; the Frogs.*

*Homer* wrote a Poem of the War between the *Mice* and the *Frogs*.

P. 323. l. 383. *And poor Rinaldo gain'd his Bride,  
By Courting of her Back and Side.*

A Story in *Tasso*, an Italian Poet, of a Hero that gain'd his Mistress by conquering her Party.

P. 328. l. 577. *An Old dull Soz, who told the Clock and  
For many Tears as Bride-well-Dock.*

*Tridaneus* a Justice of Peace, a very Pragmatical busie Person, in those Times, and a Mercenary and Cruel Magistrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Money, among many others.

P. 329.

P. 319. l. 589. *And many a trusty Pimp and Crony  
To Puddle-Dock, for want of Money.*

There was a Goal for puny Offenders.

Ibid. l. 599. *Made Monitors Fine, and Puppet-plays,  
For leave to practice in their Ways.*

He extorted Money from those that kept Shewa.

P. 332. l. 715. *From Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's,  
As easily as Hocus Pocus.*

*John a Nokes, and John a Stiles, are two Fictitious Names  
made use of in Stating Cases of Law only.*

P. 323. l. 752. *On Bongey for a Water-Witch.*

Bongey was a Francifor, and liv'd towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in Oxford, and a particular Acquaintance of Friar Bacon's: In that Ignorant Age, every Thing that seemed Extraordinary was reputed Magick, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the Imputation of Studying the Black Art. Bongey also publishing a Treatise of Natural Magick confirmed some well meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether Groundless, for Bongey was chosen Provincial of his Order, being a Person of most excellent Parts and Piety.

P. 340. l. 113. *Or who but Lovers can converse,  
Like Angels, by the Eye discourse?  
Address and Complement by Vision,  
Who will not now Gods Love, and Court by Intuition?*

Metaphysicians are of Opinion, that Angels, and Souls do partake, being digested of all Gross Matter, understand each others Sentiments by Intuition, and consequently maintain a Sort of Conversation without the Organs of Speech;

Ibid. l. 121. *Or Heav'n is self a Sin resent,  
That for its own Supply was meant?*

In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of Heav'n, therefore it should not resent it as a Crime, to supply Store of Inhabitants for it.

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P. 341. L. 173. *You wounded like Parthians while you fly,  
And kill with a retreating Eye.*

*Parthians* are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Twiss*: They were excellent *Horsemen*, and very exquisite at *Archery*; and it is reported of them, that they generally flew more upon their Retreat than they did in an Engagement.

P. 342. L. 188. *Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.*

One of the Assembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for the Singularity of his Beard.

P. 343. L. 237. *To what an height did Infant Rome,  
By ravishing of Women, come.*

When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Aylum*, or place of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to; by which Means it soon became to be very populous; but when he began to consider, that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine Shows, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours, to them; and when they had them scour, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an Off-spring,

P. 344. L. 252. *Till Alimony or Death their parts.*

*Alimony* is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

P. 352. L. 133. *Whose Arrows Learned Poets bold,  
That never miss, are tipp'd with Gold.*

The Poets feign *Cupid* to have two sort of Arrows, the one tipp'd with *Gold*, and the other with *Lead*; the *Golden* always inspire and inflame *Love* in the Persons he wounds with them; but on the contrary, the *Leaden* create the utmost Aversion and Hatred; with the first of these he shot *Apollon*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

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P. 341.

P. 356.

Book of Law. White like the mighty Prester John,  
Whose name no man durst upon.

Book of Law. The King of Abyssinia, who  
had one hundred and twenty thousand men had seventy  
thousand horses, and is fierce and arrogant, that  
no man durst look upon him without his Permission.

Book of Law. St. Jane de Passe's bryer Name.

Book of Law. called also the *Passe*, or Maid of *Orleans*.  
She was born at the Town of *Domremy*, on the *Mense*,  
between the Rivers of *Aisne* and *Ille*, and *Reme*, was bro-  
ught up in *Saint-Omer* in the Country. At the Age of 18  
She pretended to an express Commission from God  
to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then besieged by the Ex-  
travagant and profane *English*, and almost  
reduced to the last Extremity. She went to *Rheims* to  
the Coronation of *Charles the Vlich*, when he was al-  
most slain. She knew that Prince in the midst of his  
victories, though nearly beaten. The Bishops of Di-  
ocese, and members of Parliament openly declared that  
there was something supernatural in her Conduct. She  
sought for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight  
which was behind the great Altar of the Church of St.  
*Barberine de Passe*, upon the Blade of which the Cry  
of *Flower-de-luce* were engraven, which put the King  
in a very great Surprize, in regard none besides himself  
knew of it; upon this he sent her with the Command  
of some Troops, with which She relieved *Orleans*, and  
drove the *English* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battel of  
*Passe*, and recover'd *Champagne*. At last She was unfortu-  
nately taken Prisoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430,  
and tried for a Witch, or *Sorceress*, condemned and  
burnt in *Bonne Market-Place* in May 1431.

P. 355. l. 378. *Teste au pere d'auce, a Salique Law.*

The *Salique Law* is a Law in France, whereby it is enacted,  
that no Female shall inherit the Crown.

F I N I S.

